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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE  
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XLII

NEW SERIES, VOLUME V

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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*Armenia S. White*



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLII, No. 1

JANUARY, 1910      NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, No. 1

## A Notable New Hampshire Woman

Biography has always been a prominent feature of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and during the thirty-three years since it was established biographical sketches of a large number of New Hampshire men, native or resident, have appeared in its pages, in most instances accompanied by portraits of the subjects. During all this time comparatively few women have been similarly noticed, although New Hampshire has all along numbered among her people, and sent out into other states, large numbers of women who have been known and honored for effective service in literature, art, education, philanthropy and professional and business life. In time to come the women of the state will receive a larger share of attention in this regard, and in this opening number of the current volume mention may well be made of one of the oldest and best known women of the state, who has been a recognized leader in reform movements and charitable and philanthropic work for more than half a century.

ARMENIA S. WHITE, widow of the late Nathaniel White of Concord, was born in Mendon, Mass., November 1, 1817, the daughter of John and Harriet (Smith) Aldrich. The first of her paternal ancestors in America was George Aldrich, who came from England early in the seventeenth century and settled in Milford, Mass. From George the descent is traced through Jacob, born in Milford; Moses, born in Mendon, who settled in Smithfield, R. I., where he was a

celebrated Quaker preacher; Caleb, born in Smithfield, generally known as "Judge" Aldrich; Naaman and John, both the latter also natives of Smithfield. Her mother was a direct descendant, on the maternal side, from Edward Doten, a *Mayflower* Pilgrim, and was the daughter of Samuel Smith, a Revolutionary soldier. John Aldrich, her father, was a farmer, and settled in Mendon, Mass., removing thence to Boscawen in this state in 1830, when she was a girl of thirteen. Subsequently he made his home in Concord, where he died March 21, 1864, his wife surviving until May 19, 1872, both being tenderly cared for in their closing days by their daughter and her husband.

On her nineteenth birthday anniversary, November 1, 1836, Armenia S. Aldrich was united in marriage, by Rev. Robert Bartlett of Laconia, with Nathaniel White of Concord, a young stage driver six years her senior, a native of Lancaster, whose subsequent career was sketched in the GRANITE MONTHLY for November, 1880, his departure having occurred on October 2 previous, closing an earthly life not so full of years as many, but fuller of kindly deeds and loyal service in many a worthy cause, as well as of honorable achievement in business life, than those of most others, in all of which he found a sympathizing helpmeet in the faithful companion, who for nearly three decades has controlled the estate which he left in her hands, cared for the family interests,

and carried on the charitable and benevolent work in which they had so long been jointly engaged.

For four years after marriage Mr. and Mrs. White boarded, his business being such as to render housekeeping inexpedient; for eight years thereafter they kept house on Warren Street, and in 1848 occupied the residence on School Street, which, with additions and improvements, has been the family home to the present day—a home ever characterized by kindly good cheer, and known as the abode of an unpretentious yet unfailing hospitality, from which no needy sufferer was ever turned away empty-handed, within whose precincts not a few of the notable reformers and humanitarians of the land have been frequent and honored guests, and plans for human betterment have been developed and advanced.

Reared in the simple, loving faith of the Quakers, or "Friends," Mrs. White has ever been liberal and tolerant in her religious views, and therein her husband thoroughly coincided. Together they were among the first persons engaged in the movement for the organization of the Universalist Society in Concord, and the erection of a house of worship therefor, and were ever the most generous supporters of the same, Mrs. White continuing her interest and liberality to the present time.

They early espoused the anti-slavery and temperance causes, giving hearty sympathy, active effort and liberal financial aid to each; while the woman suffrage movement in this state was organized through their initiatory action, their names being the first signed to the call for the first woman suffrage convention in the state, which call was written by Mrs. White, with the collaboration of Mrs. Sarah Piper of Concord. This convention was held in Eagle Hall, Concord, December 22 and 23, 1868, and was called to order by Mrs. White, who was chosen first president of the

New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association then formed, and of which she continued the active head substantially all the time until 1895, when she felt compelled to retire, since holding the position of honorary president. It was through the earnest work of this association, backed by the persistent and unyielding efforts and liberal support of Mr. and Mrs. White, that, in 1871, women were made eligible by the Legislature to serve on school committees, and in 1878 were granted the right of suffrage in school affairs, before the women of any other New England state secured the privilege.

With her husband, Mrs. White went as a delegate to the American Woman Suffrage Association, organized at Cleveland immediately after the New Hampshire Association was formed. She was made vice-president for New Hampshire of this organization, with which the National Society, previously formed in New York, was merged, and held such position for a series of years. She was also a prime mover in the formation of the New Hampshire Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was chosen its first president and held the office for a long series of years, taking an active interest in, and contributing liberally toward its work, as has been the case with the Woman's Suffrage Association.

The New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged in Concord, and the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin, for the establishment of which none contributed more liberally than Mr. and Mrs. White, have had in her a constant friend and supporter, and she has been a member of the board of trustees of each, since their establishment, as also of the Mercy Home at Manchester, which has likewise commanded her deep interest from the start. With her husband, she was an original member of the American Purity Alliance; also of the American Peace Society, the

New Hampshire Prisoners' Aid Society and the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She has also been a member, since their establishment, of the national, state and local charity organizations, and the National Indian Association, while her benefactions for years for general charitable and benevolent purposes, through institutions, and in direct aid of individuals, have been constant and numberless.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. White have been John A., born March 31, 1838, died November 26, 1899; Armenia E., born March 22, 1847, married Horatio Hobbs of Boston, subsequently deceased; Lizzie H., born February 20, 1849, married Charles H. Newhall of Lynn, Mass., died December 12, 1887; Annie F., born May 22, 1852, died November 9, 1865; Nathaniel, Jr., born June 8, 1855, died October 4, 1904; Selden F., born July 10, 1857, died in infancy; Benjamin C., born June 16, 1861. Of the entire number, only Armenia E. (Mrs. Hobbs) and Benjamin C., survive, with an adopted daughter, Harriet S., widow of the late Dr. David P. Dearborn of Brattleboro, Vt.

Although now in her ninety-third year, far past the age when most men and women, who survive so long, are incapacitated for either physical or mental effort, Mrs. White maintains her mental vigor and alertness in marked degree, and, but for a lameness resulting from rheumatic trouble, her bodily powers as well. She

attends regularly to her business affairs, involving the management of the estate, which remains undivided in her hands and the direction of her large household, and still gives no little thought and attention to the charitable and benevolent work to which her life has been so largely devoted. Notwithstanding her lameness, she is still a frequent attendant upon the services of the religious society in which she has been so deeply interested for more than sixty years, and in whose auxiliary organizations she has ever been active, retaining still the presidency of the Ladies' Social Aid Society, which she has held from its early years, from the fact that none of her associates will tolerate the idea of her surrendering the same.

While she pleasantly recalls her association with the many great workers in the philanthropic and reform causes in which she has been engaged, including such women as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, and many of their compeers, most of whom had been her frequent guests, and all of whom but the last named have preceded her to "the other side," she still takes a lively interest in the current affairs of the community, state and nation; but, above all, presides over her home with the same quiet dignity and unaffected simplicity of manner which have characterized her entire life.

## *The Death of Passaconaway*

*By Fred Myron Colby*

Passaconaway, the famous chief of the Penacooks in colonial times, died at an advanced age, and the following legend of his death has come down from Indian tradition. His name is identified with early New Hampshire history, and is attached to a club house on the Merrimack, to a grand hotel at York Beach and to a magnificent mountain among the White Hills.

December's chill was in the air,  
And white the fields were lying;  
Fast-locked in icy chains the streams,  
And Winter's winds were sighing.

Beside the lordly Merrimack,  
Where oft his bark had drifted,  
His wigwam stood beneath the pines  
O'er which the smoke clouds lifted.

On bearskins piled, an easy couch,  
By dusky warriors tended,  
Lay Penacook's brave Sagamore,  
His warrior labors ended.

No more will glide his light canoe  
Along the placid river;  
No more he'll track the stealthy foe  
Like swiftest bolt from quiver.

In fray or hunt he'll join no more,  
Or drive the bear to cover.  
Oh, wail for Passaconaway,  
Whose hunting days are over.

Now swift before his wigwam door  
An elfin train comes flying;  
A sledge attached to grizzly wolves,  
And waits for him who's dying.

From out his tepee dark and drear  
They bear the lifeless warrior;  
Then starts he on his distant trail,  
None of his braves a sharer.

Through woodlands and o'er frozen lakes  
That ghostly team speeds flying.  
They need no voice or touch of whip,  
The winds around them sighing.

O'er Winnepesaukee's frozen tide,  
O'er snow fields white and hoary,  
Like a meteor's flight they pass  
To the North Hills in their glory.

Up Agiocochook's<sup>1</sup> craggy sides  
With whirlwind's rush they hurry;  
And there 'midst mist clouds dim and white  
The funeral were wolves tarry.

But Passaconaway's fame still lives  
By mountain, lake and river;  
His trail is green on Penacook's meads,  
And where the tall pines shiver.

Long as the Whiteman's cities stand  
Will shine the Redman's glory;  
And legends of his dusky race  
Be told in song and story.

# The Concord Congregational Union

By Joseph B. Walker

It is interesting to note how a unity converted to individual parts sometimes remains a unity, and how the Concord Congregational Union came to be.

In the proper founding of an old-time New Hampshire town, in addition to a company of God-fearing people and fair location, various other factors were deemed essential. Prominent among these were;

1. *A sawmill*, to aid in the erection of comfortable buildings for the shelter of its inhabitants and their domestic animals.

2. *A grist mill*, for the initiatory preparation of the cereal portions of their food.

3. *A graveyard*. In common with all other civilized people, our ancestors possessed an innate desire to be gathered to their kindred at the end of their earthly careers. We find this sentiment strongly expressed nearly four thousand years ago by the Hebrew patriarch, Jacob, in his charge to his sons, when about to die: "Bury me with my fathers, in the cave which is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. . . . There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah." And, at a time comparatively recent, we find utterance of the same feeling in the address of the aged wife to her aged husband in Robert Burns' song of "John Anderson":

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And many a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' one anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go;  
And steep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my Jo."

4. *A common school*, to maintain sufficient intelligence among the in-

habitants to render popular town government practicable.

5. *A church of Christ*. Realizing that intelligence must coöperate with religion to secure this result, it was deemed essential that the provision made for the support of the common school should be followed by the organization of a "Church of Christ" and the installation of "a learned orthodox minister"; *orthodox* in substantial accordance with "The Confession of Faith" adopted by the New England churches in 1680; and *learned* according to the educational standard of the period. Of the sixteen settled Congregational ministers in New Hampshire in 1730, when Concord's first church was organized, all were graduates of Harvard College, while the Rev. Matthew Clark, then temporarily serving the Presbyterian Church in Londonderry, had been educated abroad. Although a Presbyterian, I include Mr. Clark in this short list of New Hampshire ministers for the reason that, while at this time the Independents, or Congregationalists, as they were then called in this country, were not in sweetest accord with the Presbyterians, the asperities of their differences were far less pronounced than they had been in the old country, and soon gave way to friendly coöperation.

It is an interesting fact that in less than five years<sup>1</sup> from the grant of its charter a clearing was made in the wilderness and, with all these important factors secured, the little

<sup>1</sup>The township grant required "one full right, share and proportion of and in the aforesaid tract of land to be appropriated for the use of the school forever." This was done in 1725. October 14, 1729, a committee was appointed by the Proprietors "to view the sawmill and grist-mill at Penny Cook and see whether they be well built and finished according to contract." March 6, 1729, a committee was appointed "to lay out a suitable place for a burying place."—*Prop. Records*.

town of Concord was able to start upon its career, destined, in time, to become the capital of an American sovereign state.

But it is with the fortunes of its Church of Christ that we are most concerned today. For the next twenty-one years this held weekly re-

ferred in 1751, and continuously maintained therein during the next ninety-one years.

To this house<sup>2</sup> the people came up each Sunday from all sections of the town; some from the West village, Rolfe's Eddy, the Burrough, Horse Hill, and some even from the Mast



"Old North" Church

ligious services in a log meeting-house, which stood at the corner of Main and Chapel streets. At the end of this period the attendants on these had so increased in numbers and wealth that they were enabled to erect a larger structure, on the site now occupied by the Walker schoolhouse. To this the stated services were trans-

ferred, nearly seven miles away, on the north; some from the East village, the Mountain, Snaptown, Turtletown and Appletown on the east; some from the Eleven Lots and the Iron Works on the south; and some from the vicinity

<sup>2</sup>For many years, in New Hampshire, houses for divine worship were called *Meeting Houses*, an appropriate designation, as in them town and other secular meetings were often holden.



of the Turkey ponds, Dimond's Hill, and the districts of Little Pond and Long Pond on the west; while the largest contingent came from the section nearest the meeting-house, for many years designated "The Street."



Old Horse Block

To this place of meeting they came by various conveyances, some in carriages drawn by horses temporarily detached from the plow; some on horses double-loaded, with men on the saddles and women on pillions behind them, for whose convenience in mounting and dismounting a stone horse-block was provided, which, to the lasting shame of the men, the women were left to pay for by contributions of one pound of butter apiece. Still others, in no small numbers, came on foot, among whom an occasional woman might be seen with a baby in her arms. By these weekly assemblings one is reminded of the less frequent goings up of the Hebrew tribes to their more splendid temple at Jerusalem.

The Sunday exercises consisted of a forenoon and afternoon religious service, separated by a noon intermission of an hour. At the latter friendly greetings were exchanged, mutual inquiries made of personal welfare and local subjects of current interest discussed. In progress with these went a general, individual preparation for the afternoon service by

<sup>1</sup>Nearly or quite down to the middle of the last century the central section of Concord was not infrequently designated "Concord Street" by persons of other towns, and "The Street" by its own citizens.

an adequate re-invigoration of the physical powers. Had some careful statistician been present he might have left us interesting reports of the amounts of toothsome sustenance which were consumed in a faithful discharge of this important duty.

Concord's First Congregational Church remained a compact unity from its organization in 1730 down to 1833. It had withstood the distractions of the later French and Indian wars, the long controversy with the Proprietors of Bow, who sought to eject the inhabitants from their modest homes, and the bloody contest of the Revolution, in which the mother country vainly tried to deprive of their natural liberties the people of her American colonies.

But at the date last mentioned important changes had taken place in Concord. Population and wealth had increased, and these augured still



West Concord Congregational Church

farther changes, from some of which the church was not to be exempt.

For easier access to a place of worship eighty-eight members of the Congregational Church, residing in

the northern and northwestern part of the town, asked dismission in 1833,



Present South Congregational Church

that they might be organized as a separate church. Sadly, but *unanimously*, their request was granted,

made a like request, and, following a like result, the South Congregational Church was organized on the first day of February, 1837. Again, five years later still, forty-four members, resident in East Concord, asked dismission, that they might be made a separate church. Their request was granted and on the 30th day of March, 1842, the East Concord Congregational Church was organized.

These three withdrawals, embracing one hundred and ninety-nine members, took from the parent church nearly one half of its whole number.<sup>1</sup> Deacon Benjamin Farnum used to say that, in God's cause, one "should give until he felt it." I need not assure you that the old church did feel this, but she tightened her belt and in God-given strength plodded on.

The withdrawal of the two first contingents, which went out to form the West Concord and the South churches, made great breaches in the solid audience which had previously faced the pastor each Sunday. The large number of vacant pews, coupled



East Concord Congregational Church

and the West Concord Congregational Church was formed on the 23d day of April of that year.

About four years later sixty-seven members living in the southern part of the central section of the town

with the anticipation of a third exodus to form a church at East Concord, made it apparent that the of-

<sup>1</sup>In September, 1832, the First Church had increased its original membership of nine to five hundred and twenty-seven.—*Doctor Bouton's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Sermon*, p. 23.

fices of the parent organization could be no longer prosecuted to advantage in their ancient meeting-house and arrangements were made for the erec-



Present First Congregational Church

tion of a new one at the corner of Main and Washington streets. This was finished in the autumn of 1842, soon after the departure of the East Concord members.

It then occurred to the pastor, Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, that it would be fit for his church, before removing to its new house, to invite its sister churches to join it in bidding a final adieu to the venerable structure which had been their common home. An invitation was given to that effect, and in response thereto a joint meeting of the four bodies was convened in the old church on the 27th day of October, 1842. The pews were again filled by the old-time audience, as, by the four pastors, was the spacious pulpit, high, lifted up and surmounted by the awful sounding board, which overshadowed it, as the cloud once overshadowed ancient Sinai.

At the close of the first session came the fondly-remembered noon intermis-

sion of former days. Unequal to the task, I must leave to your more fertile imaginations the portrayal of the recognitions and greetings of dear friends again together. Many who had gone out as children had returned as young women and young men. Many who had gone out in the prime of life were back again with frosted heads; and some, who had gone out in declining years were present only in memory.

By successive sessions this meeting of the four bodies was continued through two days. As the sessions succeeded one another, and as it was by degrees realized that their near adieu to their ancient spiritual home was to be their last adieu, to the exuberance of universal joy that had hitherto prevailed was added heartfelt regrets that when they next crossed its thresholds their long-cherished unity would be sundered, and that forever after they were to live apart, under four separate organizations, many were affected to tears.

At this time Doctor Bouton, always strong and far-seeing at important



First Congregational Church, Penacook

crises, rose to the exigency of the occasion and in four prophetic words,—

*“Quartered but not divided.”*

turned abounding sorrow to firm resolve and lively hope.

In consonance with that sentiment the four churches were there organized as the Concord Congregational Union. To this the Penaeook Congre-

gational Church was subsequently added. In the old Puritan spirit of independence each church has since worked in a field and on lines of its own, but the great object of the five has been the same. In religious aspiration and mutual affection these five bodies are one.

*Separated but not divided.*

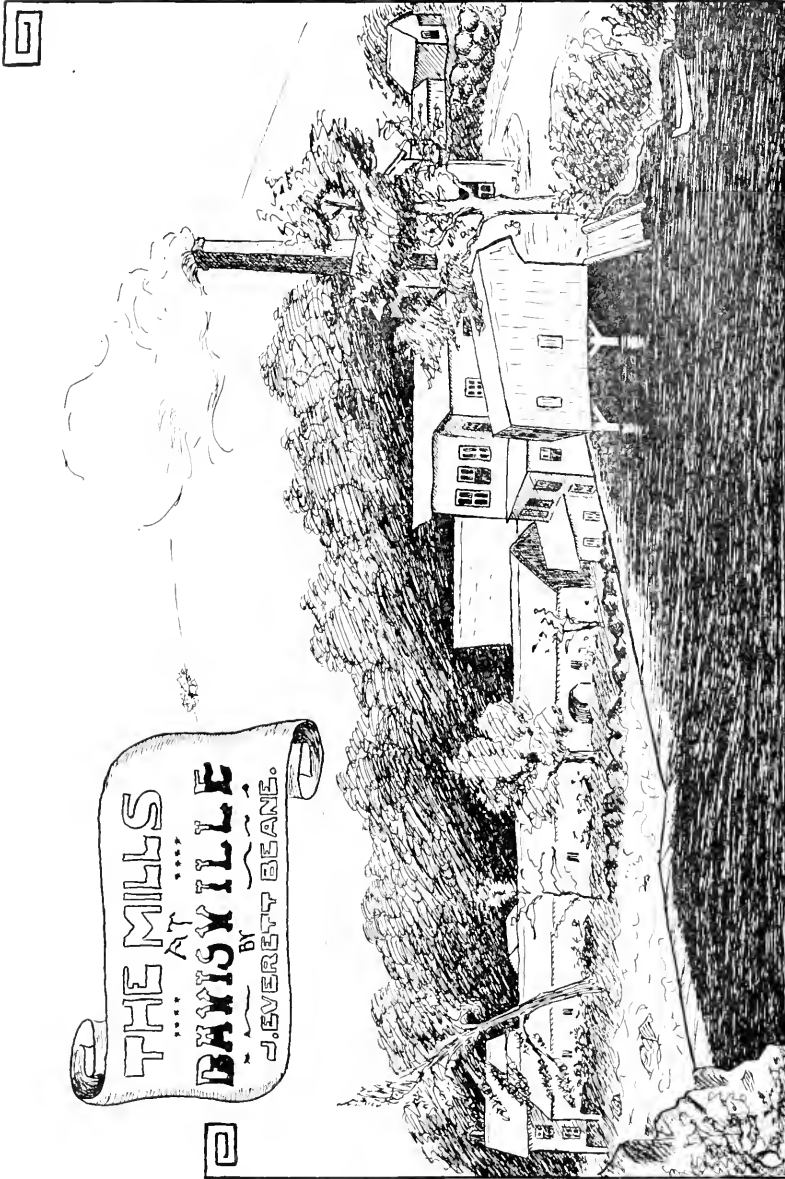
## The Tragedy of Calvary

*By L. J. H. Frost*

Weary and faint and sad of heart at night  
The Master to the garden came. “Tarry  
Ye here.” He to His servants said. “I now  
Will pray.” Then He withdrew from them a short  
Space. With aching heart, burdened with the weight  
Of man’s transgressions, He pleaded with His  
Father. Thus did the suppliant offer  
His petition: “Father, unto Thee all  
Things are possible. If Thou be willing  
Remove this cup from me; nevertheless,  
Not My will but Thine own be done.”  
Then appeared an angel out of heaven  
To strengthen Him. Then returning to His  
Disciples He found them sleeping. “Could ye  
Not watch with me one hour? Arise and pray  
Lest ye should enter into temptation.”

But now behold! A multitude had come  
Into Gethsemane with swords and staves  
To bring the Master, kiss-betrayed, unto  
The high priest’s council. Darker and darker  
Grew the shadows of Gethsemane. The  
Servants fled, save one, who followed his Lord  
And Master afar off, and so, falling  
Into temptation, he denied him thrice.  
When the Master reached the council the high  
Priest questioned Him, saying, “Art thou the Christ,  
The Son of the Blessed?” He answered him:  
“Thou hast said.” Then the high priest said, “What need  
Of further witness; ye have heard his words  
Of blasphemy.” Then they led Him away  
To Pilate and said, “This fellow said that  
No tribute should be paid to Cæsar, for  
He is himself a king. Thus he perverts  
The people.” Then Pilate spoke and said, “Art  
Thou the King of the Jews?” “Thou sayest it,”

The Master answered. Then to the priests and People Pilate said, "I find no fault in Him." Then he sent the Master to Herod. And Herod with his men of war mocked Him And sent Him back to Pilate, who called the Chief priests, rulers and people together And said to them, "I find no fault in this Man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him. I will chastise Him and release Him." But they all cried out, "Away with this man." Pilate, still willing to release Him, spake Again to them. But they cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" Pilate said, "Why, what Evil hath He done? I find no cause of Death in Him." But the voices of the priests And people prevailed; and Pilate then gave Sentence as they desired; and the Master Was crowned with thorns, smitten and spit upon, Then led away to be crucified; and With Him they crucified two thieves, the one On His right hand, the other on His left. And one railed on Him, saying, "He could save Others, Himself He cannot save." Then the Master said, "Father, forgive them, for they Know not what they do." The soldiers mocked Him, Saying, "If Thou be king of the Jews, save Thyself." And one of the thieves railed on Him, Saying, "Save Thyself and us." The other Said, "Dost thou not fear God? We receive the Due reward of our deeds; but this man hath Done nothing amiss." Then he said to the Master, "Lord, remember me when Thou come Into Thy kingdom." And the Master said, "Verily, today thou shalt be with me In Paradise." Now the sun was darkened, And the darkness covered all the earth; and The Temple's vail was rent in twain. Then the Master cried with a loud voice unto His Father, "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani? "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Then rocks were rent and Graves were opened and many of the dead Saints arose and appeared to the people. And there was a great earthquake. Then again The Master cried loud unto His Father, Saying, "It is finished. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And He gave up The ghost. Thus was atonement made for man's Transgression. The great sacrifice was Over. Ended the awful Tragedy Of Calvary.



# "Township Number One"

By John Everett Beane

## CHAPTER I

"Far among the mountains spreading wide  
By woodland and riverside,  
The Indian village stood;  
All was silent as a dream  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the bluejay in the wood."

—Longfellow.

Here, in this picturesque valley, with its wooded hills rising on either side, a beautiful river wound its way here and there, lying placid and still in some nook or curve, then rushing on, down over the rocks with the rumble and roar as of a thousand cannons on the field of battle. The green fields rose from the water's edge, reaching out to meet the rising hills, which in turn rose majestically to meet the heavens above.

Here, in these fields, the Indians planted their corn; beneath the protection of these great trees they pitched their wigwams and built their camp fires; on these hills they hunted the wild beasts of the forests, and from these self-same hills, in his ever onward march of civilization and exploration, the first white man cast his eyes down into the valley below. The morning sun cast its silvery reflection upon the stream; here and there curls of smoke from the Indian camp fire, wound their way in and out among the trees towards the clouds above. The green valley was spotted with small fields of corn which waved to and fro in the morning breeze, and the heart of the explorer rose within him as here he saw and realized the possibilities of a mighty settlement nourished by the bountiful gifts of Nature.

Thus in this broad expanse of God's unsettled country, in the midst of the very wilderness itself, sprang the seed of the hope of Davisville, "Township Number One."

In 1735 to sixty petitioners from Amesbury and Salisbury, Mass., was granted "Township Number One,"

and, four years later, Capt. Francis Davis, together with his workmen, made his way through the wilderness on horseback and built the first saw-mill, thus making the river, which for centuries had rolled on unmolested, yield up its power and become a factor in the development of civilization and industry.

In 1746 the Indians, who had just taken eight captives from the garrison at Contoocook, passed through Davisville and burned the sawmill, but it was built again by Captain Davis in 1763. According to the terms of the grant five log houses were built by the proprietors, but in 1750 the Indians made another attack on the settlement and burned every house. This practically ended the troubles of the Indians, as they withdrew and left Davisville to its future with the white man.

The proprietors of "Township Number One" established their headquarters about one quarter of a mile north of the southeast corner of the township, the site now being marked by a spring of pure and sparkling water, which was undoubtedly the attraction to this particular spot. This headquarters was a rude affair, built of mud and boughs to keep out the rain, and hemlock served for beds. Here, in this rude habitation, lived the first comers and their workmen, while they were laying the foundation for progress and industry on America's frontier. This headquarters of the proprietor was called "The Old Camp," and here, in the vast wilderness, beside the bubbling spring, on May 28, 1740, was held the first town meeting of Township Number One, and to Joseph Jewell belongs the honor of being the first elected officer. How different must have been that meeting in comparison with the whirl of the town meeting today; yet it was





the beginning of a movement that was destined to reach out over this great country and make our government what it is.

Capt. Francis Davis married Elizabeth Ferrin of Amesbury and settled in Davisville, building the first log cabin, near the old camp, bringing his bride into these wildernesses to promote civilization, as she certainly did. The site of the first log cabin is now marked by two large boulders, a hundred feet from the main road.

On September 3, 1774, Capt. Francis Davis went to Portsmouth, and on that day the name was changed and the township incorporated under the name of the town of Warner, after Col. Seth Warner, who was very prominent in state affairs. Until recently Warner had the honor of being the only town in these United States by that name, which is something unusual. Captain Davis returned with the charter signed by Royal Governor Wentworth, and this charter still remains in the possession of a great granddaughter of Captain Davis.

In 1775 Captain Davis built the first two-story frame house in town, which is still standing. It was later remodelled for a tavern, as this was one of the stops of the old stage coach that traveled from Windsor, Vt., to Concord. The old fireplace still stands, large enough to take unsawed cord wood sticks, and if it could but talk many are the tales it could tell of the times of long ago. The huge log cracked and blazed, throwing out a radiant heat, in defiance to the winter winds that howled without, as the travelers spun their yarns before the open fireplace. It has done its share and has passed on—useless, yet we treasure it still as belonging to those and an age that have passed away.

Captain Davis received his military title from Royal Governor Wentworth in 1773, who commissioned him captain of the twenty-second company of

Foot, in the ninth regiment of militia, of which John Goffe was colonel. Captain Davis was chosen the first representative from the town of Warner to the Legislature, which assembled in Exeter and Portsmouth in 1776. While returning from a visit to Boston, on horseback, he was drowned in Beaver Brook, Derry, on November 26, 1784, a freshet having swept away the bridge and the night being dark the horse probably walked into the stream.

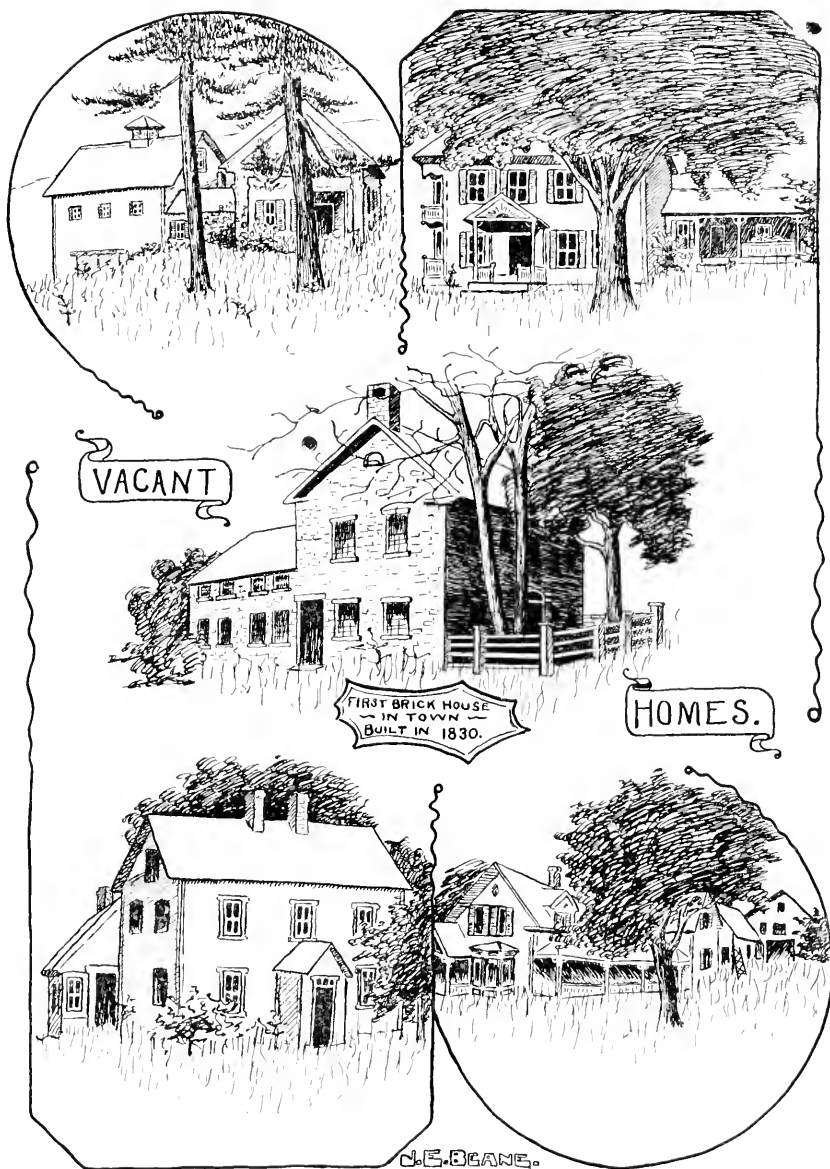
He was buried with Masonic honors at the cemetery in Davisville. A large granite monument marks his final resting place, and the Sons of the Revolution have placed a tablet there—a fitting tribute to him who served his country and home as husband, father, pioneer, soldier, and statesman—each with equal integrity.

The sons of Captain Davis served in the Revolutionary War at Georgetown, Bunker Hill and elsewhere. On the death of his father, Gen. Aquila Davis came in to the possession of the mills and continued the lumber business. General Davis built the second brick house in town, in 1835, his son Nathan having built the first one five years before. The brick used in building these houses and others were made here in Davisville.

A foundry for the manufacture of clock weights was established on the island, so called on account of being in a bend in the river.

After the death of Gen. Aquila Davis the mills came into the possession of his sons Nathaniel and James Davis, who still continued the lumber business.

On September 21, 1849, the railroad was completed, and the first train was run from Concord to Warner on that date, the stage coach was discontinued and Davisville was left unconnected with the outer world; but, in spite of all, it was beginning to feel the life of a growing nation, it was awakening from the dullness of its stubborn up-hill fight for existence,



Davisville's Vacant Homes

and having won that existence stretched forth its arms for new fields to conquer and the field of industry presented itself.

Outside parties had built a straw-board mill, which with the sawmill soon came into the possession of Walter Scott and Henry C. Davis, both well known in the town and state affairs of our present day. These mills employed a large amount of help and manufactured a valuable product. A company was organized for the manufacture of cobblers' pegs. A machine shop was built to manufacture Davis' turbine water wheels, the invention of Walter Scott Davis. Next in order came a threshing mill to thresh the grain for the farmers, that the straw might be used in the manufacture of straw board. Prospecting was begun, near the site of "The Old Camp," for freestone, which seemed to be pocketed there. Patents were pending for Davis' patent box machine, the first to turn out paper boxes. One of the best equipped country stores was opened. Contoocook Electric Company installed their electric plant here to furnish light and power for Contoocook, Hopkinton and Warner.

Like one awakening from a long sleep Davisville sat up, rubbed its eyes and felt the thrill of prosperity surge through its veins. It leaped forth in the race, but its feet were tied.

## CHAPTER II.

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn:  
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'er tops thy mouldering wall;  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land."  
—Goldsmith.

As it leaped forth in the race for industrial supremacy Davisville was gifted bounteously with natural resources, and for a time it led the race; but with the coming of the age of

modern invention and development it was left behind. With the same stubbornness that had won for it its existence, it fought long and desperately to regain its lead, but it was obliged to fall by the wayside, defeated, in the end.

As the stagecoach and turnpikes had followed the saddle horse and bridle-path, so in the evolution of industry and development followed the railroad; and as the wants and possibilities of the growing settlements increased two shiny steel rails, like huge serpents, were seen to twine side by side northward through the forests, and September 21, 1849, as the first train passed from Concord to Warner, saw the closing day of the old stagecoach, leaving Davisville disconnected from the commercial world. This marked the beginning of the end.

The old stagecoach had ceased its journeys and the traveler who wished to reach or leave Davisville had to take or leave the train at Contoocook, a distance of two miles. Still this great drawback did not seem to affect the village in its whirl of business and developing industries immediately, as it was surely bound to do in the future.

The tall clock has had its day and ticked away many a year, but it has been supplanted by our more modern clock. Thus invention brought about the downfall of an early industry. The foundry on "the island," that made the great, heavy weights, has long since been forgotten and the moulds have turned again to dust.

The machine shops that had manufactured Davis' patent box machines and turbine water wheels were moved to Contoocook, which was rapidly growing and fast becoming a business center, with excellent railroad facilities.

Modern invention displaced the use of wooden pegs in the making of shoes, and, like the stagecoach that had gone before, so followed the peg



Ruins of the Kearsarge Mills

mill. Both having done their duty in the advancement of civilization and industry, they passed away.

Work was continued for some time in the freestone mine, near the site of “The Old Camp,” but it proved to be of very little use, as the amount of valuable product there was small, and in this industry as in others the use of freestone gave way to the use of iron, so that also followed in the same course. Now where once the drill was plunging into the depths of the earth all is quiet, the banks have caved in and grown to bushes, and long since the moss covered the once sought-for rock. This, too, belongs to an age that has passed away.

This was during the days of America’s expansion and, as Captain Davis had pushed his way into the frontier, so now others were pushing their ways into the hitherto undeveloped West. Before long the great West became a powerful factor in the development of America. With the development of the West came the great grain-growing lands of the plains, and the dawn of the farming industries of the West in their vast magnitude came the closing day of the little New England farms in the matter of grain production. When the great roller mills of the West sprang into existence the old grist mill became a thing of the past and crumbled away. The old stone that ground the only flour of the early settlers sits moss-covered by the roadside.

As we have already seen that one event naturally leads to another, so when the farms of the New Hampshire hills ceased to produce the grain the threshing mill followed the old grist mill. The paper mills that had heretofore used the straw in the manufacture of strawboard were remodeled so as to use scrap-paper as material from which to make paper board.

The paper mills, perhaps better known as the “Kearsarge Mills,”

were now the leading industry in the place, and with the invention of the Kearsarge patent boxboard they increased in size. The business in the old sawmill, on the site of the original sawmill of the proprietors, was discontinued so as to leave the total water power for the paper mills. So we see the old and original industry pass away to make room for something greater and of more importance. All that now remains to mark the site of Captain Davis’ first mill is a conglomeration of pulleys, shafts, timbers and boards, whirled here and there as if struck by some terrible cyclone. As we look upon some vast industry, some great institution, some powerful government, does it ever occur to us that they, too, must eventually follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, becoming but stepping-stones to some better, greater and grander development?

The wheels of the Kearsarge Mills rolled on, night and day, employing a large amount of help and still keeping Davisville in the race, but, like all others, it had its day. Wealth and industry were rapidly concentrating; the paper business at Davisville had to be figured with, and soon the great American Boxboard and Paper Company purchased the mills. As paper of this sort could be made cheaper elsewhere, and at better advantage, the doors of the Kearsarge mills were closed forever, and the sun of Davisville, “Township Number One,” was rapidly setting.

For years a stage ran to and from Contoocook, several times daily, carrying the mail and many passengers; but now the traveler, as of old, must plod his weary way to and fro on foot, as Uncle Sam has closed his postoffice on account of lack of business, and Davisville is known no more to the postal world.

One after another the workers sought employment elsewhere; houses were torn down and moved away, while other beautiful residences re-

main deserted. The few who remain, like birds, are looking hither and thither for a new place to build their nests.

Of the fields that the sturdy pioneers labored long and hard to clear, some are growing, while others have grown to forests of towering trees. The water of the river, as of old, winds its way through the meadows and woodlands, then dashing down over the rocks unmolested in its ever onward course, and as it dashes its spray now and then on the remains of the old mills the sirens of the river seem to sing:

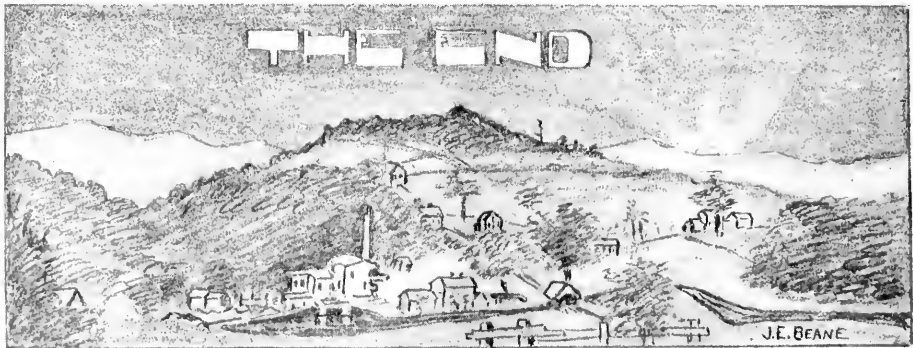
Men may come, men may go;  
But I go on forever.

So now we have Davisville, the product of an age which might be called the age of concentration and development that followed the day of the pioneer. Industry and wealth concentrated and grew where facilities were the best, and while Davisville had the advantage of natural resources, namely the water power, she stood in the lead, but steam and mod-

ern invention soon found methods of furnishing power and monopolies were formed to produce the most goods in the easiest possible manner at the least possible cost. Davisville lacked railroad connection, thus making it of more expense to manufacture here than elsewhere. While some of our industries were overcome and outdone by invention, they served their time and then were gone. So let us blame no one, from the first settler down to the last. All were loyal and did their best, but the race was lost and fairly lost.

Now, as the loyal sons, one after another, migrate to new fields of industry, they pause for a moment on the hilltop and gaze back into the valley of ruins and desolation below, and their hearts fill with sorrow, but they turn their heads and journey on.

So as each little breaker rises, one after another, on the sandy beach, till it reaches the flow, so the tide of industry and prosperity rises to its height, only then to recede, the ebbing tide leaving but the marks of what has been.



# *The Ballot for Woman*

*By H. H. Metcalf*

(Read before the New Hampshire State Grange at Manchester, December 21, 1909.)

On the first Wednesday in January last, four hundred men, representing the various towns, wards and senatorial districts of the state, met in the State House, in Concord, and continued their session for fourteen weeks, enacting, repealing and amending the laws supposed to be established for the protection of the rights, the advancement of the interests and the promotion of the welfare of the people of New Hampshire.

In the choice of these men for the performance of this duty, the women of the state, embracing the larger and not the least intelligent half of the population, had no voice or vote, either at the polls or in the primaries. Yet the law, as it stands today, or as it has always stood, affects the women of the state precisely as it affects the men. Its burdens, its obligations and its restraints are shared by men and women alike, and there is no distinction as to sex in the penalty for its violation.

One measure which these four hundred supposedly wise men, or the large proportion of them who sat in the House of Representatives, had under consideration, and which a majority of the members of the Committee on the Judiciary reported favorably, but which the House itself, by a vote of 113 to 86, declared "inexpedient," was a bill conferring upon the women of the state the right to vote in municipal affairs on the same terms as men. But why should not women vote, as well as men, at these and all other elections? Are not the women in our various towns and cities as deeply interested as men in the character of the government under which they live? Is it not of as much importance to women as men how the business affairs of the town or city

are administered? Is not the protection of life and property, the preservation of health, the maintenance of law and order, the suppression of vice and crime, the protection of the young from the debasing effects of intemperance and immorality, of as much consequence to the wives and mothers, the sisters and daughters, in any community, as to the husbands and fathers, the sons and brothers? And should they not be allowed, expected, persuaded if necessary, to take an active part therein?

This question of equal suffrage, or of equal rights and duties, privileges and responsibilities, for men and women under the law, as well as of equal burdens and restraints, is a subject of constantly growing interest throughout the civilized world—an issue that will not down, a question that will never be settled until it is settled aright. And yet that settlement would be far nearer at hand were women themselves united upon the question. There are, it is true, many women who are earnest believers in the justice, propriety and desirability of the political enfranchisement of their sex; there are others who are decided and determined opponents; while there is a still more numerous class who are practically indifferent, who are not seeking the ballot, who are neither clamoring for their rights nor shirking their duty, some of whom, if enfranchised, would calmly face the situation and bravely take up the duty devolving upon them, while others would meet it with fear and trembling.

The decided suffragist needs no argument or persuasion. She is on the right track. She knows the reason for the faith that is in her, loves that faith, and is doing loyal work in its

cause. The decided anti-suffragist is joined to her idols. If it may not be said that she hugs her chains, it may be said that, as a rule, her highest ambition is to be, if not the slave, at least the pet or the plaything of some one of the so-called "lords of creation"; to minister to his comfort and pleasure, to bear and rear his children, to regard his wishes and his whims, to spend his money for her personal adornment and gratification, and the physical comforts and luxuries of the home; but not to share with him any part of the responsibility, *before, behind and under* the law, of nation, state and municipality, which involves the honor of the nation, the prosperity of the state, the welfare of the community and the safety of the home.

As for the great middle class—the vast majority of women—who have taken no position on this most important question there are considerations to which their attention should earnestly be called. Many of these women, it may be noted, are themselves members of women's clubs, of which there are more than a hundred in New Hampshire, with more than five thousand members, and many thousands in the country with half a million members, or more. To such women the very existence of these organizations, and the work they are doing, should furnish incontrovertible proof of the fallacy of one prime position maintained by the opponents of the equal suffrage cause, which is that woman is not mentally so equipped and trained as to be safely entrusted with the ballot—in other words, that the American woman could not vote intelligently if given the privilege, or clothed with the duty which the right of suffrage involves.

These woman's clubs are a standing refutation of this unjust and slanderous position. Examination of their year books and published programmes shows, conclusively, that their members have gained much to enlighten

their minds, broaden their views, shape their opinions and guide their action in any position in which they may be placed, in any emergency which they may be called to meet, in any way affecting the public welfare.

In these organizations this vast number of intelligent American women are taking up, studying and discussing, not merely questions bearing upon their domestic life and home affairs, but also those directly relating to the affairs of government and the public well-being. There are set down in their year books for consideration, not merely matters of the home, and of personal adornment, as well as the training of children, but art, literature, music, history, science, philanthropy, civics, economics, and parliamentary law and practice. The women of New Hampshire, as of the country at large, in these organizations, are giving their thought and attention to such subjects as improved educational methods and appliances, good highways, forest preservation, pure food, the destruction of insect pests, and other questions and topics directly bearing upon the public welfare. Nor is it alone in their clubs, distinctively known as such, that the women of the state and nation give their attention to matters of public import. In their Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and in their Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, they are studying along lines that develop the sentiments and strengthen the cause of temperance and patriotism, than which there can be nothing more essential in the life of any people.

When we consider what these women's clubs and other organizations have done, are doing, and are bound to do in the future, in constantly increasing measure, what can be said for the men? What are they doing along the lines that qualify them for participation in public affairs? Are there any organizations of men, anywhere in New Hampshire, systemat-



ically engaged in the study of public questions, or of subjects bearing in any way upon the welfare and progress of humanity? There are plenty of men's clubs, of various sorts and kinds, it is true, but none for the consideration of any of these matters, and none that tend to stimulate thought along any line calculated to improve the minds or elevate the characters of the members, or fit them in any way for the better discharge of the responsible duties of citizenship.

But we may be told that although some women have seen fit to avail themselves of the advantage of organized effort along certain lines of thought and study, tending to fit them for the responsibilities of citizenship, that men have not chosen to pursue, the latter are generally better educated, in that they have, in larger proportion, secured the advantage of college training. It is true that it was practically impossible for woman to secure what is ordinarily known as a liberal education until within comparatively recent years. The colleges of the country were barred against her until well along in the last century; and it was not until the pioneer laborers in the woman suffrage cause had persistently cried out against this injustice, and had finally inspired the movement for the establishment of women's colleges, that other colleges begun gradually to open their doors to women, till now, out of some 450 leading colleges and universities of the country, not less than 275 are open to female students, and not less than 100,000 young women are pursuing their studies in what are known as the higher institutions of learning.

With all the obstacles still in their way, the ratio of young women, seeking and securing college education, to the young men who are so doing, is constantly on the increase, so that in the next ten or twenty years at farthest, there will be more young women than men pursuing college courses, just as there are, even now, more girls

than boys studying in and graduating from our high schools and academies. What *then* will become of the argument of the superior mental equipment of men for the duties of citizenship?

What is still put forth as a strong argument against woman suffrage is the old contention that woman is unfitted by nature to participate in the affairs of public life; that man was intended by nature to grapple with the rough experiences of the outside world and woman to shrink away in quiet safety under the protection of the home root-tree; that he is the stronger, she the weaker vessel; he the sturdy oak, she the clinging vine; he the home-builder, she the home-keeper; he the bread-winner, she the bread-maker; that as his work takes him outside the home and in contact with the world's affairs, he alone should interest himself in these matters, while she devotes herself exclusively to the care of the home and the children, intent upon keeping both neat and clean, herself likewise, if possible, everything in order, and meeting her lord and master with a kiss and a warm meal when he comes home, tired and worn from the field of his achievements in the battle for bread and, incidentally, for political honors for himself or his boss, and the triumph of the "grand old party"! All very pretty and sentimental; beautiful, indeed, as an abstraction, but how does it work when applied to the concrete facts of life? What about the tens of thousands of wives whose husbands come home intoxicated every night, and the other tens of thousands whose husbands have gone down into drunkards' graves, or, worse still, into the jails, the penitentiaries or the inebriate asylums of the land, all because of the insidious temptations of the dram shops, allowed existence in every state, and carefully fostered in some, under the operation of our man-made and man-administered governments—many of

them left, too, with little children in their care and dependent upon their unaided efforts for nurture and sustenance? What about the thousands of widows, left with children to be provided for, from other causes—accident or disease—while, because of the fact that they have no vote, no voice in public affairs, their labor commands less compensation than men receive? What about the unmarried women—those who remain single from necessity or choice—a constantly growing number reaching hundreds of thousands throughout the land, not a few of whom are practically forced to remain single because of the vicious habits and worthless lives of a constantly growing class of young men, produced under a social and political system which these young women, and all other women, have no direct power to aid in reforming?

Say, if you will, that woman should be the home-keeper, while man is the bread-winner, and should be the law-maker; we have to face the glaring fact today, however, that there are some six millions of women in the United States, who, instead of being engaged in making and keeping homes, are employed in gainful occupations—working for wages mainly outside their homes, supporting themselves, and, vast numbers of them, contributing to the support of others—their children in many cases, and sick and helpless husbands, fathers or brothers in many more. These women are engaged in almost every avocation known to the world. They are farmers, artisans, manufacturing employes, milliners, merchants, dress-makers, clerks, stenographers, architects, contractors and builders, painters, paper hangers, authors, editors, reporters, librarians, musicians, nurses, dentists, physicians, lawyers, ministers and teachers.

These are no "clinging vines," no timid, retiring souls, shrinking from contact with the outside world. They are in the forefront of life's battle—

some from choice, more perhaps from necessity, driven there, indeed, by conditions over which they have no control, resulting from the operation of laws in whose enactment or enforcement they have had no hand or voice. Why not give them the ballot and let them have a voice in shaping the government under which they are obliged to live, and to whose support they are obliged to contribute?

When a prominent machine politician of this state was asked, not long since, what objection there can be to granting suffrage to women, he responded: "We have trouble enough already in handling the men." That is it, exactly. Were the women enfranchised the political machinists would be out of business, absolutely and for all time, and that is an irrefutable argument in favor of the measure. Women, if enfranchised, will vote, as they please far more generally than is the case with men, especially where questions that affect the safety of the home and the family are concerned; hence the expenditure of more than \$250,000 by the combined liquor interests of Oregon to defeat the proposed equal suffrage amendment to the constitution of that state.

The final, and supposed to be conclusive, argument against the enfranchisement of woman is that she, herself, does not desire it. When the majority of the women ask for the right—when it is clearly demonstrated that they desire it—then it will be granted, we are told. All women may not care to vote. Many may not wish to. Some may refuse to vote if enfranchised. But, what of that? Many *do* wish to vote, and their number is constantly increasing. Shall the ballot be refused to *all* because *some* do not want it—because the majority do not clamor for it? If so, why not disfranchise the men because 25,000 of them refuse to vote, every year, upon an average, in hotly contested New Hampshire; while many of those who do vote

value their franchise only because of the money they can get for using it, or for the opportunity it gives them to carry out the wishes of a party boss, regardless of any principle for which he stands?

The woman suffrage cause is based on the eternal principles of justice and has commanded the approval of many of the brightest and noblest minds. It has been approved and supported not only by such women as Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and their compeers in the pioneer work of the suffrage movement, but also by such others as Frances E. Willard, Mary A. Livermore, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Clara Barton and a host of philanthropic and humanitarian workers of their sex; and has been sanctioned and endorsed by John Quincy Adams, Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, George F. Hoar, Gilbert Haven, Phillips Brooks and Minot J. Savage; by Ralph Waldo Emerson and George William Curtis; by Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell; by Huxley, Darwin and Spencer.

This great cause of equality before the law and back of the law, for man and woman, is a progressive and a

winning one. Just as surely as woman now enjoys the same rights as men in four states of the American Union, in all the great imperial domain of Australia and New Zealand; in Finland, Norway and Sweden, and even in Great Britain and Ireland with the single exception of parliamentary suffrage which she will also secure within the next ten years, just so surely is the time coming, and not far distant, when she will stand as his absolute political equal, not only in all our land, but throughout the civilized world.

Why, then, should not the old Granite State, on whose soil the first overt act of resistance to British tyranny was performed, at Fort William and Mary in December, 1774, whose men, mainly, fought the battle of Bunker Hill, won the day at Bennington, and were conspicuous among the heroes who compelled the surrender at Yorktown, be the first New England state to do justice to woman, and give her the same rights and duties under the law as man, as well as the same burdens and restraints, taking her out of the class with minors, idiots, aliens, the criminal and the insane, and placing her where she belongs, as the equal of man, in law as well as in fact?

## The Bermudas

*By Eva Beede Odell*

Far out at sea the fair Bermudas lie,  
A chain of emeralds on ocean floor,  
In diamond setting of spray-dashed shore,  
All guarded safe by reefs of coral high,  
Where purple sea-fans wave, the surface nigh.  
Here turquoise waters glint the white sands o'er,  
And sunbeams all the shades of opal pour,  
Then tint with amethyst the twilight sky.  
The garden of the rose, the lily's home,  
Where white-roofed houses gleam amidst the green  
Of oleander, palm and cedar trees,  
Delight of those who from the snow-lands roam  
Are these blest isles, bedight in summer sheen,  
By breezes ever fanned from sapphire seas.

# Concord Women's Outing Clubs

*By an Occasional Contributor*

The women of New Hampshire have long been well at the front in organized effort for their own improvement, and the social and educational welfare of the community. In proportion to population no state in the Union surpasses the Granite State in the number and membership of its women's clubs, devoted, primarily, to the intellectual develop-

same, thereby insuring the elements of permanency and of systematic rather than spasmodic effort in the line of outdoor life and recreation.

There are now three women's outing clubs in the city of Concord with attractive and convenient homes of their own, eligibly located outside the compact part of the city, amid charming natural surroundings, the



"Camp Wetamoo"—Home of the "Outing Club"

ment and culture of its members and general educational work, and nowhere have these organizations accomplished more for the advancement of the general welfare.

Recognizing the importance of outdoor life and recreation as contributory to physical health, without which full intellectual vigor cannot be maintained, our New Hampshire women are also organizing outing or country clubs, in considerable number and establishing attractive homes for the

membership of each being limited to twenty-five.

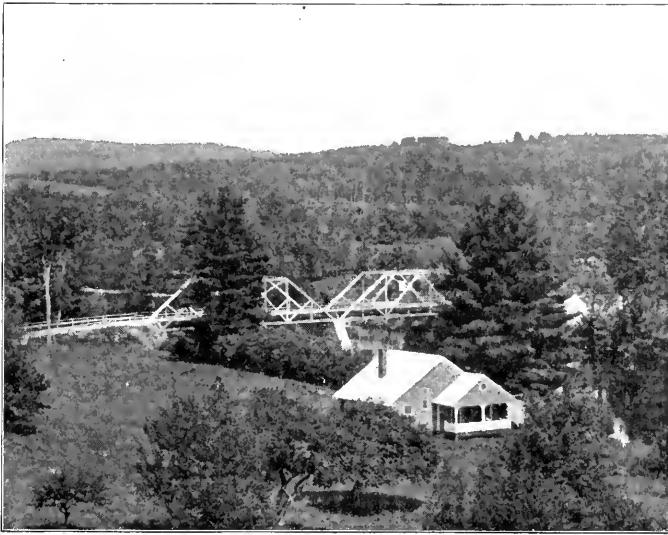
The first of these, and the first woman's outing club in the world so far as is known, is "The Outing Club," an extended sketch of which appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for June, 1899. The home of this club, which was organized and incorporated in July, 1896, is called "Camp Wetamoo," and is located upon an eminence, near Bow Mills, about two and three-fourths miles

from the State House, and commanding a splendid view of the Merrimack Valley and of magnificent mountain scenery in all directions.

Dr. Maude Kent was the first president of the Outing Club. She was succeeded in 1897 by Miss Caroline S. Stewart. In 1898 Mrs. Maude Knowlton was the president, and Miss Mary Niles in 1899. Miss Lena Minot served from 1900 till 1906, when she was succeeded by Mrs. Edgar C. Hoague, who still occupies the position. Miss Nellie S. Abbott has been secretary

quarters a fine cottage on the right bank of the Contoocook River, some five miles out, in the northwest part of the city, near the "Horse Hill" bridge. It is within ready access from the Concord & Claremont Railway, a neat little station having been erected by the railroad nearby for the accommodation of the club and other visitors to this charming section.

The Hathaway Outing Club, the last organized of the three was established in June, 1904. It grew out of the Hathaway Shakespeare Club—



The Country Club House

and treasurer of the club since its organization.

The second woman's outing club organized in the Capital City followed closely upon the first. It is known as the Country Club, and was incorporated in November, 1896. It has no president, its officers consisting of five directors, who together with a clerk and treasurer constitute an executive board. The by-laws provide that no director shall hold office more than two years. The present clerk is Mrs. Henry W. Stevens, while Mrs. Jessie B. Harriman has been treasurer since the organization.

This club has erected for its head-

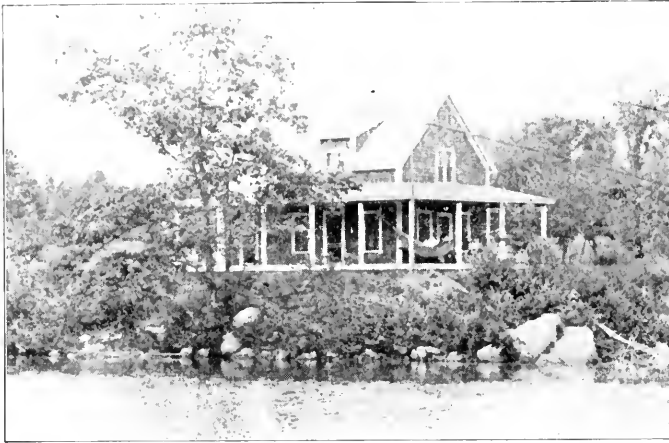
quarters one of about a dozen women's Shakespeare clubs in the city—and includes the membership of the latter, augmented by others to the number of twenty-five, which, as before stated, is the limit fixed for the membership of all these clubs. Miss E. Gertrude Dickerman was the first president of this club. Mrs. Grace L. Hubbard, the present incumbent, succeeded to the office in 1908. Mrs. Charles L. Jackman, the first secretary-treasurer, was succeeded in 1907 by Miss Harriet S. Emmons, and she in turn in 1908 by Miss Effie M. Thorndike, the present incumbent.

The Hathaway Club house is de-

lightly located on the left bank of the Contoocook, a short distance above Contoocook River Park, making it readily accessible by trolley.

Including the guests which the several clubs entertain during the sea-

son, a goodly number of the women of Concord are brought in close contact with nature and strengthened and inspired by healthful recreation for work in the various lines of effort in which they are engaged.



The Hathaway Club House

## The Master-Architect

By Marguerite Borden

All life puts forth an effort to construct.  
 Who hath not watched the spider spin her web,  
 And marveled at its geometric plan?  
 But is it *strange* that she should weave her tent  
 Of silver lace in pattern most ornate?  
 For *choice* is lacking in her tiny brain.  
 She follows the one dictate she was taught;  
 The kind Creator saw and filled her need.  
 So is it with each insect, bird and beast.  
 But man—"proud man"—the great Creator blest,  
 And placed within him *liberty of choice*  
 To build his home howe'er he might devise,  
 And any suited substance utilize.  
 O man, whom wise Jehovah thus hath graced,  
 Behold the universe—its wondrous form—  
 The majesty of earth and sea and sky.  
 Builded by Him who "breathed the breath of life"—  
 Shaped all in loveliness, yet all for use.  
 Make thou, O man, thy dwellings more divine;  
 Tear down the huts that gasp for light and air;  
 Destroy the crude and darkened tenements,

And raze to earth thy black and monstrous tow'rs—  
 Ten thousand Babels that shut out the sun—  
 And boast not of thy engineering skill  
 Till on those ruins thou hast built anew  
 Cities whose white and spotless domes shall be  
 Equal in beauty and utility.

## New Hampshire Necrology

### DR. HENRY RUST PARKER

Henry Rust Parker, M. D., born in Wolfeboro January 24, 1836, died in Dover December 29, 1909.

He was the son of John Tappan and Sally L. (Seavey) Parker, and was educated in the public school and Wolfeboro Academy. He engaged in teaching, taking up the study of medicine at the same time, and graduating from the medical school at Dartmouth, from which he graduated in 1866, locating in practice in his native town, whence he removed to Dover in 1881, continuing there in a most successful practice until his death.

Doctor Parker had been president of both the Dover and Strafford County medical societies, was a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society, and during both administrations of President Cleveland was president of the Strafford County board of examining surgeons for pensions.

Politically he was a staunch Democrat, and was the first member of that party to be chosen mayor of Dover, to which position he was elected after an exciting campaign in the fall of 1890, and re-elected the following year, holding the office during the years 1901 and 1902, and conducting an eminently successful administration.

He was a thirty-second degree Mason, being a member of the Moses Paul Lodge and St. Paul Commandery, Knights Templar, of Dover. He was a member, also, of the society of Colonial Wars in New Hampshire, the New Hampshire society of the Sons of the American Revolution, the New Hampshire Genealogical Society, of which he was president; the Northam Colonists, a local historical society, a vestryman of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, and president of the Men's club of that parish.

On May 27, 1866, he married Miss Ella M. Thompson of Wolfeboro, who, with two of their three children, survives.

### GEORGE F. RICHARDS

George F. Richards of Exeter, for more than ten years past register of probate for the county of Rockingham, died at

his home in that town December 8, 1908, at the age of sixty-two years, having been born in the city of New York in 1847. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. James Richards, a Congregational clergyman, and was for some years, in early manhood, engaged in railroad business. He came into New Hampshire as station agent at Gonic, and was, later, a traveling freight and passenger agent for the Boston & Maine R. R. He located in Exeter some twenty years ago and was for some time engaged in newspaper work as correspondent for several papers, and manager of the circulation department of the *Boston Herald*. He was elected register of probate in 1898, holding the office until his death. He was a thirty-second degree Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Pythian, Red Man, a member of the Royal Arcanum and the Grange. He had long been the secretary and treasurer of the Rockingham County Republican Club. He was twice married, his last wife being Mira, daughter of the late William B. Webster of Manchester, who survives him.

### COL. ALBERT F. SEAVEY

Albert F. Seavey, born in Rochester December 29, 1843, died in Dover December 16, 1909.

Colonel Seavey was the son of Samuel F. and Eliza R. (Horne) Seavey. He attended the common school, and at the age of eighteen years went to Dover, where he was engaged for four years as an operative in a shoe factory. May 10, 1866, he entered into partnership with his brother, J. Frank Seavey, in the retail clothing business, under the firm name of J. Frank Seavey & Co., continuing the same for thirty-five years, when the business was disposed of. He also engaged in the lumber business with his brother, and, after 1902, continued the same alone. As a business man he was one of the oldest and best known in Dover, and ever commanded the fullest confidence of his associates and the public at large.

He took an active interest in politics, as a Democrat, from youth, and was one of the most prominent members of his party in Dover. He served two terms in the city council, was a representative in

the Legislature from Ward 2 in 1874-'75, and was an aide on the staff of Gov. James A. Weston during the second term of the latter, with the rank of colonel. He was active in Masonry, being a member of Strafford Lodge, Belknap Chapter, Orphan Council and St. Paul Commandery of Dover. He was also a charter member and past chancellor commander of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 6, Knights of Pythias, and a Knight of the Uniform Rank. He

was also a Red Man, Knight of Honor, a Son of the American Revolution and a member of the New Hampshire Lumbermen's Association.

Coloney Seavey was united in marriage, July 31, 1883, with Marietta, daughter of Charles F. and Rebecca (Webster) Fogg of Epsom, who survives him, with four children: Alice M., Marian Webster, Harold Leon and Katharine Fogg.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

Two books by Concord writers have recently been given to the public, each from the Rumford Press. The first is a story of the "Simple Single," or the summer adventures of a spinster teacher, who passed her vacation on a place in the country which she had inherited from a distant relative, quaintly told and liberally embellished by the neighborhood vernacular. This is by Miss Frances M. Abbott, author of "Birds and Flowers About Concord," copies of which may be had at Eastman's and Gibson's or ordered direct from the author. Price, 50 cents. The other is "Rambles About Concord," by Howard M. Cook, being a collection of descriptive articles covering many long walks about the Capital City, which have appeared in the local papers from time to time and excited much interest, particularly among the older residents. It is handsomely printed and finely illustrated, and retails at the book stores at \$1.50

the field a year or more before the time for nomination has arrived.

Death garnered a rich harvest in New Hampshire in 1909. Among well-known citizens of the state who answered his summons during the year were Gen. Charles H. Burns of Wilton, Col. Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, Gen. Daniel M. White of Peterborough, Hon. Lyman D. Stevens of Concord, Erastus P. Jewell of Laconia, James I. Parsons and Sidney B. Whittemore of Colebrook, Henry L. Tilton and Benjamin W. Kilburn of Littleton, Prof. Isaac Walker and Edmund E. Truesdell of Pembroke, John M. Whipple of Claremont, Edward C. Shirley of Goffstown, Ella H. J. Hill of Concord, Adelaide Gillev Waldron of Farmington, and many others of note. Among New Hampshire natives abroad, passing away during the year, were Col. Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician, president of Clark College, Hon. Charles Chesley of Washington, late solicitor of internal revenue, Prof. Amos N. Currier of Iowa University, Prof. Joseph W. Carr of the University of Maine and Michael F. Donovan, general traffic manager of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

The present year will be a notable one in the political life of the state in more than one respect. In the first place it will be notable from the fact that it is the year in which the direct primary law goes into effect, the operation of which is awaited with no little interest by men of all parties, whether "machinists" or reformers. There is a vast diversity of opinion at present as to the probable outcome, and there will doubtless be as wide a difference in view as to the real advantage or disadvantage resulting after its effects are really apparent. All good citizens should hope and work for the best, however. Another notable fact is found in the failure of any man in the dominant party (or in any other, for that matter) to enter the field as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination thus far. Heretofore one or more candidates have been in

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HON. HENRY C. MORRISON  
State Superintendent of Public Instruction

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY, 1910 NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, No. 2

## A Successful Educator

Henry C. Morrison, Superintendent of Public Instruction

*By H. H. Metcalf*

In the year 1803 a colony of immigrants, endowed with the sturdy independence and persistent spirit of their race, came to America from the county of Sutherlandshire in Scotland, landing at Boston but soon making their way to the parish of St. James in the province of New Brunswick, just over the Maine border, about eight miles from Calais in that state, where they settled in what was then a wilderness, clearing up farms which they cultivated in summer and engaging in lumbering during the balance of the year, driving their winter log harvest down the St. Croix River in the spring. There was no "loafing season" for the stalwart men of this community, and the habits of industry and application which characterized their life were transmitted to their posterity, as was their devotion to the things supposed to make for their spiritual welfare, the first joint work in which they engaged, after locating their respective abiding places, having been the establishment of a parish of the Free Church of Scotland, which they maintained with the most devoted loyalty.

A leading spirit in this community was John Morrison, who passed his industrious and exemplary life in the home which he there established, as did his son, George, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, who was born, lived and died on the Morrison homestead. There, too, was born his

son, John H. Morrison, who in the early sixties located in Oldtown, Me., where, in 1867, he married Mary L., daughter of Daniel and Deborah Ham of Lincoln, Me., and was for many years engaged in mercantile business. He was a strong factor in the life of the community, particularly active in the affairs of the Congregational Church and interested in politics as an earnest Republican. He died in February, 1902, and the *Bangor Commercial* in noticing his passing said: "He was a man of the strictest integrity, universally esteemed and will be greatly missed." His wife, who survives, still residing in her Oldtown home, retaining in full measure her physical health and remarkable mental vigor, is yet strongly devoted to all the interests and activities, in the social, intellectual and moral life of the community, with which, as a typical representative of the best American womanhood, she was identified in earlier years, though never neglecting in the slightest degree the paramount demands of her own family and home.

Into this family, in the thriving village (now city) of Oldtown, were born three children — a daughter, who died in infancy, and two sons, Henry C., the subject of this sketch, and Lewis J., four years younger, now the agent of the American Express Company at the Union station in Bangor.

HENRY CLINTON MORRISON WAS

born in Oldtown, Me., October 7, 1871, and was educated in the schools of that place, which is a river town and in a lumbering region, and the time not occupied in his school work was spent largely on the river and in the woods and fields. He graduated at the Oldtown High School in the summer of 1889, having manifested such devotion to his studies and such capacity for imparting as well as imbibing knowledge that he was chosen by the principal as an assistant teacher in the school in April, preceding his graduation, which position he held until the summer of 1891, in the meantime continuing his own studies so as to be thoroughly fitted for entrance upon the college course which he had determined to pursue, and upon which he entered at Dartmouth in the fall of 1891, and which he continued with such success that he graduated, A. B., as the valedictorian of his class in June, 1895, an honor which in modern estimation may be surpassed by that holden by the captain of the football team, but is still regarded, in some quarters, as worthy of mention.

Having determined to devote himself to educational work, Mr. Morrison accepted the position of principal of the high school in the flourishing and progressive town of Milford in this state and entered upon his duties at the opening of the school year in September following his graduation, and continued, to the eminent satisfaction of the school board and the people of the town, who still speak in terms of the highest praise of his successful labors in that capacity, until May, 1899, when he accepted a call to the superintendency of the public schools of the city of Portsmouth and removed to that place.

He continued in charge of the Portsmouth schools, winning a wide reputation for the success of his work, evidenced by improvement in the methods and standards characterizing the schools of the seaport city, and the general educational spirit of

the community, until his election by the governor and council as state superintendent of public instruction, in which office he was commissioned October 25, 1905, succeeding Channing Folsom of Newmarket, whose second term had expired and whose repeated renomination by Governor Bachelder a majority of the council persistently refused to confirm, for reasons best known to themselves.

In this connection it should be said that Mr. Morrison himself was a warm friend and ardent supporter of Mr. Folsom, and had personally appeared before the council in advocacy of his reappointment. That being manifestly impossible of accomplishment under the circumstances, it became practically imperative that some other man be nominated and Mr. Morrison, through the reputation he had won in Portsmouth and his known devotion to the aggressive and progressive methods which had characterized Mr. Folsom's administration in large measure, naturally commended himself to the governor as the proper man to take up and carry forward the work of thoroughly reforming and invigorating the school system of the state, upon which, after prompt confirmation, he immediately entered, although taking a little time to properly round out and conclude his service in Portsmouth, which was ended on the first of January following.

From the commencement of his service to the present day Mr. Morrison has labored with all the energy and zeal of his earnest and forceful nature to promote the welfare of the New Hampshire school system, striving particularly to raise the standard of qualification in the teacher, to increase the efficiency of the country schools, and especially to improve the character of high school instruction throughout the state, now brought by law within the reach of all at public expense, and offering the ultimate opportunity of the great body of our young men and women, so far as school life is concerned. To make the

work of the high school more efficient and practical, and to encourage as many as possible to pursue it, has been a prime ambition with Mr. Morrison and as indicative that his efforts have not been unattended with success it may be stated that whereas in 1902 the high school attendance in the state was 3,732, or 6 per cent. of the total school enrollment, in 1909 it had increased to 6,456, or 12 per cent. of the total, the increase being relatively over eight times as great as that in the population of the state, while the report of the United States commissioner of education places New Hampshire at the head of the list of states in the proportion of its students who complete the high school course. Mr. Morrison's position, in fact, is the converse of that of President Eliot, who once held that the boy best fitted for college is best fitted for life. His contention is that the boy or girl best fitted for life is best fitted for college.

When the law of 1901, providing for high school instruction for all children of the state at public expense, was enacted, many of the high schools of the state were such only in name. A vast improvement in equipment and in the teaching force has been effected, the work systematized and practical features introduced, till today the high school system of New Hampshire is surpassed by that of no state in the Union. Another line in which a great advance has been made is in the matter of district supervision. When Mr. Morrison took office the law providing for this means of promoting school efficiency had been in force six years, and but six supervisory districts had been established in the state, while today there are twenty-five, with a prospect of more in the near future.

Mr. Morrison is actively identified with the educational interests of the state and country in many lines outside his official work. He is a prominent member of the New Hampshire Teachers' Association, of which he

was president in 1903. He has been a director in the National Educational Association most of the time for the last ten years, and has been a member of its council. He is a prominent member of that oldest educational society in the country — the American Institute of Instruction — and was its president in 1908 and 1909. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He is affiliated with the Masonic order, being a member of St. Andrew's Lodge at Portsmouth, and with the Patrons of Husbandry, in Capital Grange, Concord. He also belongs to the Concord Board of Trade. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and Psi Upsilon, Greek letter fraternities, and the Casque and Gauntlet Society at Dartmouth. In 1906 the New Hampshire State College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Science, in recognition of his efficient work in the educational field.

For the measure of success he has thus far attained, and the position he holds in the educational world Mr. Morrison gives credit, primarily, to the inspiration, encouragement and sympathy of one of the best of mothers, and to the experience he gained in direct contact with the hard facts of life, in working in vacation time, with lumbermen's crews on the Penobscot River to help defray his college expenses. This labor included, in his junior year, the regular work of a scaler on the floating logs in the river. It was a hard, rough life, with rough, hard men; but it developed grit and determination, and at the same time gave him an insight into human life, in some of its practical phases, which has been of measureless value.

It may not be improper to add, in this connection, and it is done without reflecting in the least upon the wisdom of the ultimate action of the Trustees in selecting the brilliant scientist of world-wide fame, who now holds the position, that in the belief of many New Hampshire people, hav-

ing the welfare of the institution at heart, the choice of Mr. Morrison, as Doctor Tucker's successor at the head of Dartmouth College, would have been thoroughly conducive to the best interests of that noble institution, and at the same time an appropriate recognition of the merits of one of its most successful sons in the field of administrative education. At the same time the state may well rejoice that there is to be no interruption in the work now so effectively carried for-

ward for the development and up-building of the public school system, upon which its future prosperity so largely depends.

Mr. Morrison was united in marriage July 29, 1902, with Marion Locke, daughter of the late Samuel B. Locke of Andover, Mass., in Christ Church in that town. They have three boys, John Alexander, born in October, 1903, Hugh Sinclair, in January, 1905, and Robert Drew in October, 1906.

## Recompense

*By Cyrus A. Stone*

Brave, noble deeds were never wrought in vain.  
 All good survives though our frail forms decay,  
 And in some fairer land, some brighter day,  
 Earth's seeming loss shall prove but heavenly gain.  
 No hopeless grief can shroud the eyes that brim  
 With thoughtful tenderness for others' woe,  
 Those eyes shall beam with joy's glad overflow  
 When all the lights in earth and sky grow dim.  
 Each gentle word some kindly thought that tells,  
 Shall echo through all ages and all climes  
 In music low and sweet as vesper chimes  
 Borne on the air from far cathedral bells.  
 Hands that have toiled till they could toil no more,  
 And then dropped cold and powerless in the grave,  
 With new unfailing vigor yet shall wave  
 The victor's palm-branch on the deathless shore.  
 The willing feet, on love's sweet errands sped  
 Across the rugged hills and thorny vales,  
 Gaining new strength to mount life's upward trails,  
 Shall walk unwearied where the angels tread.  
 In Heaven's economy there is no waste,  
 The seed oft sown in sorrow and in tears,  
 Falling beyond the crumbling wall of years,  
 Shall spring to beauty and to bloom at last.  
 There the cool breeze blown over land and sea,  
 Shall fan to fragrance all the flowery plain  
 And sing its love-song to the bending grain  
 Along the uplands of eternity.  
 We pass for what we are. Each life still bears  
 A fadeless record. Whether ill or well,  
 God has decreed the immortal man to tell  
 His own true story through the unending years

# Molly Reid Chapter, D. A. R., and Matthew Thornton

*By An Occasional Contributor*

The women of New Hampshire have never failed to do their part in promoting the welfare and honor of the state, and elevating the character of its citizenship. Their woman's clubs have been, in recent years, a powerful stimulus to intellectual growth and development as well as a vital force in the cause of civic improvement; while the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has kindled anew the fire of patriotism in the hearts of the people by reviving and duly honoring the memory of the men and the women who in the early days set up and established the standard of free government upon American soil, among whom New Hampshire's representation was, indeed, most brilliant.

Molly Reid Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized October 27, 1894, at the home of Mrs. Fredrick J. Shepard at East Derry.

Mrs. Shepard was appointed chapter regent by Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke, then state regent, in May, 1894, and the patriotic women of Derry and Londonderry gathered around her and the chapter was formed with twenty-four charter members, as follows:

- †Mrs. Helen M. Barker.
- Miss Jennie S. Bartlett.
- \*Mrs. Victoria E. W. C. Bartlett.
- \*Mrs. Mary U. Bingham.
- Mrs. Harriet D. S. Chase.
- Mrs. Mary Latham Clark.
- †Miss Sylvia Clark.
- \*Miss Julia M. Currier.
- \*Mrs. Martha A. C. Downes.
- Miss Ella A. Eastman.
- Mrs. Fannie P. Hardy.

\* Deceased.

Transferred

- Mrs. Caroline L. Hood.
- †Miss Alice M. Merrill.
- \*Miss Semanthe C. Merrill.
- †Mrs. Bessie P. Norris.
- \*Miss Maria M. Parsons.
- Miss Mary N. Parsons.
- \*Mrs. Sarah D. Parsons.
- Mrs. Kate H. Plummer.
- Mrs. Emma F. Pollard.
- Miss Lillian B. Poor.
- \*Mrs. Elizabeth G. Prescott.
- Mrs. Annie B. Shepard.
- Miss Harriet N. Smith.

The following constituted the first board of officers: Regent, Mrs. Annie B. Shepard; vice-regent, Mrs.



Mrs. Annie B. Shepard  
First Regent

Mary L. Clark; secretary and treasurer, Miss Harriet N. Smith; registrar, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Prescott; historian, Mrs. Mary Upham Bingham; chaplain, Miss Semanthe C. Merrill. Molly Reid Chapter was the second

chapter to be formed in the state of New Hampshire and it was named in honor of the wife of Gen. George



Miss Sarah P. Webster, Chester, N. H.  
Regent Molly Reid Chapter

Reid, a native of Derry and a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary War.

Mary Woodburn Reid was one of the ablest women of her time and was a worthy mate for her soldier husband. General Stark is reported to have said of her: "If there is a woman in New Hampshire fit for governor it is Molly Reid."

Mrs. Annie Bartlett Shepard, the organizer and first regent of Molly Reid Chapter, is a descendant of the following Revolutionary soldiers: Gen. Joseph Cilley, Gen. Thomas Bartlett, better known as Judge Bartlett and Joseph Nealley of Nottingham, Ensign Nathaniel Bachelder, Abram True and Benjamin True of Deerfield. She was elected state vice-regent of New Hampshire by the delegates in Washington in April, 1905, and held the office two years, when, in 1907, she was made

state regent and after serving two years in that capacity was elected honorary state regent for life.

Mrs. Shepard held the office of regent of Molly Reid Chapter for three years and the following were her successors in office: Mrs. Mary Upham Bingham, 1897; Mrs. Mary Latham Clark, 1899; Mrs. Kate Hughes Plummer, 1900; Mrs. Martha Shute Stevens, 1901; Mrs. Harriet Fuller Chase, 1904; Mrs. Elizabeth Fitz Hill, 1905; Mrs. Mary Durgin Chase, 1907; Miss Sarah P. Webster, 1909.

The present officers are: Regent, Miss Sarah P. Webster; vice-regent, Mrs. Harriet Chase Newell; secretary, Miss Jessie Lane Seavey; treasurer, Miss Frances Emma Boyd; registrar, Mrs. Maud Smith Melvin; historian, Miss Isabelle H. Fitz.

The present membership is sixty two, with six members from Chester, five from Londonderry, two from Windham, five from other places and forty-four in Derry.

The earliest work of the chapter was the marking with a granite tablet the birthplace of Gen. John Stark, on the Joseph White farm in the southern part of the town. A few years later a similar tablet was placed near the birthplace of Mary Woodburn Reid (Molly Reid) in Londonderry. Bronze markers have been placed on the graves of Revolutionary soldiers, as far as known, in the old cemetery at East Derry.

A life sized bust of Abraham Lincoln was, on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, February 12, 1909, presented by the chapter to Pinkerton Academy.

The chapter has contributed generously to the objects of the society, both in the state and at Washington, D. C. It has from the first been a prominent factor in the social and patriotic life of the town. Receptions, entertainments and various observances of patriotic occasions have been features of each year's work. The meetings are held regularly the



second Saturday of each month, excepting July and August. The homes of the members are the usual meeting places and the programs consist of papers of historical interest and music.

The chapter at one time had on its membership roll the names of three Real Daughters, Mrs. Martha M. P. Mason, Mrs. Sarah P. Hersey of Wolfeboro, and Mrs. Emily Allen of Nottingham, three sisters, daughters of John Piper of Tufonborough, a soldier in the Revolutionary War. All are now dead.

The marking of the home of Hon. Matthew Thornton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, had been an object of the chapter for some time, and a committee had been appointed to attend to the work, when Mr. Benjamin Chase, husband of the sixth regent of the chapter, and father of the present vice-regent, generously offered to defray the expense of a boulder and bronze tablet, to be placed on the lawn of the historic homestead. The chapter gratefully accepted this kindness and Mr. Chase not only gave the marker, but personally superintended its inscription and erection. With characteristic modesty he refused to have his name publicly connected with affair, and the inscription on the tablet apparently gives all credit to Molly Reid Chapter.

This boulder and tablet were dedicated, with appropriate services, under the auspices of Molly Reid Chapter, on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 31, 1909. The boulder stands on the lawn in front of the house in Derry Village, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. How, which was the home of Matthew Thornton during his residence in Derry, where he was a practicing physician from 1740 to 1778, being his residence, therefore, at the time of the signing of the Declaration.

The boulder is of ordinary native granite, oval in form, and about six feet in diameter, placed in the front

center of the lawn, under the branches of the stately elms said to have been planted by Doctor Thornton himself. The handsomely engraved bronze tablet, securely fastened to the side of the boulder, facing the street, bears the following inscription:

The Homestead of  
HON. MATTHEW THORNTON,  
Signer of the Declaration  
of American Independence.  
Born in Ireland, 1714.  
A Physician in this Town 1740-1778  
Died 1803  
To His Memory  
The Molly Reid Chapter  
Daughters of the American  
Revolution  
Dedicate this Stone.

The chapter regent, Miss Sarah P. Webster of Chester, presided over the exercises, which opened with the singing of America by the chapter and



Miss Jessie Lane Seavey  
Secretary Molly Reid Chapter

audience. The tablet was then unveiled by Miss Muriel Armstrong of East Derry, a direct descendant of Matthew Thornton, through his

daughter, Mary, who married Henry Betton of Salem. Invocation was offered by Rev. James G. Robertson, pastor of the Congregational Church



Mrs. Harriet Chase Newell  
Vice-Regent Molly Reid Chapter

of Chester. An appropriate address of welcome to the audience present, which included many notable personages, among them several officers and past officers of the state organization, D. A. R., was given by Miss Webster. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Frederick I. Kelley, pastor of the old First Church at East Derry, where Matthew Thornton worshipped while a resident of the town. Mrs. C. C. Abbott of Keene, state regent of the D. A. R., gave a short address,

which was heard with much interest, and a fine original poem, written by her for the occasion, was read by Miss Marcia Emery. The principal address was given by Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard, honorary state regent, and was, substantially, as follows:

#### MRS. SHEPARD'S ADDRESS.

In preparing this historical sketch I have gathered the material from the following sources: "Biographies of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," published in 1839 by L. Carroll Judson, a member of the Philadelphia bar; "The History of Londonderry," by the Rev. Edward L. Parker, published in 1851, and a pamphlet on the "Family of James Thornton," by Charles Thornton Adams of New York in 1905. I am also indebted to the addresses of Charles H. Burns and others delivered at the dedication of the monument erected by the state of New Hampshire to the memory of Matthew Thornton at Merrimack September, 1892.

We are all more or less familiar with the story of the settlement of this town by the sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in the year 1719. The settlement, which embraced the present towns of Derry, Londonderry, Windham, and a corner of what is now Manchester, was at first called Nutfield, from the abundance of nut trees, but was in 1722 incorporated as Londonderry from the town in Ireland in or near which most of the settlers had been born.

In the year 1740, when this settlement was scarce twenty-one years old, there came to it a young physician and surgeon who was destined to become its most distinguished citizen, Matthew Thornton. The Thornton family was originally English, but emigrated to the north of Ireland. Here one James Thornton and his wife, Nancy Smith, were located during the siege of Londonderry in 1689, when that famous city was besieged by King James and relieved by the

Prince of Orange. They lived on a farm about a mile from the city and were subject to frequent visits from King James' troopers.

On one occasion a party of marauders, among whom was a trooper who had been a hired servant to Mr. Thornton, rode up to their house and throwing the bridle of his horse to Mr. Thornton, told him to walk up and down while they got some refreshments. Mr. Thornton was quite indignant, but did not dare to refuse. When the trooper came to mount again he told Thornton in a whisper that he had done it as a protection to him in order to save his life.

On another occasion a party who paid them a visit said to Mrs. Thornton, "The sugar plums from Derry are plenty today," meaning the balls from the cannon which were playing upon them. "Yes," she said, "and I hope you may get some of them before the day is over." Her husband told her afterwards he expected her reply would have cost her her life.

Family tradition has it that this couple were the parents of Matthew Thornton, but it is evident that in handing down the tradition a generation was omitted, as James, the father of Matthew Thornton, was not more than five years old in 1689, which is shown by the record on his gravestone in the cemetery at East Derry, which states that he died on November 17, 1754, in the seventieth year of his age.

It must be assumed therefore that the James Thornton and Nancy Smith who were living near Londonderry at the time of the siege were the grandparents of the man whom we honor today.

James Thornton, the father of Matthew Thornton, was born in or about 1684, his birthplace being unknown; when about thirty-four years old, with his wife and several children, emigrated to America.

The Thornton family are said to have been among the 120 families who, in five small ships, arrived in

Boston on August 5, 1718, and in the fall of that year to have gone to Falmouth (now Portland, Me.), where they spent the winter on shipboard, enduring great hardships. The first settlers of Londonderry were of the same company. The Thorntons went to Wiscasset, Me., and after a stay there of a few years they moved to Worcester, Mass. In Worcester the Thorntons lived on a farm near Tacknuck Hill, adjoining the town of Leicester.

The only record that has been found of the wife of James Thornton is the deed of the Worcester farm, dated February 14, 1739-'40, in which "Ketiran" Thornton joins. In 1740 James Thornton removed from Worcester to Pelham, Mass. (?), of which town he was one of the founders and principal proprietors. He remained in Pelham, where he held various town offices, till 1748, when he removed to Londonderry, where he resided until his death. He is buried, as has been noted, in the cemetery at East Derry beside his daughter, Hannah Wallace.



**Mrs. Maud Smith Melvin**  
Registrar Molly Reid Chapter

James Thornton had eight children. James and Andrew, the two eldest, were co-grantees with their brother, Honorable Matthew, in 1768, of the town of Thornton, which was



Miss Frances Emma Boyd  
Treasurer Molly Reid Chapter

named in honor of Hon. Matthew Thornton. James Thornton designed his son, Matthew, who was born in Ireland, probably near Londonderry, in 1714, for one of the learned professions and while living in Worcester gave him the advantages of an academical education. One historian records that young Matthew was much admired for his industry, correct deportment and blandness of manners.

After completing his course of study at school he commenced the study of medicine with Doctor Grout of Leicester, Mass. He made rapid progress and when at the age of twenty-six he was prepared to enter upon the practice of his profession he selected the town of Londonderry as his field of labor. Although there was already one physician in the

town, Dr. Archibald Clark, who had been there about ten years, it would seem that this was a wise choice on the part of young Doctor Thornton.

Londonderry was then an important place in the colony. It was the largest and most populous town in New Hampshire, with the exception of Portsmouth, and it remained so for many years, in fact until long after the Revolution. The people of Londonderry were of his own race, who proverbially possess strong national remembrances. They were industrious, frugal, yet public-spirited and very religious; they were distinguished for their hospitality, their bravery, firmness and fidelity.

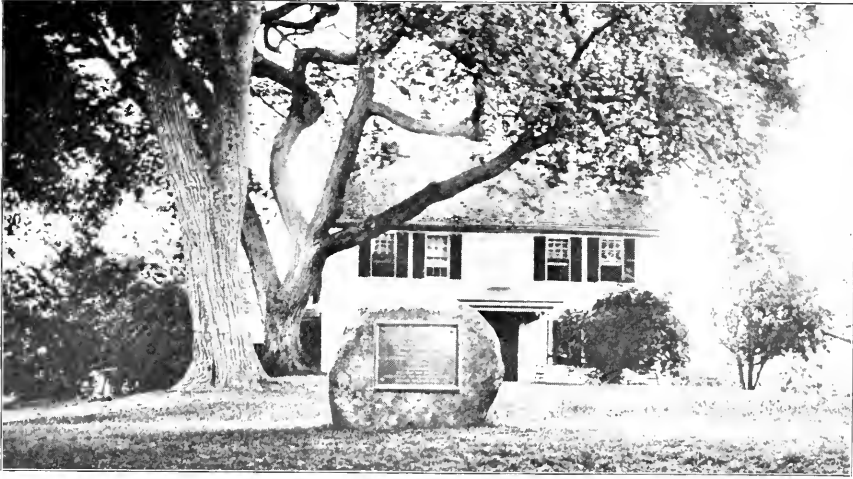
Among this people, many of whom had no doubt known him in his infancy, came young Matthew Thornton, and here he remained in active practice of his profession for thirty-nine years.

On this spot where we stand today he made his home. In just what year this house was built and whether this was his first habitation in town is uncertain, but that he built the house for a home and lived in it and that he planted these splendid elm trees there is no reasonable doubt.

Here he reared his family of five children; from here he went out and in, relieving the sickness and suffering of the people of Londonderry, and from here he went forth to add his signature to that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, for which one act out of all the good deeds of his long and useful life we gather here today to do him honor.

The north end of the house is the original structure, its massive timbers and primitive cellar walls giving evidence of eighteenth century construction. The house was remodeled, but it originally stood with hospitable front door facing the south, in true colonial fashion.

Doctor Thornton soon acquired a high reputation as a physician, and with an extensive practice in the



Homestead of Hon. Matthew Harvey, Derry Village, N. H.

course of a few years became comparatively wealthy. One biographer says: "He was very exact in collecting his dues; by some thought too severe." This characteristic, although not correlated by the biographer with the fact of his wealth, must certainly have had close connection therewith. He was also rigidly scrupulous in paying every farthing he owed.

In 1745 he was appointed surgeon in the New Hampshire division of the expedition against Cape Breton, and it is evidence of his professional skill that from among five hundred men only six individuals died previous to the surrender of the town, notwithstanding they had been subjected to excessive toil and constant exposure.

A company of the troopers were from this town, under the command of Capt. John Moor, and among other hardships and dangers of the siege they were employed during fourteen successive nights with straps over their shoulders and sinking to the knees in mud in drawing cannon from the landing place to the camp through a morass.

Matthew Thornton took an active and influential part in the affairs of the town, serving repeatedly as moderator of the town meetings and as

one of the selectmen. He early took a bold and decided stand against the tyrannies of Great Britain. His age undoubtedly prevented him from active military service, as he was over sixty years old when the war began, but in accord with the saying, "Old men for council, young men for war," he probably served his country more effectively in his various civil capacities than he could have done on the field of battle.

He had great opportunity, which he fully improved, to spread the principles of liberty among the people. By his honesty and sincerity of purpose, his mild and urbane manners and his uncommon powers of persuasion, he wielded great influence and was from the first a leader in that great emergency.

When the Revolution broke out he was colonel in command of a company of militia in Londonderry; he also held a commission of justice of the peace under Gov. Benning Wentworth.

He had been a member of the colonial assembly in the years 1758, 1760 and 1761, and when the first convention, whose members were regularly chosen in each town and parish in the province, and which met at Exeter May 17, 1775, to deliberate

and act upon the condition of affairs, was called the town of Londonderry sent him as its representative.

There were 151 members in this convention, and it was called the "first provincial congress." It selected Doctor Thornton as its president. It also chose a committee of



Tablet on Boulder

safety, consisting of five members, of which he was made chairman.

In consequence of the battle of Lexington an address was prepared by a committee of this convention, which was published over Doctor Thornton's signature. This may to some seem unimportant, but it was really full evidence to convict him of high treason and would have doomed him to the scaffold had he fallen into the hands of the British.

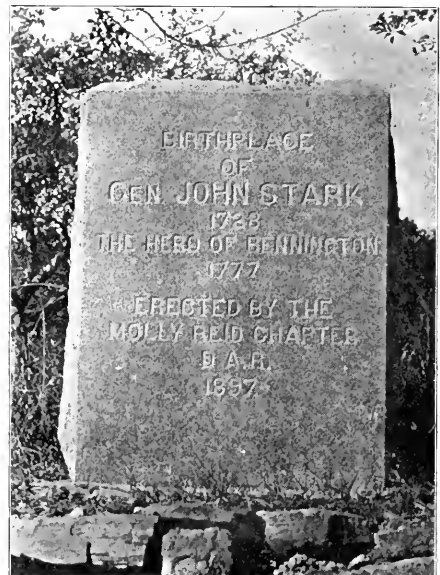
The following is an extract from the address: "You must all be sensible that the affairs of America have at length come to an affecting crisis. The horrors and distresses of a civil war, which until of late we only had in contemplation, we now find ourselves obliged to realize.

"Painful beyond expression have been those scenes of blood and devastation which the barbarous cruelty of British troops have placed before our eyes. Duty to God, to ourselves, to posterity, enforced by the cries of slaughtered innocents, have urged us to take up arms in our own defence. Such a day as this was never before

known, either to us or to our fathers.

"We would therefore recommend to the colony at large to cultivate that Christian union, harmony and tender affection which is the only foundation upon which our invaluable privileges can rest with any security, or our public measures be pursued with any prospect of success."

He was president of the convention called to meet in December, 1775, to establish a form of government for the colony of New Hampshire, and as chairman of a committee appointed by it to draft a form of constitution. This draft was accepted with but slight alteration and became the constitution of the state. On January 10, 1776, Doctor Thornton was appointed by the Legislature, as it was called under the constitution,



Marker at Birthplace of Gen. John Stark, Derry

a judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. This honor was conferred, not because he was a lawyer, but on account of his large intelligence and recognized ability. After this he was known as Judge Thornton. On the 12th of September in the same year he was elected by the

House of Representatives as delegate to represent New Hampshire in the continental congress. He did not reach Philadelphia and take his seat in the Congress until November, four months after the passage of the Declaration of Independence.

He at once claimed his right and affixed his name to the document, which had been signed by most of the members in August before his election. He was not obliged to do this. It placed his life in greater peril had the cause proved unsuccessful.

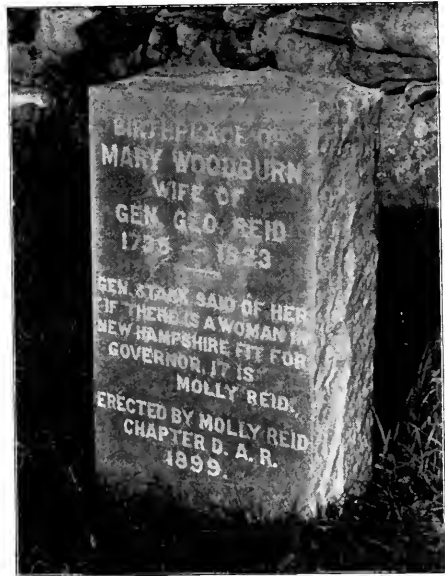
No doubt he fully realized with John Hancock that if they did not all hang together they would certainly all hang separately, but is it probable that he dreamed of the immortal renown he would secure for himself and the honor he was conferring upon his state, his town and his descendants forever?

Doctor Thornton discharged the duties of his important office ably and well. He was a member of the committee of safety almost continuously from 1775 to 1777. In December, 1776, he was again elected to the continental congress for one year, from January 23, 1777. For six years he served on the bench of the Superior Court and was also chief justice of the court of common pleas. These combined duties were very heavy and in 1782 he declined to serve further.

In 1779 he removed from Londonderry to Exeter, but did not long remain there, for in a few years he purchased a large estate on the bank of the Merrimaek River in the town of Merrimaek, near what was then called Lutwyche Ferry, now Thornton's Ferry. This estate had been confiscated from the Tory, Edward Goldstone Lutwyche, Esq.

Here he hoped to pass the remainder of his life in quiet seclusion, but his friends were not willing to excuse him from public duties, and he served in the state Senate in 1784, 1785 and 1786. On the 25th of January, 1784, he was appointed a jus-

tice of the peace and quorum throughout the state, which was then an important office under the original constitution of the state, but which was



Marker at Birthplace of Mary Woodburn Reid, Londonderry

abolished in part and abridged in jurisdiction by the amendments of 1792.

In his later years he took no part in political affairs but continued to afford advice and counsel on all important matters concerning the public welfare, about which he was often consulted. During the controversy between his state and Vermont he wrote several letters to those in power, urging the necessity of conciliatory measures and an unconditional submission to the decision of Congress in the premises. They were highly creditable to him as an able patriot, a good writer and a discreet man. Judson thus describes his personality:

"Doctor Thornton was one of the most fascinating and agreeable men of his age. He was seldom known to smile but was uniformly cheerful, entertaining and instructive, similar in many respects to the illustrious Franklin. His mind was stored with

a rich variety of useful and practical knowledge, which rendered him an interesting companion.

"He sustained an unblemished private reputation, and discharged all the social relations of life with fidelity and faithfulness. He was opposed to sectarian religion and belonged to no church, but was devoutly pious and a constant attendant of public worship. He was a large, portly man, over six feet in height, well proportioned, with an expressive countenance, enlivened by keen and penetrating black eyes. He married, about 1760, Hannah Jack of Chester, N. H. He was forty-six and she was eighteen years of age. Nevertheless the union must have been a happy one, for he is said to have been a kind husband and affectionate father and good neighbor.

"Hannah Jack was the daughter of Andrew Jack and his wife, Mary Morrison, who settled in Chester some time prior to 1747, when his name appears upon the Presbyterian records as warden. Both the Jack and Morrison families were of Scotch-Irish blood, and had emigrated to America from the vicinity of Londonderry, Ireland. The children of Hon. Matthew Thornton and Hannah Jack were: 1, James, born 1763; 2, Andrew, born 1766; 3, Mary; 4, Hannah; 5, Matthew, born 1770.

"Mrs. Thornton died December 5, 1786, and is buried at Thornton's Ferry. Matthew Thornton died while on a visit to his daughter, Hannah, Mrs. James McGraw, in Newburyport.

His remains were conveyed to Merrimaek and interred in the graveyard near his dwelling."

A modest tombstone bears the following inscription: "Erected to the memory of the Hon. Matthew Thornton, Esq., who Died June 24, 1803, aged 89 Years. The Honest Man."

We are happy to have with us today two descendants of these children, Mrs. Charles H. Woodbury of New York, a descendant of Hannah, and the little maid who unveiled the tablet, Miss Muriel Armstrong, a descendant of his daughter, Mary, who married Silas Betton of Salem.

The state has honored Matthew Thornton by erecting at Merrimaek a fine granite monument, six and one half feet square at the base and thirteen feet high. This was formally dedicated with impressive ceremonies September 29, 1892. The shaft bears the following inscription:

"In memory of Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Erected by the state of New Hampshire upon a lot and foundation presented by the town of Merrimaek."

There was need of such men as Matthew Thornton to lay the foundation of our great nation; there is need of such men today to guard and guide our nation; there will be need of such men through all coming years.

Let us hope that this tablet by the wayside, while it keeps alive his memory, may influence many to emulate the virtues of him in whose honor it was placed here—"The honest man."

## Ye Mountains of New Hampshire

*By H. Tuttle Folsom*

Ye mountains of New Hampshire, rise,  
And where the cloud besprinkled skies  
Dip low, there mingle in their fold  
Of sun-lit hues, purple and gold,  
Your fanciful and hallowed heights,  
Now tinted in the mellowed lights  
Which follow on the close of day,  
But deepening, pass as soon away  
As life.

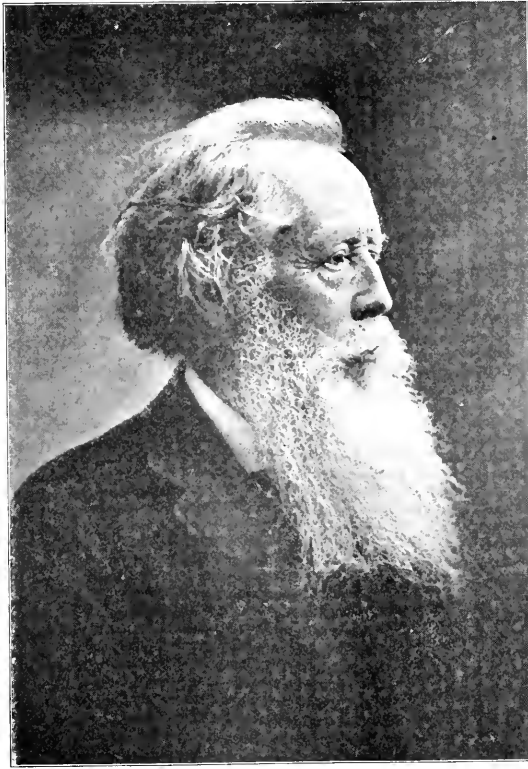


# Of Whom the World Was Not Worthy

*By Ellen McRoberts Mason*

As to the death of one's friend, one hears it said that the appreciative word written in the white heat of grief and realization of personal loss is perforce the adequate tribute. But the consequent, paralyzing pain may hinder the tribute, which because of

and very interesting. He was born in Newburyport in February, 1834, his parents being Nathaniel and Adeline (White) Mullikin, but when he was eight years old he was adopted by his mother's brother (whose namesake he was); his surname was



T. E. M. White

this loss, is so much more deserved.

It was on December 16, 1909 that T. E. M. White (Thomas Edward Mullikin White, or simply "Ned" White, as his intimates knew him) passed away from earth. We, of North Conway, think of him as we have known him here for the last thirty years, but his life before we knew him was significantly helpful

changed to White and New Bedford became henceforth his home.

He was of delicate constitution, all through his childhood, suffering from an ailment that resulted in the amputation of one of his legs when he was about twenty-one years of age; and mention that he made himself an artificial one, is simply a reference to the many-sidedness of his gifts, for

he was a skilled mechanic—and could do the finest cabinet-work—as well as artist and musician. These latter abilities were largely inherited, as his family was highly musical and artis-

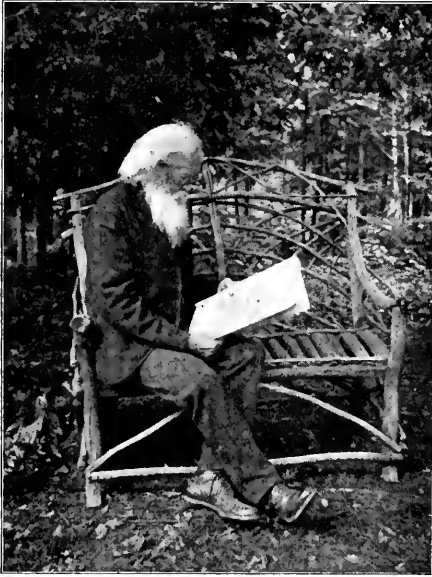


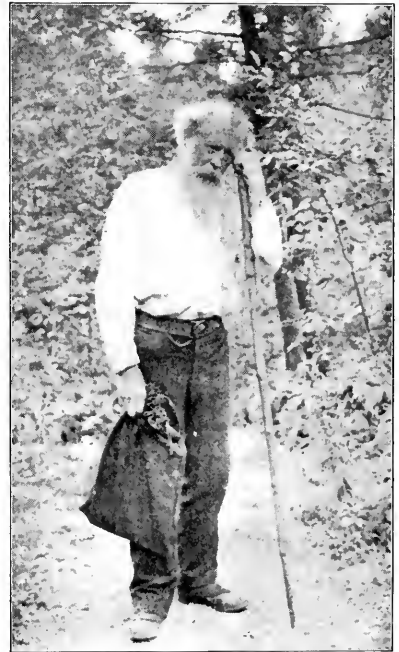
Photo of T. E. M. White  
Taken by G. F. W., June, 1904

tic, numbering some well-known composers and reputable landscape painters.

There was a strain of invention in his family, which he inherited too, and for a time it seemed as though he would turn his mind to inventing, he having secured several patents for clever contrivances of his boyhood days. Natural science had a fascination for him and largely determined his reading and study all his life.

Happily cultivating his many talents—he sang in the famous New Bedford Choral Society, and played charmingly on the violin—while working at what was to be the main business of his life (artistic photography). Mr. White grew up in delightful comradeship with Walter Ricketson, the sculptor, Anna Ricketson (the sculptor's sister) artist

and author, Fanny Eliot and Robert Swain Gifford, the artist, and Gabriella F. Eddy, the artist, whom he afterwards married. Those six used to go rowing on the Acushnet river, and camping on the shores of the Quitticus Lakes — Assawamsette, Poksha, Little Quitticus and Big Quitticus: A memorable occasion when a great rain-storm broke up their camping-party, caused their self-christening to "The six Quitticusses," and in conformity with such irresponsibleness they lived many happy Bohemian days together. Robert Swain Gifford married Fanny Eliot, and our friend, T. E. M. White and Gabriella F. Eddy got married in 1876. That was the year of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition—which they visited on their honey-



T. E. M. White, Resting on the Way

moon. Mrs. White, by the way, having the honor of several of her water-color paintings being selected for exhibition there.

Two years later they came to North



"Tanglewild" in 1901. Studio in Foreground. House in Distance

Conway where, with the exception of winters spent in Boston and their home-cities New Bedford and Newburyport, they have lived ever since. Nineteen years ago they built their tasteful, unique house at beautiful Tanglewild, an ideal home for two artists. Their photographs of White Mountain scenery have been awarded high place as art productions; this applies particularly to their glass transparencies. The writer remembers hearing Bishop Niles of New Hampshire, who is an acknowledged critic of art works in black and white, say that, in his opinion, "no one else in America or France or Germany had done anything in photography to equal in excellence of exquisiteness and beauty, the Whites' glass transparencies."

Mr. White's was a beautiful character; no one could know him even in a casual way and not be conscious that he lived on a higher plane than most people, and one was a better person for knowing him: his inspiring influence always made for righteousness—in the deeper meaning of the word righteousness—his

presence radiated good cheer and often jollity.

He made whistling a remarkable accomplishment and it was a delight to listen to his rendering of famous (entire) operas, whistled as he went about his usual daily work. His singing of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," was something to remember, and he read children's comic poetry with an abandonment of merriment which it was most delightful to be a sharer in.

One sometimes heard Mr. White spoken of as a "nature worshipper," in deprecation or excuse of his usual unconventional attitude toward Lord's Day observances and prevailing traditional customs (as a matter of fact he was a member of the First Congregational Church [Unitarian] of New Bedford where he grew up under the counsels of the distinguished John Weiss, one of the bright stars of Unitarianism of the last generation), and he was a nature-worshipper in the best sense of that much misused phrase, for he gathered spiritual strength and refreshment from Nature's beauties, and in enjoyment



"Tanglewild," from Road between North Conway and Intervale — 1891

of them his heart was uplifted in worship of their Creator. He was wont to assert that all vegetation rejoices consciously in its own existence and affirming his belief in reincarnation, would say whimsically, "I am *sure* that I was a tree once!"—trees being his special admiration and delight; the beautiful ones of wooded Tanglewild were to him as human friends and gave him the greatest pleasure at all seasons.

His love of country life and respect for the farmers' calling, caused him to feel great interest in the Patrons of Husbandry, and so in the natural way of things, he early became a member of Pequawket Grange and ever after was one of its loyal workers. He had been an ideal chaplain in his Grange and certainly was awarded his meed of admiration and love from his fellow Grangers. They have devoted a Grange meeting to his commemoration, an evening given to tributes to his worth and recognition of the honor his fealty has conferred on Pequawket Grange. Some of his beautiful landscapes adorn the walls of the Grange Hall, where a portrait of him is also soon to be placed.

Despite his physical limitation, Mr. White kept up his practice of, and intense fondness for, several athletic enjoyments; he climbed many of the mountains of the neighborhood, and was an enthusiastic swimmer—in his boyhood, he was the envied of all his mates on account of both his swimming and skating prowess—in the summer-time going every day to a pool of the Saco, whose inviolable privacy was safeguarded by himself and his aquatic friends, young college students who were wont to seek his companionship with never-failing pleasure.

His personal appearance was striking: a tall, slender, muscular figure, hair that was reddish-golden formerly, and very curly—turned white and grown straight in his later years—and always worn long gave him somewhat of a patriarchal look. His delicate face with its transparent skin and bright blue eyes, the whole countenance "suffused with the fine essence of beauty," irradiated from the spirit within, seemed oftentimes like a face in a poetic vision; its angelic expression is surely impressed in-

delibly on the visualizing memory of his friends.

He was often told that he looked like John Burroughs, William Cullen Bryant, and the dreamer, Tolstoy. Once, one of the college students told

were living in Sunset Cottage—before they owned Tanglewild—they used to give the most poetic stereopticon exhibitions twice a week, on the lawn, for the entertainment of the town, for instance.



South Entrance to House at "Tanglewild"

the writer that "swimming the Saco, his long hair floating out," Mr. White always made him think of the god Neptune. "I tell you he is a really wonderful swimmer!" he added.

Of the home-life at Tanglewild, it might well be said to be an exemplification of the beauty of hospitality. In the summertime the Whites' house was filled with their friends, charming, cultured persons who formed a delightful company. Mr. and Mrs. White were conspicuous in loving to give pleasure to others; during several summers while they

Their generosity in giving gifts was well nigh lavish and an axiom of Mr. White's, much quoted by his friends, was that "What you *give away* must be of your *best*. The quality of what you sell matters less."

On that afternoon of the sixteenth of December, when he lay in his serene sleep beside the drawing-room windows at Tanglewild, and the Rev. Bruce Brotherston paid fit and beautiful tribute to his life, now removed from his friends' narrower ken, one felt that dear Mr. White was not all unconscious of the entrancing pie-

ture of the evergreen boughs, hemlocks, pines and spruces, massed so close to where he lay, and to where he had so many, many times stood gazing at them with pure happiness in their beauty, in the almost score of years that Tanglewild had been his home.

wind singing a *requiescat in pace* through the trees, as the young priest, (the Rev. Pemberton Cressy, a former minister of the Congregational Church at North Conway, where he had known and loved Mr. White) tenderly recited Robert Louis Stevenson's "Requiem" all were solemnly



View from "Tanglewild"

He was buried with his kindred in Oak Grove Cemetery, New Bedford. The bright, evanescent, winter afternoon of the burial, the bare, brown ground looking familiar and homesome, not dreary and forbidding, the

beautiful; and the brave, gay pathos of Stevenson's *ave atque vale* was felt by the little group of mourners to certainly be the fit expression, the inmost speech of the heart of the departed.

"Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will."

"This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill"*

# Early Settlers of Epsom

*By J. M. Moses*

## IV\*

It is curious how uniformly the first roads took hilly routes. Epsom began with its Canterbury road, going over the hill north of Gossville, and its "road to Pembroke," over Sanborn's hill. Both were seen superseded by easy roads through the valleys.

November 28, 1768, there was laid out a road from a point a little west of the town house, on or near the present route of the Turnpike to Prescott bridge, thence over the Yeaton road as far as the branch road to F. W. Yeaton's. Land damages were paid to Thomas Hinds, John Cass, Jeremiah Prescott and Benjamin Shepard. In 1772 this road was referred to as "the road that leads from John Cass's to Shepard's mill." Ten years later it was extended to Allenstown, the extension beginning "8 or 10 rods south of Nathaniel Wallace's house."

In 1722 a road was laid out from a point eight rods north of Prescott bridge northwesterly through Gossville, up the Rand road, 324 rods in all, to a point ten rods east of the Great Bridge. It went from Prescott's land into land improved by Benjamin Goodwin. The Turnpike was not built till about 1800.

As early as April 23, 1761, Ebenezer Barton was chosen surveyor of "the road leading to new orchet, so called." In 1774 this road was laid out "as it goes," from near Shurking mill to Chichester (now Pittsfield) near Ebenezer Barton's. The same year the North road was laid out from Deerfield to Chichester near Abraham Green's. This was joined in 1780 by a road from East Street, starting just east of Mr. Tucke's land.

The Northwood road, from Thomas Babb's, by way of Pettingill bridge and Prescott hill, was laid out in 1782. The Mountain and Locke roads followed two years later. The former went "as it goes" to land of Samuel Moses, then on by the range-way to Allenstown line; the latter over Locke's hill, passing southwest of Mr. Odiome's house, to Pittsfield line, near George Sanborn's.

Shurking mill stood where the Knowles gristmill now stands, it may have been the first sawmill, standing as it did, on public land, on the main road. In 1773 Ephraim Locke sold his brother, Francis, seven eighths of it, together with all the eastern half of the village on the north side of the road. Samuel Bickford owned westward from him.

In 1785 the mill was called Locke's mill. Samuel Locke then bought eight acres west of it, between the road and the river.

The earliest mention I have found of a mill was February 8, 1742. William Haines of Greenland then deeded Samuel Blake "the eleventh part of a sawmill now being in Epsom." There was then a sawmill on the Little Suncook (Deeds 27-326). In 1760 Andrew McClary, "mitright," deeded his sons, John and Andrew, his sawmill and gristmill near the outlet of Suncook Pond, on land he had bought in 1756. In 1768 Benjamin Shepard deeded Joseph Cilley of Nottingham 80 acres in Epsom, land "I did formerly live on," also "one half of all the privilege I bought of George Young in the stream on which Jona. Hill and others formerly built a sawmill, with the privilege of one half the mill now built." In 1778 John

\* Other articles of this series appeared in June, September and December, 1909

Cass sold Ephraim Locke "one twelfth of a sawmill commonly known by the name of Civility's mill."

Besides these and other mills previously mentioned, Ephraim Locke had a mill on Bear Meadow Brook in 1777, near the North road, and the Cates had a sawmill of early date in New Orchard. The great water power of the Suncook was not improved till later.

Of the families to be mentioned in this article, the Bracketts, Cates, Marstons, Moseses, Osgoods, Pettin-gills, Philbricks, Prescotts, Sherburnes and Towles have genealogies in the libraries; so I need not take up space with their relationships.

The first settlers on the Yeaton road were probably Wallaces of the Greenland family. The principal stream there took the name of Wallace Brook. Samuel Wallace bought Lot 93 in 1748. This was next south of Lot 94, on which Jeremiah Prescott had settled in 1765, near the bridge. Samuel's son, Abraham, probably lived there. He certainly owned the eastern half of the lot after 1789.

Lot 92 was owned, 1749-1767, by Abraham Libby. In 1769 it was owned and probably occupied, by Josiah Sanborn. Jethro Blake bought it in 1770, and probably lived there.

Lot 91 was occupied, 1773-1801, by George Urin (Joseph 3, John 2, William 1), from Greenland. He had wife, Mary, and children: Reuben, Solomon, Joseph, John, Mercy, Nancy and Martha. Mercy married in 1800 Nathan Fogg of New Hampton.

Lot 90 was originally of Thomas Rand, Jr., of Rye. If I understand, this was the lot that Benjamin Shepard, with wife, Jane, from Nottingham, occupied for a few years, about 1767-'69, and then returned to Nottingham. (Compare Deeds 97-108 and 110, 113-533, and 122-284.) About the same time, Obadiah Marston, from Deerfield, had an adjoining lot. He

also owned land in New Orchard, about half a mile from Pittsfield line. His sons, Samuel and Eliphalet, were then in town.

Lot 89 includes the present Yeaton and Ordway farms. In 1754 Samuel Wallace bought Lot 88, with a strip off the south side of Lot 89. In 1796 his son Nathaniel, with wife Deborah, deeded this land, the part west of the road to John Dolloff, that east, to Joseph Towle. The same year Joseph Wallace deeded Thomas Bickford, both of Epsom, 25 acres off the east end of Lot 87. William Weymouth Wallace owned the northeast corner of Lot 89 before he went to Sandwich.

After the Revolution this road, north of Short Falls, came to be occupied mostly by Towles and Yeatons.

Jonathan Towle, Jr., of Rye (1729-1800+) owned land in Epsom before 1770, and lived there in old age. His brother Samuel (1735-1821) lived at New Rye, next south of J. H. Dolbeer's place. Jonathan's son, Simeon (1752-1823), settled near where his descendant, B. M. Towle, now lives, and was succeeded there by his sons, Benjamin M. (1794-1857), Simeon (1800-1872). Other sons of Jonathan were Joseph (1766-1828), who had the Daniel Yeaton place, and Benjamin (1769-1851), who was father of Lemuel (1812-1866). A daughter, Hannah (1726-1843), married William Yeaton (1756-1831), of Rye. They removed to Epsom about 1785, and settled on the Ordway place.

This William Yeaton was son of Joseph of Rye, who was very probably grandson of a Richard of Gosport, Isles of Shoals. He was there before 1700, and died there about 1732, leaving sons: Richard, Jr., and Samuel of Gosport, Philip of Somersworth, and John of Newcastle. John had a son, Joseph, living in 1756.

William Yeaton bought land ex-



tensively to the south, and relocated his home on the lot where the graveyard is, east of the pond. He left nine children, all of whom settled in town, and all but two within half a mile of home.

They were: John (1781-1861), who settled next north of his father: William (1783-1830), of the Warren Yeaton place; Joseph (1786-1833), of the James Brown place; Jonathan (1788-1828), who lived a little up the New Rye road; Samuel T. (1791-1864), who lived where his grandson, Samuel R., now lives; Sally (1793-1864), who married Jonathan Goss, son of Samuel, and was mother of William of Gossville; Hannah (1796-1874), who married Simeon Towle; Hopley (1801-1856), who had the homestead; and Levi T. (1804-1846), who had the lot next south of Samuel's.

A younger brother of the first William was Philip Yeaton, who came to town about 1798. He married Huldah Sanders. His children, born from 1798 onward, were Annie, Hannah, John S., Alexander, Mary, Sarah, Huldah and George. An older brother, Joseph, settled in Pittsfield, just above New Orchard. He died about 1806, leaving children: Samuel, Joseph, William, Sally, Elizabeth, Lydia, Hannah, Abigail and Polly.

Another William Yeaton (1779-1816), known as William Jr., married Sally Pettingill (1774-1850), daughter of Ephraim, and lived in the eastern part of the town, near Pettin-gill bridge. He left a son, John, born about 1800, and daughters, Hannah, Sarah, Lueretia and Susannah. John had sons, William, Benjamin and others.

Joseph Worth bought land in Goss-ville in 1769. His son, John, with wife, Sarah, were of Chichester in 1765. They, with Joseph and wife Anna, and a John, Jr., and wife Mary (Danforth), all united with the Epsom church, 1767-1773. None of

them signed the Association Test in Epsom. They may have all lived in Chichester. The Gossville land seems to have been occupied by Benjamin Goodwin, probably a son-in-law. He and wife, Lydia, had children, 1770-1790, Gilman, Joseph Worth, Nathan, Jacob, Anna, Benjamin, Lydia Worth, Rhoda Colby, and Timothy.

The census of 1790 found no Worth families in Epsom or vicinity. A Joseph Worth of Epsom married Hannah Tripp in 1799. They had children: Joseph, Sally, who married Jeremiah Burnham, Richard T., (1804-1891), John, James and Samuel.

Samuel Moses, from Greenland, was of Epsom in 1760, first at Goss-ville. In 1769 he sold there and bought Lot 67 at the Mountain. He lived there till 1800, when he sold to his brother, James, and went to Meredith, where several of his sons had preceded him. The place has since been owned by descendants of James, the present owner being Mrs. James Tripp.

Samuel's father, Mark Moses (1702-1789), was in Epsom by 1762, a little above Gossville. His sons, Sylvanus (1754-1832) and James (1758-1819), succeeded him and added to the estate till it included some two hundred acres, reaching from the river to the New Orchard road. Sylvanus lived near the river; James, at A. D. Sherburne's place.

The Rand road was named for families of that name that settled there. In 1774 Samuel Rand, Jr., bought of William Rand, mariner, both of Rye, Lot 116, 100 acres, near the Pine Ground. This Samuel was probably the Samuel born in 1753, son of Samuel and Sarah (Dowst) Rand, and grandson of Samuel<sup>2</sup>, Thomas<sup>2</sup>, Francis<sup>1</sup>. The next year Richard Rand of Rye bought of Jonathan Sargent of Epsom 35 acres next on the south, east of the river. George Sargent owned west of the river.

Samuel and William Rand signed the Association Test in Epsom. They, with Richard, were there in 1790, all with large families. William died in 1833, sixty years after his marriage to a wife, Sarah. Richard died in 1844, aged 92. A Mr. Rand died in 1817.

William in 1829 bequeathed to a son William (born in 1774), daughters, Molly Wood Rand, Sarah McConnell and Betsey Wood Rand; children of a deceased daughter Rebecca, who had married Sherburne Prescott, a son Tobias Trundy Rand, a son Thomas (1787-1865), who had married Sally Batchelder, and his children: Mary, Jacob, Newell and Elizabeth.

The wife of a Richard Rand died in 1820. Anna (Lake), widow of a Richard Rand, died in 1852, aged 81. She had just bequeathed to daughters, Sarah Leavitt, May Bickford, Sophia Haines, and Sabrina Babb; to "my three sons," Stephen, Thomas (1808-1891) and James M. Rand; and granddaughters, Amanda and Deborah Hall.

New Orchard was first settled at its upper end, where Ebenezer Barton planted the orchard which the name commemorates. He was constable in 1754, and selectman in 1758. He owned land on both sides of Pittsfield line. He died in the winter of 1781-'82, having bequeathed to wife Margaret; to daughters, Sarah Marston and Hannah Barton; to son William his "old field" in Epsom, bought of William Odiorne; to son Josiah the homestead, the buildings of which stood in Pittsfield.

Josiah Sherburne (1745-1807), from Portsmouth Plains, came to Epsom before 1776, soon followed by his brother William (1746-1808). They were sons of Nathaniel<sup>1</sup>, John<sup>2</sup>, John<sup>2</sup>, John<sup>1</sup>. They located in New Orchard, a little south of Barton. Both reared large families of excellent people. An account of them

was printed in the Boston *Transcript*, January 8, 1906, and October 9, 1907. Joseph was succeeded by his son James (1789-1857), and William, by his son David (1780-1856). A nephew, Nathaniel (1773-1818), settled a mile farther south, on the lot next north of the Moses farm. His widow (Molly Sanders, born 1771) survived him nearly fifty years, noted for her energy, wit, and skill in weaving figured fabrics.

Lot 100, next north of Nathaniel Sherburne's, was settled about 1776 by Dea. John Cate (1732-1812), son of William and Elizabeth (Sherburne) Cate of Greenland. He and his descendants were most substantial citizens, and pillars of the Congregational Church. The farm was divided between his sons, John (1773-1829) and Dea. Samuel (1783-1862).

Josiah Knowles (1754-1840, Jonathan<sup>2</sup>, Simon<sup>2</sup>, John<sup>1</sup>), settled next north of Deacon Cate, at about the same time. He was succeeded by his only son, Jonathan (1788-1843), who farmed on a large scale. He built the colonial house, that is still standing. A Simon Knowles was in Epsom 1776-'78, perhaps brother of Josiah. He was probably the same that married Deborah Langmaid and settled in Pembroke.

The Lockes, on Locke's Hill, were late comers, David arriving about 1793, Levi about 1800. William Odiorne (Jotham<sup>2</sup>, John<sup>1</sup>) was in town in 1776, and in 1784 had a house at or near the Ames place; but lived mostly in Durham.

George Sanders (John<sup>2</sup>, Christopher<sup>1</sup>), from Rye, lived next Pittsfield line in 1784. He was born September 11, 1748. His wife, Anna, born December 24, 1745, was probably daughter of Stephen and Ann (Perkins) Page. Their children born 1771-1783, were: Molly, Huldah, Elizabeth, John and Hannah. John married Anna Locke. They had children: George, Simeon, Abigail, John,

Nancy, Reuben, Joseph, David and Solomon. George had a son George, born in 1833, died in Enfield. Robert Sanders (1743-1829), a brother of the first George, lived in Epsom and had many descendants. See History of Rye.

Joseph Towle (1747-1820, Amos<sup>2</sup>, Joseph<sup>2</sup>, Philip<sup>1</sup>), came from North Hampton in 1774, and settled east of Odiorne's Pond. In 1793 he removed to Porter, Maine. He and wife, Elizabeth (Coffin), were original members of the first Free Baptist Church of Pittsfield. Their children, born 1770-1794, were Amos, Joseph, William, Ezra, Nancy, Daniel, Elizabeth, Sarah, David and Simon.

An adjoining owner to the east, next Pittsfield line, was Jeremiah Page (1739-1807, Jeremiah<sup>1</sup>, Christopher<sup>2</sup>, Thomas<sup>2</sup>, Robert<sup>1</sup>). He was there in 1776. He had married Lydia Philbrick in 1769. His will, made in 1807, bequeathed to daughters, Abigail Bickford and Sarah Berry; to son John (1779-1871), the homestead, reserving rights to "my wife and his mother"; also to sons, Jeremiah and Daniel, the latter having land in Lot 44. John married Huldah Locke in 1800. "The aged widow Page" died in 1840 aged 92. "Mrs. Mehitable Page" died in 1846 aged 87. A Simeon Page, with small family, was in town in 1790, perhaps husband of Mehitable.

In 1785 Daniel Philbrick of Hampton deeded his sons, Daniel, Perkins and John, large tracts in the second range, near Pittsfield. Daniel and Perkins, and also a Samuel Philbrick, were in town in 1790, all with large families. The Philbricks became extensive landowners in the region where they settled, as well as thrifty and prosperous farmers. Daniel died in 1835 aged 82; Perkins, in 1838 aged 80; and the widow of John in 1853 aged 96. Sons of Daniel were Daniel and David, who died in 1774, aged 92 and 77. Sons of Perkins

were Perkins and Joseph, who married Lucy and Martha, daughters of John Ham.

There were several Brown families. Enoch settled on the North road before 1790, on land given him by his father, Jonathan, of Kensington. Levi, probably a brother, was of Epsom in 1781, and bid off the John Yeaton lot, adjoining, for taxes. He died in 1816, having bequeathed to wife, not named, to daughter, Mercy Brown, and to sons, Abel and Levi. Enoch died in 1824, having bequeathed to wife, Eleanor, and children not named. Joseph Brown of Rye (Joseph<sup>1</sup>, Joseph<sup>2</sup>, Thomas<sup>2</sup>, John<sup>1</sup>) married Abbie Dolbeer, sister of Nicholas, and settled in Epsom before 1790, as did his brother Job, who had married Huldah Page; also, perhaps, two other brothers, Jonathan, with Mary (Smith), and James, with wife Hannah (Smith). A cousin, John, son of Col. Jonathan, came a little later with wife Sarah (Allen).

Ephraim Pettingill, perhaps of Deerfield, was mentioned in the church records in 1772. He was of Epsom 1779-1800, living near the Warren Yeaton place. His wife was Huldah, daughter of Jonathan Batchelder of Hampton Falls. Several of his sons were Revolutionary soldiers. Elijah had a daughter, Joanna, who lived to old age in New Orchard as widow of Daniel Buzzell (1790-1841).

John Grant, a Revolutionary soldier, was of Epsom in 1789, and then bought Lot 19. His wife, Dorothy, died in 1843, aged 90, having bequeathed in 1838 to sons, Simon, John (1790-1864) and Ebenezer, and daughters, Sally Libby, Polly, wife of Ephraim Foss, and Dorothy, wife of Nathan Goss. John, Jr., had sons, George and Andrew, the former father of William Grant of New Orchard.

Ebenezer Brackett (1743-1826), from Greenland, settled at the Moun-

tain in 1772, where he was succeeded by his son, Greenleaf, and he, by his son, John L. (1817-1901). David Dickey, of Chester, bought the Tarleton place, 120 acres, of Aaron Burbank in 1782. He deeded, 1794-1800, to Hanover, Robert and John Dickey, probably sons. Hanover had children, born 1803-1816, Eleanor, David, Hanover, Abraham, Sally and Lydia. Children of Robert, born 1804-1817, were Morrill, Eliza, Samuel, Sarah, Robert and Hannah. John Haynes deeded in 1797 to a son, John. Probably Levi and Matthias were sons.

Joel Ame, blacksmith, lived 1772-1791, west of McCoy's mountain, on the Hill road. He had a large family in 1790. Samuel Ames and Samuel Ames, Jr., both in town in 1774, had land west of the river, next south of that of Samuel Goss. Samuel deeded to Samuel, Jr., in 1786, and later to a son Solomon. An Amos Ames married Susan Moses in 1816, and had sons, Charles (1816-1887) and Thomas (1828-1900).

Samuel Goss (1755-1831), son of Nathan and Deborah (Allen) Goss of Stratham, came to town in 1778. His brother Joseph, who at first lived in Pembroke, had the next lot north, which also adjoined that of Symonds Fowler, who had bought there in 1770. Fowler had children, 1767-1788, Abigail, Benjamin, Sarah, Samuel (1775-1860), Mary, Esther, and Winthrop, who was father of Samuel, Jr. (1821-1898).

Benjamin Mason and wife, Molly, came to Sanborn's Hill in 1769. Thomas Hinds, from Greenland, with wife Mehetabel, was of Epsom and Allenstown 1752-1770. In 1768 he sold a lot in the third range, near Allenstown, to Wm. Drought of Portsmouth, shoemaker, who came to town,

James Wood was in town in 1760, and had married Mary McCoy. They may have had children before 1760. Their children from 1760 onward were James, Isabel, Joseph, Mary and Betsey. James was head of a family in 1790. Betsey married Benjamin Towle.

Nathaniel Keniston was in town in 1771; John Casey, in 1773. In 1773 John Casey, trader, sold Nathaniel Keniston, husbandman, Lot 82, at Short Falls. In 1790 John Hogan, tailor, of Epsom sold land to Jonathan Bartlett of Pembroke, who came to town.

Other early settlers are mentioned in the records as follows: John Allen in 1751 and 1755; Jude Allen, 1779; Joshua Berry, 1750 and 1760; Timothy Goodwin, 1772; Samuel Jackson, 1763 and 1769 (He had wife Eunice); Amos March, 1772; James McCrillis, 1771; George Sargent, 1771; Joseph Smith, 1771; Thomas Ward, 1771 (from Kensington).

All the signers of the Association Test have been mentioned in this and the preceding articles, except the following: Samuel Davis, Israel Folsom, Thomas Holt, William Holt, Benjamin Johnson, David Knowlton, William Mason, Henry McCrillis, John McCrillis, William McCrillis, James Nelson, Nathaniel Payn, Henry Seavey, Joseph Seavey and Dr. Obadiah Williams. No doubt these were as worthy of commemoration as the others, but my researches have failed to include them.

This concludes my contribution to this department of Epsom history. May its deficiencies provoke others to do more and better. I hope to contribute an article on the first church of Epsom, for the years 1761-1774, and its pastor, Rev. John Tucke.



## *The Voyage of the Oregon*

*By James Riley*

Unchartered is the ocean with its broad and swelling blue,  
And 'tis there that man since time began, finds noblest things to do.  
But never since old Neptune waved trident in the sun,  
Has ship passed down his shining line as did our *Oregon*.

With bell to time in sunlit clime, his flag upon the blast,  
Clark holds the bridge and sweeps the blue; earth's belted center passed,  
He paces high in martial part upon his fortified wall,  
Thinking of Spain sailing westward and McKinley's warning call.

The sun a Drake sailed after, when down an unknown wave,  
He sailed for booty and for flag, for England or a grave,  
Is not the sun Clark sails to meet and blur in battle's van,  
Moving on to round a continent, his guns to speak for man.

He sleeps with Destiny weaving her mantle firm and strong,  
Lulled transiently while History is writing out a wrong.  
There are good men at the engines, and good men at the fires,  
And on the bridge and quarter men worthy of their sires.

But his sleep is only dreaming, his thought is on before,  
Where a watching, waiting nation listens to his cannon's roar.  
He leaves his couch all restless, climbs, scans the tropic deeps;  
Duty's faithful there are watching, as on the great ship sweeps.

Night and a great ship moving beneath the Southern Cross;  
And in the cold, short, fickle day, the snowy albatross.  
Magellan's Clouds above the shrouds with stormy rocks apart,  
The vast, tumultuous, southern waves loud booming in their sport.

Now rise in gloom the Pillars, the markings of the Strait;  
A continent wild closing down in dark chaotic hate.  
Again the anchor seeks its hold, the promised gale is on;  
And swinging in the lightning's glare, rides safe the *Oregon*.

A look in at old Rio—Bahai—Then the seas!  
With eye alert for battle Clark kings the blue and breeze.  
The long green grass trails at her side where galleons of old,  
Sailed and left the blue Carribean with a nation's plundered gold.

She's making stars and leaving stars, the Line is far behind;  
Gun and gunner ever ready, flag defiant on the wind.  
The long, low wash of all the seas the nations sought to gain,  
The bright gold frontal of her West, is passing now from Spain.

Is passing with a turning screw and sun that says goodbye;  
The last of fourscore changing orbs on deep that cannot die.  
Down plunges glad the anchor now, 'neath Jupiter's bright light,  
Clark cabling to his Chief, "I'm here! With ship prepared for fight!"

## Today

*By A. W. Carson*

Yesterday has gone, with its sorrow,  
 Its heartache, its joy, its delight;  
 Into the past it has vanished,  
 Borne on the wings of the night.

Tomorrow is still in the future,  
 With its burden, its pleasure, its care;  
 Unknown, untried and untested,  
 It lies with its mystery there.

Thus do the past and the future,  
 With their days and their years, stretch away;  
 While the span that joins them together  
 Is the time that is known as "Today."

## Stanza

*By Bela Chapin*

The rich man when he perishes from earth,  
 Whatever be the course that he has run,  
 Has oft a monument of costly worth,  
 Magnificent, and weighing many a ton,  
 Reared to his memory by some wealthy son.  
 But better far, indeed, 'tis to be known  
 By benefits that one in life has done,  
 By many blessings he around has thrown,  
 Than by a costly tomb or monumental stone.



## New Hampshire Necrology

### FLORA ADAMS DARLING.

Flora Adams Darling, daughter of Harvey and Nancy Dustin (Rowell) Adams, born in Lancaster, N. H., July 25, 1840, died at the residence of her brother, John Quincy Adams, 153 West 117th Street, New York City, January 6, 1910.

She was one of the most noted women of New Hampshire birth, gaining distinction mainly from the fact that she was the founder and organizer of the three great patriotic societies for women in this country—the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the Revolu-

tion and the United States Daughters of 1812. She was educated at Lancaster and Sanbornton academies, and received the degree of A. M. from the Western Maryland College in 1886.

She married, in New York City, in 1859, Edward Irwin Darling, only son of C. Irwin and Marie Dumas (Lafitte) Darling, and with him removed to Louisiana. Her husband joined the Confederate army, attained the rank of brigadier-general and was mortally wounded in battle at Franklin, Tenn., November 29, 1863. Mrs. Darling, on board a vessel bearing a flag of truce, attempted to reach her Northern home, parents and infant son,

but was captured as a prisoner of war and for a time held as such. A few years since she won her celebrated case against the government for false arrest and confiscation of valuables. President Lincoln

her late lamented, only son, Edward Irving Darling, composer — Charles Tiernan and Nancy Klinge Darling, also her brother, John Quincy Adams, one of the founders of the American Flag House and Betsey Ross Memorial Association; her sister, Mrs. William Henry Jones of Fall River, Mass.; also two nieces and one nephew.



Flora Adams Darling

had placed the stamp of his approval upon her claim, assuring her that her wrongs would ultimately be righted.

Mrs. Darling was a prolific writer, the titles of some of her books being "A Winning, Wayward Woman," "Was It a Just Verdict?", "The Bourbon Lily," "A Social Diplomat," "The Senator's Daughter," "Senator Athens, C. S. A.," "Memories of Virginia," etc. She was a member of the Society of American Authors. During a residence of more than forty years at Washington, D. C., she formed a wide acquaintance with the leaders of national thought and purpose, and became a strong connecting link between the North and South. Loyal to the former, yet loving to the latter, her friendship covered both sections. The last letter written by Jefferson Davis was addressed to her, as was also the last by Mrs. Davis.

Immediately after her funeral an organization was formed for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument of enduring New Hampshire granite, in the Congressional cemetery at Washington, in which city was her home for forty years.

Surviving her are the two children of

#### HON. SYLVESTER DANA

Hon. Sylvester Dana, for some time known as the oldest living member of the New Hampshire bar, as well as the oldest living graduate of Dartmouth College, in point of age, died at his home in Concord January 4, 1910.

Mr. Dana was a native of the town of Orford, a son of the late Rev. Sylvester Dana, pastor of the Congregational Church in that town, born October 19, 1816. He fitted for college at Haverhill Academy and Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1839, studied law with Franklin Pierce and Asa Fowler in Concord and at the Cambridge (Mass.) Law School; was admitted to the bar in October, 1842, and was ever after in practice in Concord. He was appointed judge of the Concord Municipal Court in June, 1862, by Governor Berry, and held the office until he reached the age of seventy years, when, by constitutional limitation, his retirement was compulsory, October 19, 1886. No man more thoroughly commanded the respect of the people of his community than did Judge Dana, and none was more universally esteemed. He was a Congregationalist in religion and a Republican in politics, but above all things a good man and a loyal American citizen. An extended sketch of his career, with full-page portrait, was presented in the GRANITE MONTHLY for April, 1906.

#### HON. AMOS C. CHASE

Amos C. Chase, born in Kingston March 10, 1833, died in that town January 11, 1910.

He was the son of Amos and Hannah C. (Hook) Chase, and early in life engaged in carriage manufacturing in his native town, continuing the same till 1888, since which time he has been engaged in looking after his extensive financial interests.

Politically he was an active Republican. He served in both branches of the state Legislature and in the executive council, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1903. He was also a delegate to the Republican National Convention that nominated James G. Blaine in 1884. For the last twenty-

one years he had been treasurer of the Sanborn Seminary, and was one of the directors from its establishment in 1883. He was also a trustee of Brown's Academy at East Kingston. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity; had been twice married and had six children.

#### LOVELL WHITE

Lovell White, born in Newport, N. H., March 27, 1827, died in San Francisco, Cal., January 31, 1910.

When a young man Mr. White was engaged in trade in his native town, but went to California in 1858 and engaged in mining and mercantile business. In 1866 he became one of the managers of the Bank of California, and later served nearly forty years as cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, subsequently becoming its president, which position he held till death. He married Laura Lyon of Des Moines, Ia., and had one son, Ralston L., of San Francisco, who survives.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

There has recently been issued from The Rumford Press at Concord a handsome octavo volume, which, considered in a mechanical and material sense, merely, is a splendid specimen of New Hampshire typographic art; but, what is far more important, also embodies the best products of one of the strongest minds whose energies have been employed in the culture of mental and moral power and the development of human character within the borders of our state for many years past.

This book is entitled "Public Mindedness — An Aspect of Citizenship, Considered in Various Addresses, Given While President of Dartmouth College by William Jewett Tucker," which title is all that is required to commend it to the careful perusal and thoughtful consideration of every man in and out of the state, who has the best interests of humanity at heart, or cherishes any regard for the duties and obligations of citizenship, or the proper relation of the individual to the community.

The volume includes twenty-four different addresses, speeches, sermons and lectures, given upon different important occasions during Doctor Tucker's fifteen years' incumbency as president of Dartmouth College, covering, among others, such subjects as "The Sacredness of Citizenship," "Social Righteousness," "The Conscience of the Nation," "The Revival of Civic Pride in the Commonwealth," "New Hampshire During the Period of Industrial Reconstruction," "National Unity," "The Ownership of Land," "The Administration of the Modern College," "The School of the Community," "The Public Library," "Modern Education Capable of Idealism," and others of equal importance. It should be in every New Hampshire library, public and private, not merely because it is a New Hampshire product, in every sense,

but because it embodies, in enduring form, the best work of a master mind, and is a valuable contribution to the permanent literature of the state and nation.

The price of the volume is \$2 and it may be ordered through booksellers or direct from The Rumford Press, Concord.

The political situation in this state, with reference to next fall's campaign, has not yet passed beyond the stage of speculation, there being no announced candidacies on the part of either party, either for the office of governor or representative in Congress, though it is generally assumed that the present incumbents in the two districts will be re-nominated for Congress by the dominant party. No man has yet declared himself a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, though Hon. Robert P. Bass of Peterborough, of the forestry commission and the present state Senate, after continued pressure by men representing what is denominated the progressive wing of that party, has gone so far as to make it known that if there be developed a sentiment in his favor sufficiently strong to warrant it he will consent to allow the use of his name as a candidate before the primaries, to be held the first week in September. What the character of the response will be is not as yet determinable. If it results in a declared candidacy, the same will doubtless be followed, shortly, by that of some man representing what is known as the regular, or organization wing of the party, and then by that of one or more Democrats. Meanwhile the people will not fail to remember that the matter of nominations is directly in their hands henceforth and not in the hands of conventions, which may be controlled by undue influences.







IVAN M. TAYLOR

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## Ivan M. Taylor

*By J. Freeman Marsten*

New Hampshire is always proud of her sons who attain success, whether it be in the world of letters, trade or finance, and citizens of the Granite State never weary of reading of the exploits of those who first saw the light of day in the shadow of the White Mountains.

To build slowly but surely is natural to the native of New Hampshire. Therefore, most sons of the Granite State who attain fame mount the ladder of success with slow, but steady steps. This is a trait inborn from the soil and nurtured by long lines of conservative ancestors.

Ivan M. Taylor has varied this rule. He possesses all the steadiness and conservatism characteristic of sons of the Granite State, but he has risen swiftly to success.

Born on August 13, 1876, in the village of East Tilton, New Hampshire, Mr. Taylor is today only in his 34th year, yet he has already made his mark in the financial world as a member of the firm of I. M. Taylor & Co., Bankers, with main offices at 8 Congress Street, Boston. Indeed, it is to Mr. Taylor's quickness and accuracy of judgment and decisiveness that the prominence and importance of his firm as members of the Boston Stock Exchange is largely due.

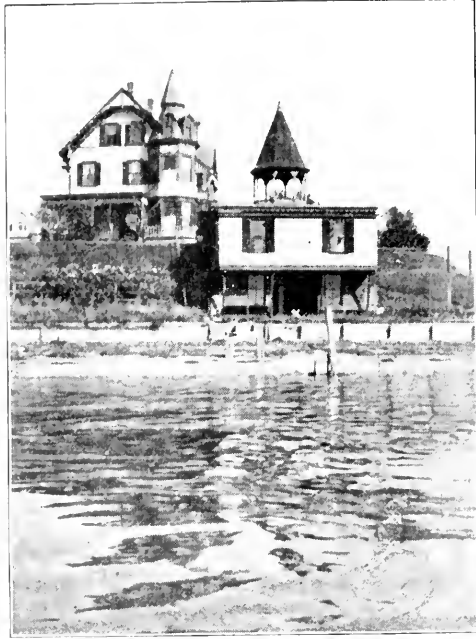
Educated in the public schools of Tilton, with a year or two of "finishing" at Tilton Seminary, the Granite State youth soon outgrew the

home surroundings. With no "pull" to aid him, he entered the profession from which have graduated such eminent financiers as Frank A. Vanderbilt, president of the National City Bank of New York, and George B. Cortelyou, ex-secretary of the treasury and now president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York. We refer to journalism.

Mr. Taylor engaged in newspaper work in Laconia, New Hampshire, Haverhill, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island. His ability attracted Governor Charles A. Busiel of New Hampshire, who made the young man his private secretary.

In 1899 Mr. Taylor came to Boston and became associated with Pettigill & Company in the advertising business. Here he handled important accounts. His preference was for financial matters and he soon qualified himself as financial advertising expert. This line brought him into contact with important financial interests and he was not slow in discovering where his real bent lay.

In 1906 he formed the present Boston Stock Exchange house of I. M. Taylor & Company. The offices of this firm, at 8 Congress Street, next door to the site of the new Stock Exchange Building, are large and commodious. The quiet elegance of every appointment suggests the conservative, substantial banking and investment interests that have grown up under Mr. Taylor's direction. Today



Residence of Ivan M. Taylor, Winthrop, Mass.

the firm has over 30 employees. It stands in the front rank of Boston banking houses.

Mr. Taylor has broadened his horizon by close study of financial methods and situations in many parts of the world. He has traveled extensively in all parts of the United States and Canada, in Central and South America, in Mexico and the West Indies, as well as the more important European countries. In 1907 he visited Europe and established valuable connections in Paris and London. He is also associated in several enterprises with some of the large-

est financial interests in the United States and Canada.

Tall, powerful and of fine physique, Mr. Taylor is every inch the athlete; he is a constant devotee of motoring and motor boating. He is a popular member of many athletic and social clubs and a modest, unassuming friend and comrade to a host of congenial associates.

Mrs. Taylor is a Granite State girl, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and a graduate of Simmons College, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor occupy a commodious home at Winthrop, Mass., on Boston Harbor, and entertain freely and hospitably.



# The Massachusetts and New Hampshire Boundary Line Controversy, 1690-1740

*By Jonathan Smith*

[From Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society, November, 1909.]

In 1628 the Council of Plymouth granted to Sir Henry Roswell and five others, and to their associates, the land lying between a point three miles south of the Charles River and a point distant three English miles to the northward of the river called Monomack, otherwise Merrimack, "or to the northward of any and every parte thereof." In 1677 Charles II and Council, upon the report of the Lord Chief Justices, in a controversy between the Colony of Massachusetts Bay and Mason and Gorges, concerning the line, defined the boundary in the same language. Again, in 1691, in the charter of William and Mary, creating the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the northern boundary of the Province was fixed at the same place by identical language. The description of this north line, in the decree of 1677 and also in the charter of 1691, is obviously copied from the charter granted by the Council of Plymouth, dated 1628. At the last date the true course of the Merrimack River was unknown. In 1677 and in 1691 the people of the colonies knew its direction. Evidently the King and his advisers cared very little about the facts, or at least took no steps to discover them, and were content simply to reaffirm the line as originally described. Their conduct in the matter shows how indefinite the knowledge of the English authorities was relating to colonial geography and their loose and careless methods of transacting business connected with their New England possessions.

In this instance the ignorance or carelessness of the granting power gave rise to a bitter controversy be-

tween the two provinces which lasted for forty-eight years, brought suffering and heavy loss to many deserving people, and inflicted wounds which were not healed until the Revolutionary War.

In the controversy New Hampshire took the ground that when the grants were made, the earlier as well as the later, the English authorities supposed the general course of the river to be easterly from its source to its mouth; that the line was fixed under mistake of a very material fact, and that it should be finally established where, under the wording of the charters, it would be if the river had an easterly direction through its whole length. Massachusetts clung to the strict letter of the grants, and as far as the language describing the line went had right upon its side. Under a well-known rule of equity law, however, the justice of the case was upon the side of New Hampshire. It was a vital matter with our northern neighbor, and meant to her much more than the twenty-five hundred square miles of territory involved in the dispute, for her very existence as an independent province was included in the issue, and this was probably the key to her conduct in the premises. The action of Massachusetts, taken possibly to strengthen her claim to the disputed territory before the King and Council, and the consequences of that action to her grantees and those claiming under her, concern this paper.

In 1693 New Hampshire took the initial step by appointing a commission to run the line between the two provinces, and invited Massachusetts

to join in the work. The request was declined. From that time forward for twenty-three years, interrupted, it is true, by several Indian wars, she renewed repeatedly her efforts to settle the matter, and each time was defeated by the Massachusetts authorities. At last, in 1726, the State appealed directly to the King and Council. This move stirred the Bay State officials to vigorous action.

Prior to 1726 this State had granted but three townships, or parts of townships, in the disputed territory. It had also made many grants of land in plots varying from one hundred to one thousand acres each, to soldiers in consideration of military duty done, or to their heirs, to officials for valuable public service, and to Massachusetts towns on account of their burdens of taxation or for schools and public improvements. Up to that date, 1726, it had granted but eleven townships in whole or in part in the preceding one hundred years in what is now New Hampshire territory. These had been given to actual settlers, and as a general rule no conditions had been attached to the grants. When it was found that by the appeal the question would have to be settled by a tribunal in England, the Massachusetts authorities entered upon a more radical policy, taken, it is reasonable to believe, in order to strengthen their cause before the court which was to decide it. It was apparent to them that if this controverted territory was settled by Massachusetts citizens, bound to her by ties of nativity, business interests and title to the soil, it would furnish a strong, if not conclusive, reason for a judgment in their favor. It is to be frankly said that no declaration by any Massachusetts official has been found which avows that to be the reason for this action following the appeal of New Hampshire in 1726. But that such was the real motive, concealed though it was, the evidence does

not seem to admit of much doubt. The chusetts dealt with this land after the appeal in comparison with the way it had dealt with it before. The New Hampshire authorities so believed, and openly charged it in their papers and arguments at the trial. Some of the historians of the period openly suggest it or admit the existence of such a belief, and when the commissioners gave their alternative decision to the King and Council in 1739, they had the facts of these grants and the many settlements made under them inserted in the papers of the Massachusetts case when it went to the higher tribunal.

The reason publicly given for many of them was, however, very different. It was said that this disputed territory might be employed to form a barrier against Indian raids. The Canadian Indians in their attacks upon the settlers entered the country either by the head waters of the Connecticut, or else by the Champlain valley, crossing Vermont by trails from the lower end of the lake to the Connecticut River; and they either passed down the Connecticut valley, or crossed by another trail to Lake Winnepesaukee and thence marched down the Merrimack valley. It was thought that if a line of towns was granted and settled between Dunstable and Northfield thence up the Connecticut to Bellows Falls, across the country from Bellows Falls to Penacook, and thence down the Merrimack to Dunstable, a barrier against savage invasion would be created that would make life and property comparatively secure.

On April 30, 1726, the New Hampshire legislature voted to instruct its agent in London, Henry Newman, to lay the question of the boundary line before the King and ask him to settle it. In December of the same year a committee previously, appointed, reported to the Massachusetts legislature that, "considering

the Forwardness of the great Number of the Petitioners to Settle themselves and their Children" on lands, and "the shortning the Western Frontiers more than Sixty Miles, if a Line of Towns were settled between Dunstable and Northfield and thereby the Charge of the Government in time of War would be sunk." The House voted to survey and lay out a line of towns, each six miles square between these two points. There were differences between the House and Council over some details of the Act, and the measure was put over till the following year, when it was enacted by the legislature. At the same time it was voted to lay out a line of towns between Dunstable and Penacook, and three towns next to the Connecticut River. In these resolutions the House asserted that the settlement of these towns would "Vastly lessen the Charge of the Defence of this Government in time of War."

The towns laid out on the south line were never granted, but in 1728 two towns on the eastern line were. The others were not voted until 1735 and 1736, when the legislature granted not only three towns on the Connecticut River but also a line of nine towns from Penacook straight across the state to Bellows Falls. Between 1728 and 1736 the subject was kept before the legislature at every session. In his message, in June, 1732, Governor Belcher called special attention to the subject, and again, in 1736, said: "I hope this Court will give all proper Encouragement for a Speedy settlement of those Lands, which will fix such a Barrier for that part of our Frontier, as will be of great Safety to the Province upon any Rupture that may happen with our Neighbours." Such conditions were coupled with these grants as, it was hoped, would secure their speedy and permanent settlement. The grantees were required within a limited period to lay out sixty-three lots

in their several townships; to settle upon them within three years sixty families; each family was to build a house at least eighteen feet square and seven feet in the stud; and to clear, fence and bring under cultivation six acres of land. The grantees were further required to set aside one lot for the ministry, one for the first minister and another for the school; and to build a meeting house and settle an orthodox minister within the same period. Furthermore in many grants each of the settlers, or, in some instances, the grantees were ordered to give bonds of £20 and in some cases £40 to perform these conditions. As far as related to these towns the effort did not wholly succeed. In three of them the land was found to be so sterile and rocky that the grantees refused to accept the gift and later asked for and obtained land in other states. In other instances the Indian war of 1744 and the doubt about the title led to the total abandonment of the settlements and compelled the settlers who returned to their grants to begin anew under another authority.

But the granting of these so-called "line towns" was only one step in the plan pursued. Pretences were encouraged and even sought after to entitle persons to qualify as grantees. Many petitions for soldiers were laid before the legislature asking grants of wild land which furnished an outlet for the spirit which seemed to have possessed the governing bodies of the Province. In 1728 two towns had been given to the soldiers of Lovewell's War of 1725, and in 1735 the territory now covered by the city of Manchester was voted to the men who served in the Indian war of 1703 and 1704. Within two years of the latter grant the legislature voted nine townships, three of which were in this disputed area, to the soldiers, or their heirs, of the Narragansett War of 1675 — one township to every one

hundred and twenty persons entitled. This grant was made fifty-nine years after that war closed and when but twenty-nine out of the whole number of two hundred and thirty-two men serving, survived, less than one in ten. In 1735, 1736 and 1737 nine towns were also voted out of this territory to soldiers, or their heirs, serving in the expedition against Canada in 1690. These do not include a large number of gifts to individuals on grounds of special service or special hardships and loss in those and other campaigns against the public enemy.

Besides all these, seven towns were voted directly to speculators who, through purchase, also acquired title to many of the towns already demised. From 1728 to 1738 inclusive, Massachusetts granted thirty-one entire townships out of this debatable territory, and this does not cover the whole of its prodigal policy. As before intimated, there were large numbers of gifts on petition to private individuals,—soldiers, public officials and persons who had fallen into distress. These petitions reflect the conditions of the time and the general poverty and hardships of the people. Ephraim Hildreth and others asked for a township on the ground that they had served the Province as volunteers in the Indian war in the year 1703, “performed a very difficult and hard march” in the winter season “as far as Winnipissiokee-Lake and killed six of the Indian Enemy,” that the said company were the “first that attempted to March against the enemy with snow shoes,” “since which the same method had been followed with great success against the Indians.”

Again, William Lund desired four hundred acres because being in the service of the Province “he was taken by the Indian Enemy” and carried into captivity, where he suffered great hardships and was obliged to pay a great price for his release and his

estate was very much hurt and diminished in his absence.

And so Peleg Wiswall wanted three hundred acres on account of the services and sufferings of his father, Rev. Leabod Wiswall in the employ of the Province. Another asked for three hundred acres because the military company to which he belonged had killed or captured thirty-one Indians and that he “was now old and had a numerous family and no lands to settle them on.” Robert Rand alleged that he was grand-nephew of Thomas Goffe, who in England had given valuable service to the colonies and had died on his passage to this country and had never received any land; that he (Rand) was in low and necessitous circumstances and would the legislature have compassion on him and give him some land. His prayer was answered with a donation of one thousand acres. Among the objects of the legislative bounty were Governors Endicott and Belcher, Treasurer Jeremiah Allen, and Samuel Sewall, the famous diarist, in right of his wife to make good a previous grant to her father, John Hull.

In addition to all this, there were lavish grants to Massachusetts towns. A large tract was given to Uxbridge on account “of the great number of bridges in said town”; and to Cambridge, Duxbury and Charlestown for the support of schools. The town of Malden asked for four thousand acres, giving as reason that the bounds of their town were “Exceeding streight; the most of our Improved Lands and Meadow being limited About two Miles in length and one in Breadth: . . . That hitherto we have had no Enlargement from the Countrie; . . . That our Charges to the Countrie & Ministry much Exceedeth Sundry others . . . Our Teacher Also hath been long visited with verie great weakness from which it is much feared he will not be recovered.” There was hardly a town in Massa-



chusetts then organized, if, indeed, there was a single one, which did not ask for and receive liberal gifts of wild land and many of them were from this area claimed by the two provinces. Out of two hundred and twelve Acts passed by the Massachusetts legislature at its May and November sessions of 1736, fifty-seven related to grants either to individuals or Bay State towns.

The speculative spirit, as might be supposed, was sharply stimulated by this action. There grew up a body of men whose sole occupation was dealing in wild land. Whenever possible they obtained grants of townships directly to themselves, and in other cases they bought out the grantees for a nominal sum and assumed the conditions. They laid out the necessary number of lots, sold one to the settler and promised him another when certain improvements were made, built houses, bridges and roads and often a church and mill. John Hill, of Boston, was a type of these speculators. Between 1730 and 1739 he was either grantee or became part proprietor of eight towns in southwestern New Hampshire, and John Fowle, of Woburn, another of the class, was sole or part owner of six towns in the same section. This does not include their transactions in land in western Massachusetts, nor in Maine during the same or subsequent years. Not only was the traffic fever increased, but serious consequences followed. "The settlement of the Province," says Hutchinson, "was retarded, a trade of land jobbing made many idle persons, imaginary wealth was created which was attended with some of the mischievous effects of a paper currency, idleness and bad economy, and a real expense was occasioned to many persons."

If the real purpose of this action of the Massachusetts authorities was to strengthen their case before the King and Council, the attempt failed com-

pletely, for on March 5, 1740, the case was decided in favor of New Hampshire, and the final decree gave to that state above seven hundred square miles of territory more than she had ever claimed.

Whatever the object of this land policy was, the final result was most disastrous to the Massachusetts grantees and those claiming under them. In a few instances the townships were abandoned without effort to settle them, and the grantees were given equivalent townships in Maine. In most cases, however, strenuous efforts were made to fulfil the conditions of the grant and the owners expended large sums, often several hundred pounds and even more, to carry out their agreements. King George's war of 1744-'48 seriously complicated the situation. The settlers of some of the towns abandoned their houses and fled to the older places in Massachusetts. In others they not only suffered from savage incursions, but were put to heavy expense in constructing forts and blockhouses. Where the grants were deserted, all the money which had been expended became a total loss, and everything had to be done over again. Before the war closed, the Masonian proprietors, successors to the title of John Mason, had asserted their right to two thirds of the disputed lands, and had to be reckoned with before a resettlement could be made or a good title secured. Every Massachusetts grantee lost his land, and the forfeiture cost some of them dearly. John Hill before named, one of the grantees of Hillsborough, in his petition to the Masonian proprietors for confirmation of his grant, said that he had been at near £20,000 charge in the attempt "of Settling that Remote Wilderness." In another memorial to the same proprietors in behalf of himself and co-grantees of New Boston, he represented that they had laid out a township, built a meeting-

house, sawmill, sixty dwelling-houses, two bridges and many roads, to the amount of £4,500, which would be a total loss through Indian wars and defeat of title. In case of another town it was asserted they had done these things and settled thirty families on the lots. In 1760 the proprietors of Rindge presented a memorial to the Massachusetts legislature which, after stating their loss of title, asked leave, among other things, to raise the sum of £1,282 6s. 9d. by a lottery, alleging they had paid £682 6s. 9d. in taxes on their grant and £600 at the lowest computation "which hath been Expended in Buildings and Bringing forward Settlements." When the Masonian proprietors had title, they were asked for regrants, which in most cases were given, the proprietors reserving to themselves large sections of what was supposed to be the best land in the town. In other cases grants in a few instances were obtained from New Hampshire, and, in others, from Massachusetts out of its eastern lands. In all cases within the contested area the title of the grantees and settlers under the Massachusetts acts proved entirely worthless.

The hardships and loss entailed upon the individual settlers were very severe. The fruits of all their previous expense and labor were put in jeopardy, and the doubt and uncertainty of their titles occasioned bitter distress and anxiety. Some deserted their claims entirely; others asked for grants of other lands or besought the Masonian proprietors to confirm their titles. These petitions are pathetic for their rude but vigorous descriptions of the grievances under which the settlers were suffering, and reflect the social and economic conditions of the time. Rev. Ebenezer Flagg, of Chester, thus writes to the Masonian proprietors: "I need not tell you that Country Ministers Are generally pretty poor,

And their Small Salaries forbid them thinking to lay up Anything for their Children that way; this is *So obvious*—Therefore I took this Scheme that my Children After me might Not be Beggars or Idle, but to get An honest living with the Sweat of their faces, Obtained five Rights in Hales Town [now Weare] the Duty of which Rights I proposed to perform According to ye Genl Courts Act. But now I find the property belongs to Yourself . . . I have Already Expended considerable Money & have a Sawmill fit for Business, A house not quite fit to live in And have cleared About Eight or ten Acres of land And to lose all this must be hurtful to me & my children Therefore I Intreat your favour that I might yet hold those Rights."

John Hale says in his petition to the same proprietors: "Your Memorialist about 24 Years ago Purchas'd . . . a Proprietors Share in the Township called Rowley Canada [Rindge] . . . And Entred upon it Built a House and Cleared about 30 or 40 Acres of Land and Paid the Taxes on it And possess'd it for Some Years Not Doubting but he had a Legal Title to Said Lands and that on your Extending Mr Mason's claim to those Lands he gave them up whereby He Suffered Great Loss Having Expended more than An one hundred Pounds Lawful Money on them: And others Under Your Grant Reed the Benefit of his Cost & Labours He Therefore Prays Gent: that you take the matter under Consideration (his Loss and Interest on it Amounting to More than Two Hundred Pounds Lawful money)."

The grantees of Manchester asserted in 1751 that they had been harassed by lawsuits since 1742, every suit had been decided against them except one, and that they and their grantees had been ejected from their lands or had to repurchase them, at an expense of several thousand

pounds in defending their rights beside the loss of all their labor and improvements.

There was a great deal of litigation. The suits were brought by New Hampshire claimants against the Massachusetts holders, in the New Hampshire courts, and were tried by New Hampshire judges and juries. There could be but one outcome and the verdicts were uniformly in favor of the New Hampshire claimants. Where the Masonian proprietors re-granted the townships they in many instances guaranteed the title but this did not aid the Massachusetts holders. The legislature in February, 1736, perhaps with probable litigation in view, but professedly that the settlers might "know in what County they be, in Order to have their Title Recorded, the Kings peace preserved, and Common Justice done them," assigned the townships among the four northern counties of this state. Sometimes the defeated litigants not only lost their title, but were imprisoned on the executions issued. Scattered through the Province Laws for several years following 1748 are many acts granting lands to petitioners who had been ejected from their holdings by the New Hampshire courts. Two cases growing out of the famous Bow controversy were appealed and had

their final trial in London. In both, the judgments of the New Hampshire courts were reversed and the tenants held their lands. The first was one determined in 1755 by the King and Council, in which the Massachusetts claimant had Sir William Murray for his attorney. The second decided by the Court of King's Bench was not ended until 1762. In the meantime Murray had been appointed chief justice of the Court of the King's Bench and himself gave the opinion. He held that whoever first settled on a grant from either state his possession, followed by occupation and improvement, gave a good title. This equitable principle of law would have sustained every Massachusetts grant, but it came too late to be of help to any save the parties to that action. The Massachusetts settlers had either abandoned their claims or already repurchased them from the Masonian proprietors or of the New Hampshire grantees. But for twenty years following the establishment of the boundary there was constant litigation in which the expenses bore heavily on the losing parties, and left a feeling of anger and bitterness, which lasted many years. It is not an attractive chapter in provincial history.

## An Easter Thought

The clouds may lower and the rain my fall  
And darkness may cover the earth and all;  
But the bright sun shines, the clouds above,  
Symbol and sign of Infinite Love.

Out of the dampness and darkness of earth  
The beautiful flower shall spring to its birth:  
Bursting the bonds and the death of the tomb  
The Angel of Hope shall come forth from the gloom.

Out of life's trials, its passion and pain,  
Its sadness and sorrow, comes infinite gain;  
Beauty and blessing and friendship and love,  
From the heart and the home of the Father above.

—H. H. M.

# *The First Church of Epsom, 1761-74*

*By J. M. Moses*

The pastorate of Rev. John Tucke began September 23, 1761, and ended June 18, 1774. His records were for many years lost. As late as 1823, the pastor and historian, Rev. Jonathan Curtiss, did not know of their existence. They were recovered by the antiquarian, Samuel G. Drake, and deposited with the New Hampshire Historical Society. They seem to be complete, except that a little is gone from the top of one page, which probably contained two or three entries of admissions of members about 1768.

They begin as follows: "April 18, 1761, I went to Epsom to preach. June 25, they gave me a call. August 14, they renewed the call. August 17, I accepted the call. September 23, I was ordained. My venerable father preached the sermon from 2 Timothy 2-1,\* and then gave me the most sacred charge. The Reverend Mr. Aaron Whittemore gave me the right hand of fellowship."

The pastor thus ordained was a young man, barely twenty-one years of age, who had graduated from Harvard College in 1758. His father was the Rev. John Tucke, for forty-one years pastor at Gosport, Isles of Shoals. Mr. Whittemore was pastor at Pembroke.

That the town had been allowed to wait nearly thirty years after its settlement before settling a minister, was no doubt due to its recognized inability to support one. Those thirty years had been a sad period of poverty and slow growth. Towns settled later made much more rapid progress.

There is reason to think that the first twenty families, required by the charter, were not permanently settled before 1750. The census of 1767 found only forty married men under

sixty, forty married women, five men over sixty, and two widows. In 1773 the corresponding numbers were fifty-three, fifty-three, one, and four. It is not likely that the number of families in 1761 much exceeded thirty.

The meeting-house was not built until 1764, and there is no record of a schoolhouse before 1765. We need not, however, suppose that the people had lived thirty years without religious and secular instruction. Still less can we impute mental and moral inferiority to people who could rear families and build up a town under such difficulties as they encountered.

Mr. Tucke was to have as a settlement one hundred acres of land, as provided by the charter. His salary was to be thirty pounds sterling a year the first two years, then thirty-five pounds, to be increased to forty pounds when the number of families reached fifty; also thirty cords of wood a year. Six hundred pounds, Old Tenor, in labor, was voted to build a parsonage. He married, March 4, 1762; probably about the time the parsonage was finished. Mary, daughter of Rev. Samuel Parsons, pastor at Rye.

The church was organized September 23, 1761, its covenant being signed by the following persons: Rev. John Tucke, John Blake and wife Mary, Abraham, Isaac, Isaac, Jr., and Reuben Libby, Nathan Marden, William Wallace, Margaret, wife of Reuben Sanborn, Sr., and Widow Sarah Nason. October 9 there were added the wives of the two Isaac Libbys, and Joanna, daughter of Isaac, Sr. These fourteen were regarded as the original members.

The records of the next twelve years show additions as follows:

\* 11 Timothy 2:1. "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

In 1761, John McClary and wife, Thomas Blake and wife, George Wallace and wife, Ephraim Locke, and the wives of Reuben Libby and Deacon Nathan Marden.

In 1762, Widow Love Wormwood and Elizabeth, wife of Reuben Sanborn, Jr., then of Chichester.

In 1763, Samuel Blake and wife, John McGaffey and wife, Jonathan Chapman and wife, Eunice, wife of Samuel Jackson, Mary, wife of Thomas Bickford, and Nanny, wife of Richard Tripp.

In 1764, William Blake and wife, Sarah, Sarah Marden, and Hepzibah Blake.

September 7, probably 1765, Widow Agnes McClary.

December 5, 1766, John Worth and wife, Hannah, and Hannah, wife of Samuel Davis, were received by dismission from churches at Hampton Falls and Exeter.

In November, 1767, Nathaniel Morrill and wife and Jeremiah Eastman and wife, from South Hampton and Kensington.

April 3, 1768, Anna, wife of John Cass, from Epping.

In 1769, Samuel Bickford and wife, Mercy, and Samuel Perkins of Deerfield.

In 1770, Joseph Worth and wife, Anna (dismissed from Hawke), Benjamin Goodwin and wife, Lydia, Hannah, wife of Robert Mason of Deerfield, and Enoch Robie of Deerfield.

In 1771, Moses Locke and wife, Mary, and James Gray and wife, Jane.

October 3, 1773, Mary, wife of John Worth, Jr.

There is a list of members, without date, which includes the following names, not mentioned above: Andrew McClary, Samuel Marston, Joseph Chapman, Elizabeth Sanborn, John Worth, Jr., John Mason, Jonathan Leavitt and wife, James Marden and

wife, and the wife of a William Wallace.

The last is in a list of members that had moved away, which has the following names: William Wallace and wife, Reuben Libby and wife, Widow Wormwood, Widow Nason, and William Blake and wife. Only one member is reported as deceased: Anne Libby. To this should be added, at least, the names of Abraham Libby and Samuel Bickford.

There are records of seventy-two members. They may not have been all; as it is plain that Mr. Tucke failed to enter some admissions, as well as other facts, that he intended to record. The records are not free from mistakes in names of women and children.

Besides the members in full communion, the following twenty-six are recorded as received into the baptismal covenant relations: James Wood and wife, Mary; Andrew McClary and wife, Elizabeth; Eliphalet Sanborn and wife, Margaret; Samuel Moses and wife, Bridget; William Moses, Jenny Moses, Jeremiah Prescott and wife, Jenny; Abraham Wallace; Ithiel Clifford; Josiah Sanborn; Simeon Chapman and wife, Mary; Edmund Rand and wife, Abigail; Ebenezer Wallace and wife, Sarah; Edmund Leavitt and wife, Mehetabel; Daniel Page and wife, Mary (of Deerfield), and Betty, wife of Benjamin Hill, later of Northwood. These were not all, as children of others were baptized.

There are records of one hundred and sixty-seven baptisms of children, and among them, of the following three adults: Mr. Tucke's servant, Abraham; Phebe, a young woman, about twenty, no surname given; and Samuel Blake's man-servant, who seems not to have had even a first name.\* The infant baptisms were printed in the *Boston Transcript* January 23 and February 11, 1907.

It was evidently a large proportion

\* As regards slavery in Epsom the census of 1767 found no slaves there. That of 1773 found two.

of the town's people that became connected with the church; though the lists include quite a number from Chichester and Deerfield, where churches had not yet been established. From Mr. Tucke's antecedents, and evident success in a pioneer community, there is every presumption that he was a man of ability and personal worth; and, although his pastorate ended in a storm, there is no reason to think his faults were greater than are common to both clergy and laity. There is not enough preserved, in records or tradition, to give us much acquaintance with his personal peculiarities.

By the latter part of 1773, some of the leading citizens had become seriously disaffected; among them, Capt. Andrew McClary, Doctor Williams and Jeremiah Prescott, who made formal complaint. Ephraim Locke, also had "greviances," quite a number, it would seem, as a meeting was appointed to settle "some" of them. A change of pastor had become expedient.

Had the church been free to act, this might have been effected without scandal. But the consent of a council was necessary; and, as in a divorce case, there must be charges.

January 3, 1774, the town voted to call a council "to settle the difficulties subsisting between the Rev. John Tucke and the inhabitants of Epsom." Six weeks later a church meeting, thinly attended because of a snow storm, voted the same.

The council met March 15, and reported March 18. The report fills four finely written pages of the town records. As twelve men had spent three days investigating complaints against Mr. Tucke, we should be well informed of his faults.

No serious charge was sustained. In some small business transactions he had taken liberties, apparently not complained of at the time. In general, he was not disposed to over-

reach, as "it evidently appears to us that Mr. Tucke did not take the advantage when he had fair opportunities, and freely offered to pay in divers instances what persons knew of no claim to."

As to discharge of pastoral duties, the only serious criticism made by the council was the following: "We think Mr. Tucke chargeable with neglect of duty in not visiting Mr. Ward when desired; and we can't but censure his hard speeches with regard to some of the church and people."

Mr. Tucke humbly acknowledged himself guilty of the "faults and follies" of which the council had convicted him, and asked the forgiveness of church and people, promising reparation to any that had been wronged. Thereupon the council advised the continuance of his pastorate for three months, in the hope that the discontent would subside, giving the town permission to dismiss him after that time.

The council also gave good advice to the people, deploring the "heat and passion" shown by Mr. Tucke's accusers, and their efforts to "magnify small and trivial matters" into grave crimes, and regretting "that many have forsaken the house, and some the table, of the Lord, and (as some express it in your articles of charge), wandered among devouring wolves."

June 18 the town voted to dismiss Mr. Tucke, and "that the meeting-house shall be shut up till the town sees cause to open said house again." One almost wonders if they did not nail up the door.

Thus Mr. Tucke's ministry closed under a cloud. His life went out a few years later, under circumstances of unusual sadness. He died at Salem, New York, February 9, 1777, probably of smallpox, while on his way to join the Revolutionary army as chaplain, leaving a widow, and at least six children.

The census of 1790 found Widow

Mary Tucke in Epsom, as head of a family of five: two males over sixteen and three females. The homestead was sold February 15, 1797, to Simon Ames Heath, the deed being signed by the following heirs: Samuel Rand of Rye and wife Polly (Tucke), Samuel J. Tucke of Boston and wife Judith (Gardiner), Simeon Drake of Pittsfield and wife Love (Tucke), and Joseph, Richard and Abigail Tucke of Boston. October 3, 1797, the widow, then of Pittsfield, deeded her interest in the same.

We may imagine that Mr. Tucke's dismissal and sudden death left the people divided in sympathies. Whether from this cause, or from the burdens of the Revolutionary War, it was nearly ten years before another pastor was settled. Then came the thirty years' pastorate of the Rev. Ebenezer Haseltine (beginning January 21, 1784, and ending November 10, 1813), who had the good fortune to die in office, and have his virtues proclaimed in his funeral sermon, instead of his faults, in the report of a council. His gravestone declares him "An Israelite, indeed, in whom was no guile." He left, however, a smaller number of church members than were left by Mr. Tucke. Perhaps Mr. Tucke caught them with guile.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Haseltine's records are lost. It is hoped they are in existence, and may yet find their way to companionship with those of Mr. Tucke in the Historical Library.

A memorial stone marks the site of the first church. The cemetery, in the rear, is at least one hundred and fifty years old, and contains many hundred graves. At least two

hundred and fifty may be counted that are marked with only common field stones, uninscribed.

The oldest inscribed stone, on which only a few letters are now traceable, is among the McClary graves, near the south wall, and is probably that of the first Andrew McClary. Near by are the graves of the Sanborns, Eliphalet and others; and near them, those of Samuel Blake and wife Sarah. He "died Aug. 19, 1801, aged 83 years. One of the first settlers of Epsom." Sarah "died June 27, 1804, aged 68 years."

Their gravestones, and many others, have pious sentiments and tributes of affection, in prose and verse. That of Col. Daniel Cilley (1768-1842), has the following interesting profession of faith: "He died in the full belief of the universal salvation of all mankind."

Among the Locke graves we find a rough stone lettered as follows: "E. L. B. F. 10, 1730. D. M. 7, 1798"; and at the left of it another, lettered "E. L. J. B. M. 5, 1761. D. F. 7, 1771." These are supposed to be the graves of Ephraim Locke and a son, Ephraim, Jr.

Among the Bickford graves is a rough stone, with letters now only partly legible. We can trace the letters "M. B. B. . . . D . . . ." This is evidently the grave of Widow Merey Bickford, who died at great age in April, 1824. The uninscribed grave beside it is doubtless that of her husband, Samuel Bickford, who died in April or May, 1773. These were probably the earliest settlers that now have descendants in town bearing the family name. One of them is the venerable Benjamin Bickford, who has lately passed his ninetieth birthday.



## Forsaken

*By L. J. H. Frost*

On a winter's night of long ago,  
While earth was covered with sleet and snow,  
A mother her shivering infant pressed  
With trembling hands to her thin-clad breast;  
While with streaming eyes and accents wild  
She prayed,—“Oh God! save my darling child  
From freezing tonight. In many a home  
The fire burns bright and hearts are warm;  
And tables are groaning with plenty and cheer,  
While we starve to death in the darkness here.  
O Father in heaven! if die we must,  
Forgive his sin who deserted us,  
And pardon my guilt for sake of Him  
Whose blood can atone for the darkest sin.  
I know if we die, that my babe will rest  
All sheltered and safe on the Saviour's breast;  
I may not hope so near Thee to be,  
Yet the lowest seat—wilt Thou give it to me?”

In a splendid room of a mansion fine,  
A gray-haired man sat sipping his wine;  
On the costly service the fire-light shone,  
While without the storm made its ceaseless moan.  
This proud old father who worshipped his gold  
Thought not of his daughter now dying of cold.  
At length came a blast most fearful and wild,  
And it brought to his heart a thought of his child;  
Then he shuddered and glanced at the fire-light bright,  
As he muttered aloud,—“Tis a fearful night.”  
And he struggled in vain with the conscience sting  
That tortured his heart like a living thing.  
The deep-toned bell on the old church tower,  
Tolled solemn and slow the midnight hour;  
While an angel, all merciful, passing by  
Saw the mother and child lay them down to die;  
Then he whispered,—“Come, in my home above  
There is pleasure and peace and perfect love.”  
And the mother smiled as she clasped his hand,  
While he led her away to the sorrowless land.

O Father in heaven we pray for him  
Who banished his child because of her sin;  
But shall we dare Thy forgiveness crave  
For him who the trust of a true heart betrayed?  
Thou knowest the saddest of all lots in life,  
Is the lot of “that mother whom no man calls wife.”  
Yet we trust that at last, in Thy presence in heaven,  
Shall dwell many a Magdalen Thou hast forgiven.



# John Stark at Bennington

*By Gilbert Patten Brown*

Author of "Tales of the Forecastle," "The Blacksmith of Concord," "Memories of Martinique," "The Graveyard of Plymouth," "Witchcraft Days in Boston," "The Tory's Daughter," etc.

John Stark, New Hampshire's foremost patriot of Revolutionary fame, was a son of Archibald Stark and Eleanor Nichols, and was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28, 1728. His early life was spent in rural surroundings. The family Bible and the flint musket guarded the spiritual and physical welfare of this well-known family of the American past. While his life is of marked interest to all lovers of valor, his most noticeable deeds are those of the Battle of Bennington.

On his birthday he married Miss Elizabeth Page of Dunbarton, New Hampshire; and later, when on the field of battle, the woman of his heart was in his mind when in danger.

At Bunker Hill and at Trenton Stark had played a most important part, but in what is now the State of Vermont a vigorous battle was to be fought.

In a letter to Gen. Philip Schuyler, commanding the Northern Continental army, General Washington wrote in July, 1777: "Burgoyne appears to be pursuing that line of conduct which of all others is most favorable to us; I mean acting in detachment. This will certainly give room for enterprise on our part and expose his parties to great hazard. Could we be so happy as to cut one of them off, though it should not exceed 600 men, it would inspire the people and do away with much of their present anxiety." His wish was to be made a reality at the Battle of Bennington.

On August 9, less than a month after the letter, General Burgoyne, who, in his victorious march south through New York, had come to have

some need of supplies, dispatched Lieutenant-Colonel Baum of the Hessian troops into Vermont to seize the American stores in the neighborhood of Bennington. The object of the expedition as given in his instructions was "to try the affections of the country, to disconcert the councils of



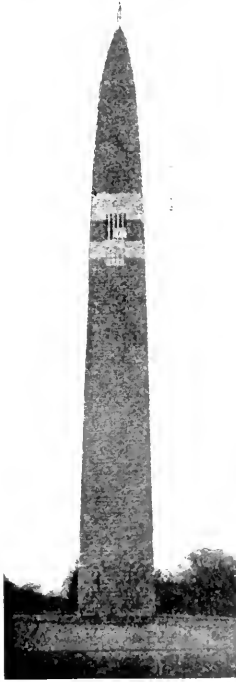
Gen. John Stark

the enemy, to mount Riedesel's dragoons, to complete Peters' crops, and to obtain large supplies of cattle, horses and carriages." With him went 500 German regulars, a detachment of British light infantry and dismounted dragoons, a party of Tories, 200 Indians and two brass field guns.

On August 9, also, General Stark arrived at Bennington, Vt., to take command of his brigade of New Hampshire militia, which had mus-

tered there. According to his instructions he was to act independently of the regular army, and it was his plan, finally approved by General Schuyler himself, to harass the British by hanging on their flank and rear, intercepting and cutting off their supplies and attacking any of their detachments which might offer the opportunity.

Four days later, on August 13, word reached him that in the town



Bennington Battle Monument

of Cambridge, some miles to the northwest across the present New York line, a band of Indians had suddenly appeared. Against these he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg with a force of 200 men. At 9 o'clock that evening came a second message with the news that a large body of the enemy with artillery was in the rear of the Indians and in full march for Bennington. The opportunity that he sought had come to meet him.

At once he sent to Col. Seth War-

ner, who was with his Vermont regiment at Manchester, twenty miles to the north, telling him to march his men to Bennington. At the same time he issued a call to the neighborhood militia which received a prompt response. Then on the morning of the 14th, with his own command and what other troops he could assemble, he set out on the road for Cambridge. At a distance of four or five miles from the town he met Colonel Gregg in full retreat and hotly pursued by the enemy, whose force was not a mile behind him. At the sight of them Stark halted and drew up his men in order of battle. Colonel Baum, seeing that his way was blocked, did the same, entrenching himself on rising ground at a bend in the little Wollamsac River, a tributary of the Hoosac, and in the summer everywhere fordable.

On that day and the next the opposing forces held their respective positions, the fighting being confined on both sides to skirmish parties. The British commander utilized the time in completing his log breastworks and in sending to Burgoyne for reinforcements. On the 15th and the morning of the 16th the rain fell heavily, but about noon the clouds broke away and it became fair. This was the signal for Stark to begin the battle.

Stark's plan was to send two detachments of 300 each, under Cols. Rufus Herrick and Moses Nichols, by right and left, to the British rear, where they should converge and attack. The sound of their guns should be the signal for a general assault, led in front by himself with the reserve. This plan, though simple, proved highly successful. Colonel Baum, who saw the first movements of the flanking parties, supposed they were running away and directed his guns against the reserve, which was slowly advancing in his front. At three o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Nichols opened fire from the left and

was answered by Colonel Herrick from the right. The assault then began and the action became general. "It lasted," says Stark, "two hours and was the hottest I ever saw. It was like one continued clap of thunder."

The Indians fled at the very first and the Germans, though making a brave resistance, were driven out of their works and made prisoners by hundreds. But while the volunteers were exulting in their victory and scattering after plunder there was heard in the distance the drums and bugles of Colonel Breyman, sent by Burgoyne to reinforce Bann with a force equal to his.

Almost at the same minute, however, there came from the opposite direction the sound of the drums of Colonel Warner's 150 men, hurried down from Manchester and equipped with the arms formerly taken from Col. Nathan Hale's regiment after Ticonderoga. And while Stark rallied the men of his own brigade the Vermonters, dividing to right and left, attacked the Germans, checking them until the New Hampshire troops were reformed and brought up to their support. The second action lacked the element of surprise which the first had possessed and was of longer duration. On both sides it was contested with great obstinacy until dusk, the enemy slowly falling back, but for two miles contesting every step of the way. Then at last they broke in retreat, hotly pursued by the Americans, until finally Stark was obliged to call his men off to keep them from shooting each other in the darkness. "With one hour more of daylight," he said, "we should have captured the whole body."

As it was the victory of the raw New England militia over their veteran opponents was a signal one. Four pieces of artillery and 1,000 stands of arms were taken, while besides the 207 Germans and British

killed outright 750 were captured. On the American side the losses were limited to thirty killed and forty wounded. Most important of all was the moral effect of the success upon the despairing armies of America. "One more such stroke," said Washington, "and we shall have no great



Statue of General Stark, State House Park

anxiety as to the future designs of Britain."

It was to Stark himself that the victory was chiefly due. He had stood firm against the orders and warnings of the generals of the regular army. He had originated the plans by which the Germans, confident in their superior discipline and favorable position, had been driven from their works

and cannon. He had led the attack in person, and his words to his men: "There are your enemies; we must beat them or Betty Stark sleeps a widow tonight," will be forever famous.

Nearly every commanding officer



Grave of General Stark

of the Revolution, even previous to the Battle of Bunker Hill, had been made Masons in military lodge or in their home towns. This unique honor Stark had not enjoyed. Generals Washington, Putnam, Warren, Wooster, Montgomery, Arnold, Greene, Sullivan and Wayne were among those popular in the dress of the

ancient brotherhood. While stationed at Albany under General Gates it became Stark's pleasure to make application for the degrees. In Albany in Colonial times was established Master's Lodge No. 2, now No. 5, on the register of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of New York. On January 9, 1780, General Stark was initiated, passed and raised to the degree of a Master Mason. He paid "£5 for initiation, 8s. to Tyler, and 4s. for extra Lodge." General Stark was then the proudest man in all the Continental army.

With all the glories that crowned his honored name the Battle of Bennington was the most brilliant. Though he served through the remainder of the Revolution it was comparatively without incident, and at its close he went to spend his old age at his farm on the Merrimack. In 1786 he was appointed brevet major-general of the regular army, and his death, May 8, 1822, found him the last of his rank of the generals of the Revolution. In the statuary hall at Washington his figure stands with that of Webster as the two great representatives of the parent state of New Hampshire.

General Stark was deeply religious. As a farmer he was successful. In his last days he took a deep interest in the political life of the young republic whose corner-stone he had helped to lay on hard fought fields of battle.

## March

*By Emily E. Cole*

The tamaracks toss their naked arms,

The winds of March go storming by;

The cataract plunging o'er the steep

Flings back an answering battlecry.

We, sheltering from the driving storm

Beside the hearth, our household shrine,

The smouldering embers stir to life

And feed the flame with fragrant pine.

# The Apotheosis of Obscure Jellian Pinkham of Old Dover Neck

*By Lydia A. Stevens*

[Read before the Margery Sullivan Chapter, D. A. R., April 6, 1908.]

However dramatic the scenes once witnessed on Dover Neck, now all is calm. The dusky forms of Indian and settler, that we can see in panoramic vision, are but part of the dust the farmer treads upon at every step. We can stand by Parson Reyner's cellar and muse on many things, but what else we have before us and near by of the old days are brooding fields, the rivers flowing to and fro, and the pretty coves and bare shores.

And yet, if we look long enough, something comes to the inner eye. I shall recall only one incident. The others are sufficient for a series of historical treatises—a score of historical novels—but this paper is concerned only with Dover Neck Jellian Pinkham, exact memory of whom vanished in the gray, chill haze of obscurity and oblivion, more than two hundred years ago.

The yearning minister, a good deal sunburnt, but sallow and colorless, and though not aged, stooping considerably, stood under the early dawn in the open. He leaned upon a rude timber frame that squat in malignant ugliness on the fair plain. Gentle and simple, and woman and child, alike shivered at sight of the public stocks.

The minister was not a cruel man. Because his heart was tender, it was torn and rent and tortured. He held to a stern, cold and uninviting simplicity of form and outward service, resting upon nothing, appealing to nothing but the spirit of faith and piety, and appealing to these through logic and argument, rather than the tender and sympathetic elements of human nature. He was restricted to safeguards of penalty, and had no

notion of other goodness than that produced by rewards and punishments. He could conceive no goodness free—only law-goodness, law-righteousness—obligation to do, obligation to avoid. Still, he was ill at ease.

Prickling points of heat, alternating with tremors of cold, beset and agitated him. For the first time, the mildewed stocks whispered of flagrant misuse of power, unveiling and revealing the natural offensiveness and obliquity of human nature. One moment the priest's face was hard, then beautiful with divine pity.

With a shudder, he drew back from the weather-stained structure. It did not harmonize with the surroundings. Through and through it was sodden with the tears of victims; it was stained and shamed with blood-sweat; it cast fantastic and quivering shadows in the morning sunlight. Its chill presence shed a wicked influence, a revolting fearfulness. The unclean thing was detestably grotesque, insolently domineering and wholly offending. Mocking faces came and went, on its muddy dinginess, and as they faded derisive eyes remained—winking and jeering. It threatened, awed, stunned. No ordinary business was transacted near it; no confidential voices exchanged views concerning province or colony under its shade, and lovers never lingered in its vicinity. The black beams were as terrifying as a gallows—as horrid as a violated hearthstone. The slow decay, the lingering strength, the foulness of river damp, and marks of riving cold and scarifying heat, had added to its monstrosity; and the annual heaving and settling of the

ground left the shapeless mass contorted, strained and evil-looking. Formal consecration followed the building of the Dover Point meeting-house, and in some sort attached to the schoolhouse, but of the dedicatory ceremonies attending the setting up of this alarming engine of religion and exact law, nothing has come down to us. Intense loathing and irrepressible sighs shook the minister like an ague.

Suddenly the clamor of children's voices broke on the stillness. Light feet spurned the sand, and then groups of grown people gathered. Parson Reyner remained pale and abstracted. Views well within the confines of his own age, and long familiar, battled in his breast with glimpses of a new and better scheme of life. He questioned — deliberated — feared. He was unhungry for a sign from on high, a word from that absolute Voice. As he glanced at the children, new anxieties tormented him. In the space allowed, he walked incessantly.

The system of coercion in the matter of attending public worship grew more rigid in Dover, after the union with Massachusetts, and the court records show that in 1663 there was a decided enforcement of the church-going law. William Roberts of Back River had been absent twenty-eight Sundays, legal penalty three shillings for each absence, but it was fixed at five; William Follett, sixteen; Thomas Roberts, thirteen; Mary Hanson, thirteen; Richard Otis, wife and servant maid, thirteen; Jellian Pinkham, thirteen, — but, as her husband refused to discharge the amercement, she was set in the stocks for one hour.

Jellian Pinkham disobeyed man's law, her husband disobeyed God's. She couldn't, and her husband wouldn't pay the fine. Why the mystic number, thirteen, occurs so frequently is not known. Nor can we tell where the money came from

to meet Mary Hanson's penalty. Perhaps her father stood by her; maybe her consort or lover. At all events, in her case complete and open shame was averted.

The order of Jellian's mind, whether she had suitable attire, and was in health, is not disclosed. She had, of course, another name, that of her father, but now she is just Jellian — wife of one Pinkham, nothing more.

Her maiden incognito does not differentiate her, however, for the like is true of most others of her sex in Dover at that time. We know as little about her as of the songs the sirens sung. In short, everything pertaining to her, except as shown by this incident, has faded out, and she has long been lost to an indifferent world. The men who condemned, and the men who suffered condemnation, live in some sort of a way, but she looms hazily in the light of her punishment, a martyr to rigid and harsh austerity.

Jellian had the faults of her sex — common to the age in which she lived — and also its virtues. Immodest? A shrew or scold? The record does not show it. Tearful whines or peevish nagging? Nothing of the sort is found concerning her in writ or tradition. There is no evidence that she was negligent, irritating, or hateful at home. It does not appear that she disturbed church meetings, or railed at the elders or civil magistrates. Nothing of explosion, storm or fury — nothing of cholera, ire, fume or passion, is charged up against her, at home or abroad. Though her home surroundings were not calculated to produce a day-star or house-angel, as wife and mother she was without reproach. She stayed away from church, and of that she was convicted, and because of that she was ignominiously punished.

It is fair to assume that she was a good woman, careful in attendance upon her children, and patient with

the man with whom she was unequally yoked. Presumptively, she skipped one quarter of the Sunday sessions for good and sufficient reasons. Her years had been filled with the carking incidents, discomforts and oddities of a new settlement. She had never experienced pleasurable impressions, anticipations or hopes. Every faculty was here in thralldom. It is not likely that she was disturbed by the vagaries of intelligence, and it may be her sense of the depths of life was confused; but her feminine instincts were outraged by biting neglect and unwomanly tasks. She was permeated by the pain of fatigue and longing for rest.

Dover Neck souls pursued a path Jellian could not follow; their promise of salvation, and their holy place, did not ease the ache in her bones. She was neither in nor of their world; she cared nothing for it. But, I am willing to believe that her sorry husband was a punctual attendant at church.

I may hazard a conjecture as to her personal appearance. Sun-burned she was with wild-wood savor in her hair, and earth, the mother of all, loved and cherished her. It seems reasonable to conclude that she had a girlhood of out-door grace in motion and repose. This is not certain, but it is probable. We have no knowledge of the ruling conception of female beauty in that far-off day and rugged community. If she were not granted graces of mind, perhaps nature in a spirit of fair play offered youthful compensation.

But trouble, want of recognition, and household cares, had made her prematurely old. The erst dark hair had turned to whitened elfish locks; the color which had mantled warm on the smooth skin of her cheek and neck, now showed dingy red; her hands were no longer supple; the pliant rounded body was hollowed and shrunken; curves and undula-

tions had vanished; the soft fibre had become lean filament, and the quality of resistance and endurance alone remained. A selfish husband and ungrateful sons had left her alone. The voice in the pulpit mocked her misery. There was sinister violence in the appeal of the leaders. The songs of praise sounded like jeering taunts. The minister's admonitions grated uncomfortably on her jangled nerves. Her memories were shadowy, her future blank. She was dumb.

What was it to her that the Dover Neck church was established in Dover, and not in England? She only knew that she was unhappy, and wished she might, like her sisters in Boston, be a witch, so as to ride a broom-stick in company with sorcerers and the Black-man, and punish her enemies.

As though he had started up from the lowest limbo, Jellian turned a face suddenly grave with apprehension and appeal upon the constable, her eyes amazed and full of pain. Not till his own face, grayed and ashed in death, did he forget the scene. Her pulse pounded in her temples till the official voice seemed to sink into an echo.

But after the shudder occasioned by the officer's touch, she was calm. Only in her eyes was there sign of complaint. All the suppressed animal nature of her forbears, and all the suspicion, terror and avoidance of her remotest ancestors shone in their cavernous depths. The worst had befallen.

One cannot conceive a sadder spectacle. Degradation could go no further. A revulsion took place. Driven back upon itself, the soul asserted supremacy. She felt a new existence. Anger departed. Trouble rolled away like a scroll. Her eyes softened. Even the recollection of her dead childhood, her maiden folly, the wooing of the robust lout, pleasant in his undeveloped nature, her womanly

failure, and her sure mortality, ceased to wound or vex her.

She suffered no longer. A pain of happiness filled her heart. There was a sigh of relief, of content. A miracle had been wrought. The physical charms of youth were not restored. Decay was not arrested — indeed, there was a sharper definition of its ravages. But youth of the soul came again despite the counted years, and thereafter Jellian lived at peace in the colony. In isolation and ostracism, may be, the remainder of her life was passed, but the law shortly became intolerable and was soon wholly disregarded. And as time passed, the forces of nature worked upon the infamous stocks, and toiled day and night to undo and obliterate. The wind and the rain, the frost and the mist, the sunlight and the storm all labored to this end, until at length this foul blot vanished forever.

The people came and lingered. Strong men, lean men, young boys with fearless eyes glancing curiously, shy girls, frowsy hags, and sturdy dames with babies in their arms, looked on. Portsmouth sailors, well-primed at George Walton's tavern, moved carelessly about, and now and then the red nudity of an undraped shoulder betrayed the presence of an Indian. The bulk of the crowd was of those uncounted lives that are noticed only as accessories and auxiliaries. Sad voices were heard, yet no one interfered. But the attentive eyes no longer stabbed the victim's heart.

It is hard to believe that John Reyner, sixth minister, a man declared to be of meek and humble spirit, could have been present, or even that John, his son and successor, looked on. And our heart-strings are wrung sore, upon being forced to conclude that gentle William Pomfret, the old town clerk, joined the group.

Whatever happened afterward,

nothing more widely opened the prison bars of Jellian's spirit, or gave profounder knowledge of eternity, than did her hour in the public stocks of old Dover. A power higher than state or church authority succored her. In rebuke and not in justification of her inquisitors came the translation.

Whether — if in a haven of bliss — her tormentors are satisfied quite — now — I wonder. Ah, no evoked ghost will answer, but preserve me from their record at Heaven's Chancery. It would not be a matter like My Uncle Toby's oath, and it is doubtful if the recording angel would drop a tear upon the line, and blot it out forever.

In the name of God! How the fathomless, bottomless criminality of human nature hides itself. Who committed this crime? Your forefathers and mine. This ancestral story affects me disagreeably. Its spirit antedates the first moral impulse of mankind, the earliest sense of honor, and the later respect for woman. It was a tragedy without murder, but a crime beyond the taking of life. "Even now murder is a trifle compared with some wrongs, and the growing tenderness for human life is not the noblest sign of our times." Other sins have the stamp of earth, and may take shield behind the varied, but common weaknesses of humanity.

It was not a withering and melancholy lapse from well-established opinions. It savors of intellectual pollution. Doubtless, there was a ludicrous side. But it was a shameful deed, and the knowledge of it tastes like mingled tears, ashes and wormwood.

Is it possible that the generations of two centuries to come may have something similar to say of us? Living under wider horizons, clearer skies, in a world of new thoughts,



new ideals, new standards, and a new civilization, are we cruel and unjust?

Everyone must find his or her own answer, or must acknowledge sorrow-

fully that he and she can find none. This is the way I look upon the suffering and apotheosis of obscure Jellian Pinkham of old Dover Neck.

## Mary I. Wood

*By H. H. Metcalf*

The name of Mary I. Wood of Portsmouth is undoubtedly known, today, to more American women than that of any other woman in New Hampshire, and this through her position and efficient work, for several years past, as manager of the Bureau of Information of the General Federation of Women's Clubs — an association which brings into close and active coöperation more than half a million women, largely embracing the choicest flower and fruitage of American womanhood, organized for their own development and the social and civic betterment of community, state and nation.

Mrs. Wood is a native of Woodstock, Vt., born January 18, 1866, the daughter of John L. and Jean Ainsworth (Brand) Stevens, her mother being a native of Forfarshire, Scotland, and endowed with all the noble qualities characteristic of the sturdy race inhabiting the rugged land of rock and heather. Removing, in childhood, to the town of Ludlow in the same state, she entered Black River Academy when but eight years of age, having previously attended but a single term of public school, though the foundation of a practical education had been so well laid at home in early childhood, that at four years of age she could read, knit and sew. It may be noted that her examination papers for admission to the Academy were at first thrown out without further consideration, when it was observed that the age given in the headline was "eight years"; but,

after vigorous protest upon the part of her mother, there being really no age requirement for admission, the matter was reconsidered and she was admitted as a student. After a few years here, her mother in the meantime having made a second marriage,



Mary I. Wood

with Mr. Lewis Tenney, the family, which included two older sisters, removed to Saxtons River, where she enjoyed the superior educational advantages offered by the famous Vermont Academy, then under the splendid instruction of Dr. Horace Mann

Willard, later of the famous Quincy Mansion School, Wollaston, Mass., and his faithful co-workers, prominent among whom was Doctor Abercrombie of Worcester Academy, with whom she began Greek. Here she graduated, in 1883, at the age of seventeen.

After graduation she taught one term in a grammar school, in her own town; but on October 14, 1884, she was united in marriage with George Albert Wood, son of the late Col. James A. Wood of Acworth, then, and for a long time subsequently, engaged in the United States Railway mail service, but for several years since Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Portsmouth. For the first four years after marriage their home was at West Lebanon, N. H., whence they removed to West Medford, Mass., in 1889, going thence to Portsmouth, in 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood have four children: Helen Margaret, born November 3, 1885; received A. B. from Wellesley in 1907; married, February 18, 1909, Gordon McKay Campbell, superintendent of the Power Apparatus Shops of the Western Electric Shops at Chicago. Albert James, born May 19, 1887; received a business college training and is now employed with the Western Electric Company, at Chicago. Mary Elizabeth, born October 2, 1888; received A. B. from Wellesley in 1909; now teaching in the Newton (Mass.) high school. Keith Ainsworth, born August 24, 1890; now a freshman at Dartmouth, having completed his preparatory studies at the Vermont Academy where his mother was educated.

While her children were young, residing in Medford, Mrs. Wood, while neglecting no home duties, sought congenial recreation in attending lectures at Harvard and pursuing a course in ethics and sociology under a retired college professor. She

also served for some time as a member of the Medford board of education, was auditor and chairman of the Education Committee of the Medford Woman's Club; was president, for a time of the local Consumers' League, and also a director of the Massachusetts Consumers' League, of which John Graham Brooks is now president. In Portsmouth she has been an active member of the Graf-fort Club, one of the leading Women's Clubs of the State, and was its fourth president. She has also been president of the Civic Association of that city in whose organization she was actively instrumental. She is president of the Portsmouth District Nursing Association and vice-president of the Charity Organization. She has also been active in church work, having been president of the Woman's Alliance, and for a time superintendent of the Sunday School of the Unitarian Church at Portsmouth. In January last, upon the resignation of Arthur H. Locke to become a member of the City Council, Mrs. Wood was chosen by the Council a member of the Portsmouth School board, or Board of Instruction, as it is there known—a very appropriate proceeding, since she was an active spirit in the movement which succeeded, after a hard contest before the legislature, in securing for the women of the city a voice and vote in school affairs, of which they were long deprived under the charter.

Although far from being a militant "suffragette," Mrs. Wood has always been a firm believer in woman's right to a voice in the government under which she lives, and consequently, an earnest supporter of the equal suffrage cause. She has been for years a prominent member of the N. H. Woman Suffrage Association; was vice-president of the same under the presidency of the late Ella H. J. Hill, her close and beloved friend, and has continued in that position.

It is through her Federation work, however, that Mrs. Wood is best known both in New Hampshire and throughout the country. She was vice-president of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs, under the late Mrs. Sarah G. Blodgett of Franklin; also chairman of the Reciprocity Committee, and subsequently served efficiently as president. In the General Federation she has been a member of the board of directors and chairman of the Reciprocity Committee, and for the last five years has been manager of the Bureau of Information, with headquarters established in Congress Block, Portsmouth. This bureau, the plan of which she developed while chairman of the Reciprocity Committee is practically the clearing house of the General Federation, through which the local organizations and the whole vast army of federated women communicate with

each other. Information of every conceivable sort is sought and furnished through its instrumentality and spirit and impetus given to the club movement everywhere. Its crying need is a liberal endowment, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mrs. Sage, or some other public-spirited, liberal-minded friend of woman's progress and human advancement generally, who has the means, will yet meet this need, so that, with assistance and equipment, commensurate with her great ambition and tireless energy, the earnest and devoted woman at its head, who, although the mother of a grown family, retains the vigor and elasticity of youth, may be enabled to carry forward more effectively the great work in which she is engaged, and into which she has put so much of heart and purpose, while neglecting in no degree the sacred duties of wife and mother.

### *Just a Touch of Winter 'fore the Spring Comes In*

*By Harry B. Metcalf*

Wan't it fine to see the house-tops covered deep beneath the snow  
When you woke up in the mornin' with the sun a-shinin' bright?  
Yes, it was a reg'lar blizzard; my, but how the wind did blow!  
Didn't it whistle down the chimney, like blue blazes, all the night?  
But the kids was in their glory, tumblin' in the drifts next day;  
There was never nothin' like it; how they made the snowballs spin!  
It bestowed a hearty flavor to their headlong, pell-mell play,  
Just to have a taste of Winter, 'fore the Spring comes in!

Wan't it grand up on the common, where the fluff'y mantle, white,  
Stretched afar in all directions, resting lightly on the trees?  
Didn't it set you clean wonderin' just to see so strange a sight,  
With the shovel brigade a-workin' like a lot o' busy bees?  
I suppose 'twill soon be over, all be ended like a dream,  
For the sun will now be hustlin' and the drifts a-vanishin';  
But it's good to get a vision of the old times, just a gleam,  
Just a tiny taste of Winter, 'fore the Spring comes in.

How the tingle of the snowflakes made the red cheeks of the girls  
Redder yet with health's complexion, and the sparkle in their eyes  
Brighter with the glow of pleasure, as the breezes tossed their curls,  
Tanglin' up their truant tresses as a mischievous surprise!  
There was fun for old and young ones; everybody felt the thrill;  
Jack hitched up his big old cutter—bells kept up a merry din;  
Bill got out his double-runner, shouts resounded on the hill,  
For one tardy touch of Winter, 'fore the Spring comes in!

# Going Home

*By Mary E. Smith*

Is that the five thirty factory bell! I start up in bed. It is, and I am going home to Monterey this morning. I left there one September afternoon many weeks ago.

I spring from the bed and begin to dress. How I have longed for the home faces! patient father, who is an invalid; brisk, cheery mother; noisy, fun-loving Roger, who makes me the butt of many jokes; and gentle, sedate, little Nan. There is Mrs. Jones calling me now. I asked her to arouse me early. I scrub my cheeks vigorously to make them rosy. Then, I glance once more into the mirror to see if that curl is peeping over my forehead. Fred Haven will be at the table this morning, and I heard that he said that curl on Miss Elwell's forehead was very becoming to her.

I run down the stairs with a bounding step. Mr. Haven is at the table. His face falls when I tell him that I shall be gone for a week. He says, "How I shall miss you! Be sure to return, won't you?" I teasingly reply, "Well, I may not." As I pass out through the kitchen the cook says, "Going be ye, Miss Elwell? Blessings on your swate face, and may we see the loikes of you agin soon." Down the Hallsboro' Street to the station I hurry in the dim morning light, and I meet throngs of men and women on their way to work.

Soon I am on the train steaming away from the mill valley of the dashing Contoocook to my Monterey home far down in the Hampshire hills.

There is no one on the train whom I know. How slowly it moves! I look forward with joyful anticipation to the week before me. I shall be with father, mother, Roger and Nan. Then, Mr. Haven may be down. Truly the lines are cast for me in pleasant

places. Is it possible? The conductor calls "Milton," and that is the station for Monterey.

There is Hiram Thompson, the stage-driver. Although he is over sixty no one ever thinks of calling him anything but Hiram. He sees me, rushes up to me, seizes my grip with a "Hullo, Ruth," and I see his little wiry figure darting in and out among the crowd. I follow more slowly. I am the only passenger in the little black coach. Hiram drives rapidly along the familiar streets of Milton. It seems but yesterday since I passed through here on my way to school.

There's old Mr. Ludlow with a load of barrels. He glances at me curiously, then, "Howdy Ruth, you're quite a stranger." As he drives off Hiram remarks, "Mean old skinflint, he's tighter than the bark of a young birch tree. He gets up in prayer meeting and talks about vanities of the flesh. His wife doesn't get many of them. They say he keeps her up to eleven and twelve o'clock every night stitching shoes. I ain't no perfessor of religion, but that sort of business don't go down with me." "Have you seen any of my people?" I ask eagerly. "Oh, yes, saw the 'Square,' your father, at town-meeting last week. Seems to me he is failing." A pang of fear shoots through me. "That rapsSCALLION brother of yours, Roger, stole a ride with some other imps on the back of the stage yesterday. Ned Atkins gave Roger a shove which landed him in a mud-puddle. Wasn't he plastered with mud? Guess he got it all off before he' got home, as he was scairt, afraid your mother would find it out."

"Oh, one Sunday night in meeting Roger and Ned Atkins sat behind

Deakin Smith, who got up to pray. Them boys pushed the Deakin's hard derby hat so that he would sit on it when he sat down. You know how fat the Deakin is. Well he 'squashed' that hat as flat as a pancake, and Ned and Roger snickered right out. The 'Square' got hold of it, and I guess he took the shingle to Roger. There ain't any flies on Roger."

There comes Luey Richards in her new runabout. How pleasantly she nods! Another comment from the driver. "She's setting her cap for Joe French. Guess she'll get him too, as she is worth a cool half million, they say. I went to school with her father, Jim Richards. His folks were so poor that he never had any pie or cake or doughnuts in his dinner pail, nothing but bread and apples."

We are now well up on the Monterey road. There are the purple hills, outlined against the northern sky. Those everlasting hills that were ere I drew breath, and will be for other eyes than mine years hence. Can I ever live away from them?

I am aroused from my reverie by the sound of Grimes' sawmill, and there is Jake Grimes himself in the yard. Hiram laughs, "Jake still gets up every Sunday evening in meeting and tells his experiences. Last Sunday evening he told how his old horse was sick and how he prayed to the Lord to make his horse well, and the Lord answered his prayer. Did you ever hear of the trick the boys tried on him this fall?" "No," I replied. "Well, he was coming home down Ladder Hill one night. The boys hid in the bushes along the roadside and each one sent a lighted Jack-o'-lantern rolling out into the road. It scared Jake half to death. He started as fast as he could travel. The boys could hear him praying. 'O Lord, please let my legs go a little faster, a little faster, Please let my legs go a little faster, O Lord'" "I think it is a burning shame to make fun of

and scar that poor man, just because he is not all there. He is one of God's creatures, and it seems to me like making light of his Maker," I burst out indignantly. "That's so," Hiram admits.

We are at the foot of Ladder Hill. It is so long and steep that it is known for miles about. How many times I have flown down it on a traverse sled at the risk of my life, thinking if ever I reached the bottom safely I would never coast down this hill again. Yet how strange is the perversity of human nature. Directly I reached the top again, I was as eager as ever to go down, and did.

There is old Black Mary's tiny white cottage. Many a life she has saved by her good, faithful nursing.

Deacon Parker comes up in his Democrat wagon, drawn by the old gray mare, Naney. "Gee up, gee up," we hear him say. He never will strike a horse. He greets us in a hearty voice, and with a cheerful smile. Hiram says with conviction, "That's one of the best men God ever made."

We are going by the Barlow homestead, by the great oak tree. "Is that sold yet," I ask. "Yes, sold yesterday to a rich swell from Boston, who is going to fix it all up for a summer place. They sold out all the household goods at auction. Pete Knowlton bought a lot of furniture. I guess he must be going to get married. Saw him easting sheep's eyes at Annie Crosby in church the other Sunday. Bill Haskell bought a lot of old truck. I don't know what he wants it for, as his house is full of such stuff now."

We are almost to Monterey Village. There, looming up on City Hill, away to the east is the Monterey Inn, and looking across the meadows, bare and brown on the brow of the hill, is the old house where I was born.

Here is the village now. Hiram stops to deliver the mail at the post-

office. The loungers stare at me, then say as they see who it is "Hullo Ruth, Howdy Ruth." "Whipped any kids yet?" There is no use in being dignified Miss Elwell now.

Up comes old Mr. Smart, known as "Nosey Smart." He peers inside the stage, then asks me "Anyone come up in the stage? Where are you teaching? How many pupils you got? Got a good boarding place? How much do you pay for board? What do you get a week?" I answer all but the last question.

The stage rattles down Maple Street toward my home. There is Roger now, and he is clambering up here. Now, he won't kiss me. He would rather kiss some other fellow's sister. He takes the reins, then turns to me with "Who is that Fred Haven you write about so much in your letters? Is he one of your big boys?" Just then the stage almost lurches over, which, happily for me, diverts his attention. I know that I am blushing for Hiram looks at me and chuckles.

We turn in by the maples at the gate. There are father and mother at the door, and Nan with flying hair comes running out. Soon I am folded in their arms. How good it is to be with them and home at last!

Is that the alarm clock striking six? It is. Who is calling, "Ruth, Ruth, are you going to get up?" I start. I sit up in bed. Where am I? No longer am I at Monterey, no longer at home with father, mother, Roger and Nan. No, that was far back in the years that I went home. I must have been dreaming. What a blessing it is that loved ones from the home beyond return, and that we relive happy memories in dreams!

The old house by the maples stands silent and deserted. No beaten path leads to the door, no lights, no forms, no voices are there, the only sounds are those of Nature. When I go there now there is no father to welcome me, those rooms know him no more. He went out on his last long journey years ago. Mother is with Roger (Roger M. Elwell, attorney-at-law now), and Nan (a teacher now) in the distant city.

There is Fred calling again "Ruth, it is six o'clock." I arise and begin to dress. Yes, Fred Haven is my husband. He does not tell me now how much he misses me when I go away, yet he is kind and true.

I must hurry, for there are the children, Roger, Bert and Nan, calling "Mamma, may we get up?"

## Dost Thou, Indeed, Find Rest?

(With apologies to Henry Van Dyke, author of *Come Home and Rest*)

Oh! gentle dove, now that the day is over,

Thou seek'st on drooping wing thy downy nest.

Tell me I pray, thou sweet ærial rover,

Dost thou, indeed, find rest?

When on thy leafy coverlet the moon is shining,

And thy wee fledglings nestled close and warm,

Does then thy bosom know no sad repining,

Or fear of wind, and storm?

Does not thy mother-heart ache with a deathless yearning

To hold them always close against thy breast?

Or fear of morrow, lest at eve, returning,

Thou'lt find an — empty nest?

# New Hampshire Necrology

## HON. ALVAH K. POTTER.

Alvah K. Potter, born at East Concord, N. H., May 31, 1841, died at Lockport, N. Y., March 2, 1910.

Judge Potter was the son of Thomas D. and Eunice (Marden) Potter. He was educated in the common school, Mount Vernon Academy, and at Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in the class of 1862.

June 30, 1862, he was commissioned a lieutenant in Company A, Seventh Regiment, N. H. Volunteers, and went to the front with his regiment, serving a year, when he resigned and returned home, taking up the study of law. A year later, however, he again enlisted, this time as a private in Company A, of the Eighteenth Regiment, but he was commissioned captain September 12, 1864, and served till the end of the war, having been promoted to succeed Major Brown, killed in one of the fights around Petersburg, March 29, 1865.

On being mustered out, June 23, 1865, he again took up the study of law in Concord and was admitted to the bar the following year, opening an office and commencing practice in the Capital City, where he continued three years, till 1869, when he removed to Niagara Falls, N. Y., and engaged in practice as a member of the firm of Piper & Potter.

In 1872 he removed to Lockport, where he continued through life. He held the office of city attorney for two years, and in 1883 was elected judge of the Niagara County Court, which position he filled for six years, then resuming practice as a member of the firm of Ellsworth, Potter & Storrs.

Judge Potter was a man of sterling character, a Democrat in politics, and an ardent lover of the old Granite State, and of his native place, to which he returned nearly every year for the summer vacation. He was married, but left no children. One brother, Frank P. Potter, of Pasadena, Cal., and four sisters survive him.

## REV. JOHN C. TEBBETTS.

Rev. John C. Tebbetts, born in Northfield January 24, 1849, died at Alexandria, Egypt, February 26, 1910.

He was a son of George S. and Olive Curry Tebbetts, and was educated at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Tilton, and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in the class of 1871. He then entered the General Theological

Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, and graduated therefrom in 1874. He studied for a year at Oxford University, England, after which he was for a time assistant rector of Grace Church, New York City, going thence to Hudson, N. Y., as rector of Christ Church, where he continued ten years. He then removed to North Adams, Mass., where he was for nineteen years rector of St. John's Church.

He had been in ill health for some time past and had been granted leave of absence, sailing on January 20, with his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Kimball of Hudson, N. Y., for a voyage to the Holy Land, in hopes of recuperation, which hopes proved ill-founded.

## CAPT. HUGH R. RICHARDSON

Capt. Hugh R. Richardson, a gallant soldier of the Union in the Civil War, died at Littleton February 3, 1910.

He was a son of Hugh and Abigail Richardson, born in Chicopee, Mass., March 2, 1841. He was engaged on the mail and stage route between Littleton and Lancaster at the outbreak of the rebellion, and was the first man in Lancaster and Coös County to enlist in response to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers. His first enlistment was for three months, but the requisition was changed to three years, and he promptly re-enlisted for the latter term, going out in the famous old Second New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by Gilman Marston, and participating in the many bloody engagements in which that regiment took part. He was desperately wounded in the "Peach Orchard" at Gettysburg, being shot through the body and neck, and was promoted to a captaincy on the field.

Returning to New Hampshire at the close of his term of service, he made his home in Littleton, where he continued to reside. He was united in marriage with Elizabeth Riley October 7, 1888, but had no children. He was a good citizen, a warm-hearted, honest man, and universally esteemed. Politically he was an earnest Democrat and never faltered in his adherence to party and principle.

## WILLIAM W. CUSHMAN

William Wallace Cushman, born in Phillips, Me., February 26, 1841, died in Dover, N. H., February 4, 1910.

He served in the Union army in the Civil War, in the Thirtieth Massachusetts, and subsequently in the Thirty-Second.

ond Maine regiment. He resided in Lowell, Mass., for a time after the war, but removed to Dover in 1878, where he resided thereafter, and was prominent in business and political circles. He was a Mason and a member of the G. A. R., a Universalist in religion and a Republican in politics. He had been president of the Dover Common Council, four years an alderman, a representative in the Legis-

lature in 1883 and 1909; also a deputy sheriff and chairman of the board of county commissioners from 1893 to 1897. He was a director of the Merchants' National Bank and president of the Merchant's Savings Bank of Dover. He was a descendant of Rev. Robert Cushman, who came over in the *Mayflower*, and a relative of the late Charlotte Cushman, the noted actress.



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

Up to the closing days of this month of March but one person has formally, or even indirectly, announced his candidacy for a gubernatorial nomination, in this state, at the September primary, the same being State Senator Robert P. Bass of Peterborough, who had been urged by his associates among the leaders of the so-called "progressive" or "reform" element in the Republican party to allow the use of his name in such connection, and who formally consented at a meeting or conference held in Concord on the 18th inst., Mr. Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester, who had previously twice declined, and had again been named by the *Concord Monitor* as the most eligible man for the nomination, having again peremptorily declined and having himself cordially endorsed the Bass movement. Whether other candidates will be put in the field or the canvass will be allowed to go forward with only Mr. Bass appealing for Republican support is as uncertain as who will be the candidate or candidates seeking the Democratic nomination, no man having yet announced himself as an aspirant for the latter, and no conference of party leaders having been held, so far as the public is aware, to consider the matter, though frequent mention is made by individuals of Clarence E. Carr of Andover, who made such an excellent run in the last campaign, and Ex-Mayor Samuel D. Felker of Rochester, who won great popularity as the minority leader at the last session of the Legislature.

Very general gratification is expressed by the "good roads" advocates throughout the state at the very hearty response that was made by the towns, almost without exception, along the lines of the three projected state highways from the Massachusetts border to the mountain region. Many of them have appropriated more than could reasonably have been expected, and the indications now are that the work along all the lines will be pushed forward to an early completion.

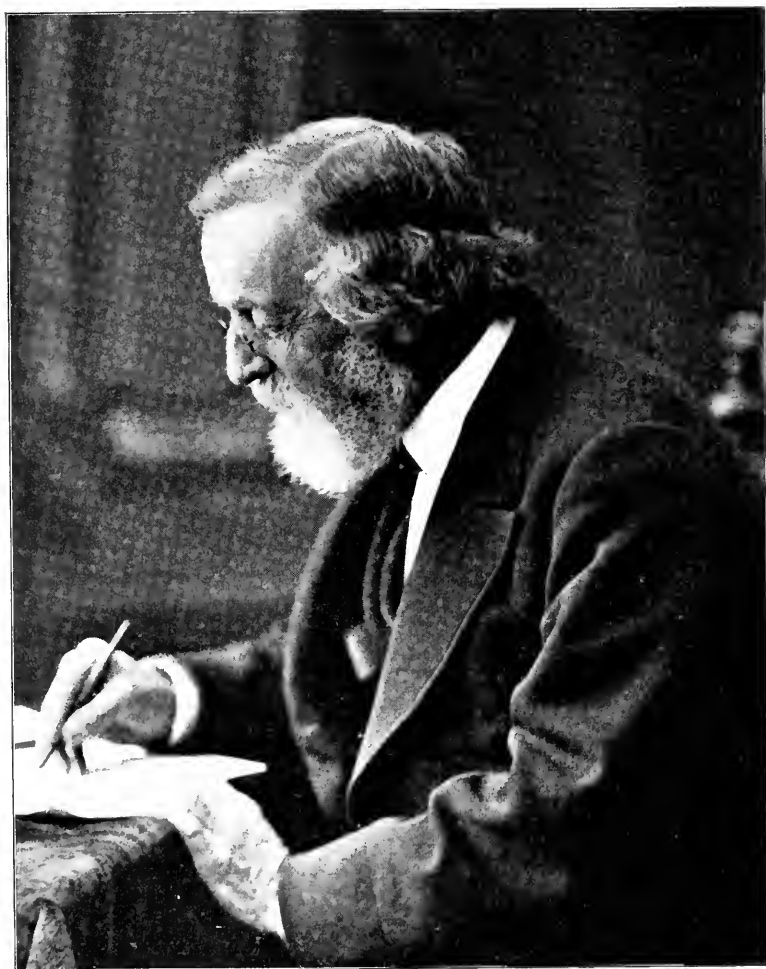
The advance of the summer season calls attention to the summer resort business in New Hampshire, which is in more promising condition than ever before. It is learned from the State Immigration Bureau, in connection with the office of the State Board of Agriculture, and whose annual publication is about going to press, that the purchase of New Hampshire farms for summer homes is going on more rapidly than ever, there having been an average of one purchase per day for that object for many months past.

The attention of GRANITE MONTHLY subscribers is asked to the dates on their respective address labels. If, through inadvertence, any have not been changed that should be the attention of the publication office should be called thereto. In cases where arrears of subscription are indicated, subscribers should promptly take means to secure a different showing.









REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, No. 4

## James Freeman Clarke

*By John Philo Trowbridge*

When James Freeman Clarke wrote the first pages of his autobiography, in 1883, he looked back over fifty years which he had then spent in the Christian ministry. Today, on reaching the centennial of Mr. Clarke's birth, we are able to trace the entire period of his long and busy life, and still we have also a perspective of nearly twenty-two years remaining since his lamented death through which to view with feelings of candor and pride the completeness and the rare beauty of his career. A brief article, like the present one, cannot presume to treat adequately or justly any one aspect even of his many-sided character. He was a gifted author, an effective preacher, a wise counselor, a tireless reformer, and a true friend. He touched human affairs frequently and in a magnetic manner. He traveled extensively. He knew many public men and women intimately, and at a time in our nation's history when the feelings of generosity and patriotism on the one hand, and of sectional prejudice and selfish ambition on the other, were awakened to an unusual degree. The social, religious and political forces of the country were being gathered in new organizations and for new purposes. They extended into wider and more remote regions, and the call for fearless and competent leaders was sounding from far and near. Consequently,

Mr. Clarke found himself not only one who was manifestly born to be great, but also one who had greatness thrust upon him. In each of these two worthy ways wherein Americans acquire fame he became great in a modest and impressive manner. The centennial of his natal day deserves a wide recognition, for it belongs not only to the springtime of the year, but to the longer, brighter, and more genial springtime of our national growth.

James Freeman Clarke was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, on Wednesday, April 4, 1810. His parents were residing there at the time in order that his father, Samuel Clarke, might pursue a course of study in medicine under Dr. Nathan Smith who was an instructor in Dartmouth College. The birthplace is thus only incidentally connected with the family history. A few weeks had passed when the little boy and his mother were placed in the protection of Rev. James Freeman at Newton, Mass., while the father completed his studies and took his degree as doctor of medicine. Mr. Freeman, who for many years was the minister of King's Chapel, Boston, had married into the Clarke family, and his fond wish was that his godson, James Freeman, should remain permanently under his roof. It was in his care that the subject of our sketch spent most of his

boyhood. The circle of his kindred then living in Newton and other nearby towns was a large one, composed of members of the best society. Education was held in the highest esteem, and James was taught the elementary branches as soon as the alphabet was mastered. "He is one more instance," as Dr. E. E. Hale once remarked, "in that distinguished list of happy children who have been so fortunate as to be well educated before they went to school, or, like Stuart Mill, without going to school at all."

Of course to school he was sent in due time, however, and yet to only one school, — the Boston Latin, where he was entered at the age of ten years. The influence of this famous institution upon the boy's mind was highly beneficial. It gave him that classical culture which ever afterwards became a valuable possession. It also promoted those social gifts and humane sentiments which in all his subsequent life he notably exemplified. "In my division," he once said, "there were sons of the wealthiest, and sons of the least wealthy citizens. We studied, recited, played together, and were thus educated to a true democracy."

This Latin School boy entered Harvard College in 1825 and graduated in the due course of events, having among his classmates a large circle of those who afterwards became eminent in different walks in life. The names most familiar to us are those of Benjamin Pierce, Benjamin R. Curtiss, William Henry Channing, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. It need not be said that his rank in scholarship was with these honored sons of Harvard. It is just here more interesting to note that it was during Clarke's freshman year that Doctor Follen, recently from Germany, introduced gymnastic exercises into the college, and that Clarke himself, who had previously been subject to pulmonary weakness, testified, "After

two or three years of gymnasium exercise I became free from such tendencies, and the foundation was laid for the physical health which has been one of the blessings of my life." The theological training which followed immediately after the academic course, was undergone at the Cambridge Divinity School where at the time Prof. Andrews Norton, the younger Henry Ware, and J. G. Palfrey, the historian, were serving with brilliant success in the corps of instructors. A similar incident now occurred to that above referred to in connection with Doctor Follen. It was in Clarke's second year at the Divinity School that Doctor Spurzheim, the noted German phrenologist, came to Boston to deliver a course of lectures on his favorite science. His appearance in our midst as a popular speaker was hailed with great pleasure, and undoubtedly his visit would have yielded larger results had he not died suddenly in Boston in November of the year above referred to (1832). Mr. Clarke has left a record in his autobiography of these lectures, saying "that they were very interesting, combining large generalizations with minute practical details. His observations on human conduct and character were clear and full; he was so overflowing with anecdotes out of his own experience to illustrate his theme, his views were so kindly, tolerant, and sympathetic, that he roused a new interest in mental philosophy, and the study of man." Thus, from the manner in which these two advocates of new branches of science, — Follen and Spurzheim, — awakened the mind of our young divinity student, we may infer how wide and alert were even then his intellectual inquiries, and what deep sympathies he entertained for topics which lay outside the narrow curriculum of the schools. So early indeed it was that he developed those traits of independ-

ent thought and conviction which signalized his entire career.

At the end of his immediate connection with "Fair Harvard" as a student it fell to the lot of James Freeman Clarke, as it has fallen to the lot of thousands of others, to decide what he should do next,—or rather in his own case, where he should do the work which he had long been meditating. He chose to go to the city of Louisville, Kentucky, where he settled in August, 1833. At a little later date another young man was consecrated to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church in the Sistine chapel in Rome. He had been born in Italy one month before James Freeman Clarke was born here in America; his name was Giacchino Pecci; he became the subsequent pope, Leo XIII, and his principal biographer tells us, in speaking of the occasion of his consecration, "that it was a happy privilege that Pecci felt to go up to the altar to offer there the oblation of the Eucharist, which to him, who ever presents it in faith and love is the sweetest, the dearest, and the most comforting source of courage and peace which the servants of God find on earth." Who can doubt that James Freeman Clarke, serving God on the banks of the Ohio, felt the same lofty privilege coming to him that his contemporary in age, felt as he stood beside a far more imposing, but no purer shrine on the brink of the Tiber. Each in his own place and manner and at the same time was putting on the whole armor of God.

Mr. Clarke had a great admiration for the West. He said: "Its simplicity charms me, its openness commands my sympathy, its free, unfettered activity calls for my veneration." In 1840, however, he returned to Boston to take up the great work which in connection with the one church,—the Church of the Disciples,—occupied in a general way the remainder of his life. Variety of

employment was always his happy fortune. All the people of the loyal North who still live to remember the days before the War know how strong were his sentiments against slavery. He could not rest at ease while a single bondman stood in chains on our free soil. During all the years of battle his voice was heard cheering on the cause of freedom. When the day seemed darkest and defeat nearest, he would ascend his pulpit to speak like a prophet of victory as he really was. His personal friend,—the good war governor, John A. Andrew,—like many others who bore heavy burdens upon their hearts in those days, would resort to his church to hear the message,—the message that Mr. Lincoln wished to hear,—not that God was on his side, but that he was on God's side and must surely win.

In the important matter of education, Mr. Clarke was for many years a chief actor in the state and nation. In 1863 he was appointed by Governor Andrew a member of the State Board of Education to succeed George S. Boutwell. Through more than six years he discharged the duties of this office with the greatest fidelity. He drew up the annual report for 1868, and in it he recommended some of the steps of progress which have made Massachusetts a model in its educational methods. He served during the twenty years previous to his death as an overseer of Harvard College, and the best friends of the institution unite in saying that "it would be hard to overstate the importance of the supervision which he exercised over its affairs."

Mr. Clarke was also an able and voluminous writer. Through the printed page he has spoken, and is still speaking, to hundreds of people who never saw him. Such well known volumes as "Ten Great Religions," "Orthodoxy, Its Truths and Errors," "Self-Culture," "Common Sense in

Religion," "Vexed Questions in Theology," and "Every-Day Religion," are sought and read now almost as frequently as they were when they came fresh from the press. Their author was a man of optimistic feelings. Hope was a central word in the text of the sermon preached by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood at his ordination, and it was eminently prophetic of the whole tone and character of his mission among men in the pulpit, and the study, and the market place. He literally "abounded in hope." Faith in God and in men kept him buoyant and cheerful at all times. On this ac-

count everybody loved him and trusted him. When he died, on Friday, the eighth of June, 1888, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, all who had known him and had outlived him, felt that the world would indeed henceforth seem less joyous and beautiful because of his absence. When he was near the hour of his departure, he softly said, "I have been greatly blessed"; he felt it to be so, and it was so, and now, on the centennial of his birth, thousands who have been influenced by his noble life, will find themselves saying softly, "He was a blessing."

## In the After-Glow

*By Stewart Everett Rowe*

This is a world we do not, cannot know:

'Tis far beyond our minds, we think so grand.  
Perhaps some day, yes, in the After-Glow.

A light will dawn, and we will understand  
Why things we cannot comprehend are so.

We feel, although we do not know for sure,

That all things are a part of one great plan:  
That Some One rules us with a purpose pure,

Yes, rules us as no other person can,  
And leads us with a hand that's firm, secure.

And when at last to all we say good-by,

To friends, to home, to sweetheart and to earth,  
Oh, may we feel that it is good to die,

Because to die is just a second birth.  
When to a world so sweet and dear, we'll fly!



# Fort Mountain

*By J. M. Moscs*

While claiming no pre-eminence for scenery, Epsom is certainly not below the average of New Hampshire towns in natural charm. Its broad intervalles, with long stretches of placid river, its vale of the rapid little Suncook, running back to Suncook Lake in Northwood, its rounded hills, and especially its range of mountains, running into Deerfield, give it attrac-

ogy of New Hampshire as 1,428 feet. The same authority gives that of McCoy's Mountain, on the west, as 1,590 feet. This must be a misprint, as no surveyor could have made such a mistake. From Fort the view ranges freely over McCoy's, evidently much lower; from McCoy's Fort towers above, cutting off the view to the southeast.



Fort Mountain

tions which do not fail of appreciation in the summer months.

The central and highest of these mountains is Fort, said to have been so named from a place on it resembling a fortification. This may well have been the summit, approached from the north side, where its towering precipice of granite might have suggested the walls of Louisburg. The entire summit is a mass of rock, which rises above the trees of the surrounding slopes, and thus affords an unobstructed outlook in all directions.

The height of Fort Mountain is given in Professor Hitchcock's Geol-

Nottingham Mountain, east of Fort, must be nearly as high, as it cuts off a little of the horizon at sea-level; but its wooded summit is less favorable for observation. Nat's, to the south, is much lower, but gives a fine view to the west.

The ascent of Fort is most convenient from the west. An easy incline leads up the summit ledge on this side, all the other sides of which are more or less precipitous. Probably the most interesting way is to ascend from the Mountain Road, through the woods, and descend on the east side, by a steep path through

the open ground, into the valley of the Grant Road.

While Fort is not a high mountain for New Hampshire, it is the highest east of Kearsarge and south of Gunstock. The general levelness of the surrounding country makes its view very extensive, going far into Maine and Massachusetts, as well as out to sea. I think its view is the finest in southeastern New Hampshire. It is enlivened by parts of the cities of Concord and Somersworth, the villages and lakes of Northwood and

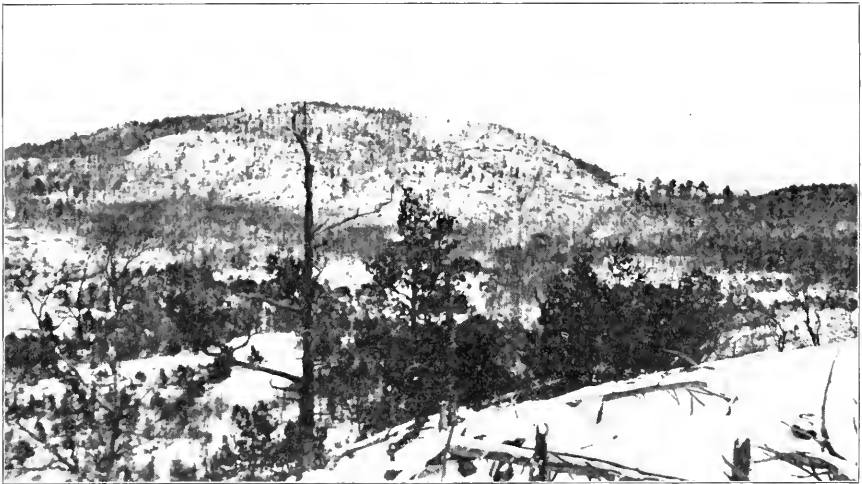
the first mountain north of the ocean, and goes around the horizon to the left.

#### MOUNTAINS TO BE SEEN FROM FORT MOUNTAIN.

S., 80½ E., 32 miles. Agamenticus, York, Me. Three small mountains, the highest 673 ft. Over Pleasant Pond.

E., 24 miles, City of Somersworth. Over Northwood Ridge.

N., 75 2-3 E., 30 miles, Bauney Beg,



Fort Mountain from Nat's Mountain

Strafford, and much open country, which relieves the monotony of somber forest.

I am not going to try to word-paint it, but to give some definite information of what can be seen. The following table gives the magnetic bearings, distances, names, locations and altitudes of the principal mountains in sight. The most distant ones, which can be seen only in clearest air, and only their summits at that, are interesting as matters of curiosity, rather than because they count for much as scenery.

The table begins in the east, with

North Berwick, Me. Three summits, one 726 ft. Over Suncook and Bow Ponds and Strafford.

N., 41¼ E., 26 miles, Moose Mountain, Brookfield, 1,404 ft.

N., 37 E., 26 miles, Cropple Crown, Brookfield, 2,100 ft. Rift in top. These two are long mountains, making a range.

N., 30 E., 21 miles, Mount Bet.

N., 31½ E., 22 miles, Devil's Den Mountain.

N., 33½ E., 23 miles, Mount Molly.

Three small mountains in New Durham. 1,000 to 1,200 ft.

N., 32 E., 42 miles, Green Moun-



tain, Effingham, about 2,200 ft. Seen beyond the last three. A long mountain.

N.,  $22\frac{3}{4}$  E., 68 miles, Pequawket, or Kearsarge, Bartlett, 3,251 ft. About over Catamount, Pittsfield.

N., 16 E., 40 miles, Ossipee Mountain, 2,361 ft. Rift in top: west end may be seen two or three degrees farther west.

N.,  $13\frac{3}{4}$  E., 75 miles, Mt. Washington, 6,293 ft. Over west end of Ossipee.

N.,  $18\frac{1}{4}$  E., 75 miles, Mt. Carter, 4,860 ft. East of Mt. Washington.

N.,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  E., 23 miles, Gunstock, Gilford, 2,364 ft. Near and very prominent; three summits; over New Orchard.

N.,  $8\frac{3}{4}$  E., 52 miles, Whiteface, Waterville, 4,007 ft. This and the next are at right of Gunstock and far beyond.

N., 10 E., 54 miles; Passaconaway, Waterville, 4,200 ft. Steep eastern side.

N.,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  E., 50 miles, Sandwich Dome, 3,999 ft. At left of, and far beyond Gunstock.

N., 2-3 W., 70 miles, Haystack Range, seen endwise, over Tecumseh and Fisher. Highest peaks, Lafayette, 5,329 ft. Lincoln, 5,098 ft.

N.,  $23\frac{1}{4}$  W., 70 miles, Mt. Cannon, 4,017 ft. At left of last.

N., 5 W., 68 miles, Mt. Kinsman, 4,200 ft.

N., 11 W., 62 miles, Moosilauke, Benton, 4,811 ft. A long mountain.

N., 17 W., 54 miles, Mt. Carr, Warren, 4,000 ft. A long mountain.

N., 21 W., 30 miles, Sanbornton

Mountain, 2,300 ft. Much nearer; over Gossville.

N., 23 W., 60 miles, Mt. Cube, Orford, 2,927 ft. Faint and distant. Over Canterbury Shaker Village.

N., 30 W., 43 miles, Cardigan Mountain, Orange, 3,156 ft. A point at south end.

N., 40 W., 33 miles, Ragged Mountain, Andover, 2,256 ft.

N., 51 W., 30 miles, Kearsarge Mountain, Warner, 2,943 ft. The most prominent mountain to be seen. North of and beyond Concord.

N., 65 W., 36 miles, Sunapee Mountain, 2,683 ft. A long mountain. Over north end of Concord.

N., 60 W., 60 miles, Ascutey, Windsor, Vt., 3,816 ft. Between last two. Only a little of the top visible.

N., 75 W., 38 miles, Lovell's Mountain, Washington, 2,480. Over south end of Concord.

S., 79 W., 30 miles, Crotched Mountain, Franconia, 2,066 ft. A long, block-like mountain. Over Buck Street.

S., 75 W., 45 miles, Monadnock Mountain, Jaffrey, 3,186 ft. Regular, pointed cone. At left of and beyond the last.

S., 66 W., 35 miles, Peterborough Mountain, 2,289 ft. To the left of it, Temple, Kidder, and other mountains make a range.

S., 60 W., 20 miles, Uncanoonuc, Goffstown, 1,333 ft. Two mountains, near and prominent. Hotel on the east peak.

S., 44 W., 60 miles, Wachusett Mountain, Princeton, Mass., 2,018 ft. Stands alone.

## Grieve Not

*By Harry B. Metcalf*

Nay, do not grieve

That he took his leave

Unwarned, from friends apart;

Sublimest peace

Crowned his release —

God's finger touched his heart.

# Jephthah's Daughter

## A Fragment

*By Frederick Myron Colby*

I saw the lithe young form, superb with grace,  
Dancing along the sward with fairy feet  
Soft-saddled, gem-ankled, and as fleet  
As any mountain roe that won a race  
Upon the heights of Gilead crowned with wood.  
Dark-eyed she was, with radiant, earnest gaze,  
And her jet hair fell with slumbrous haze  
O'er the pearl smoothness of a neck that stood  
Like a white tower rising tall and fair  
Amid a host of other beauties rare.

Her flowing cymar, wrought of wondrous stuff,  
Clung to the fair form as if loving it;  
And her girdle gleamed as if bit by bit  
The metal had been polished from the rough.  
It seemed a gliding serpent round her waist,-  
So brightly did its flexile links abide.  
Bare-armed, unveiled, her fingers henna-dyed  
Like Persian odalisque, so without haste  
Glided the Hebrew maid across the lea,  
Where flowers and grasses waved a mimic sea.

The morning sun kissed lovingly her face,  
Dusky with the hot glow of Southern skies;  
And 'neath her vest I saw her bosom rise,  
Palpitant and tender, and e'en could trace  
The voluptuous curve of graceful limb,  
As in the languid mazes of the dance  
She moved ecstasie, like one in a trance,  
Or who had quaffed from joyous goblet's brim.  
Her happy voice kept tune with lulling charm  
To the music of the timbrel on her arm.

The palm trees waved their branches o'er her head,  
Making soft shadows on the dewy green;  
The birds hushed their song notes amongst the sheen  
Of emerald leaves, listening to the tread  
Of maidens' feet and clash of timbrel loud,  
And Mizpah's high towers looked proudly down  
Upon the scene and saw the banners blown  
Of the "warrior Gileadite" and his crowd  
Of soldiery returning from the fray,  
Victorious, with all this proud display.

# The Oldest House in New Hampshire

*By George W. Williams*

Few families of the earlier settlers in New England are able correctly to trace their lineage and produce a true family tree, but the Weeks family of Greenland, N. H., are fortunate in having preserved for them their genealogy. The name now spelled Weeks has, in the early court and probate records in England, been variously spelled, viz.: Wicks, Weicke, Weeks, Weekse, and Weekes. It is

He received grants of forty-four acres, thirty-four acres and ten acres of land respectively, on July 5, 1660. About this time he had settled at Winnicutt River in Greenland, which place was his residence through life. Much of the land granted to him in Greenland has remained in the possession of his descendants until the present day. In 1661, he was chosen one of the selectmen of Portsmouth



The Weeks House—Oldest House in New Hampshire

said to have been a Devonshire name of Saxon origin, but it was also common in parts of Somersetshire.

The first of the name to come to this vicinity was Leonard Weeks. His name appears in York County, Me., records and also in the Portsmouth, N. H., records which tell of his receiving a grant of eight acres of land in Portsmouth. When he went to the part of Portsmouth now called Greenland, he lived one year on a farm owned by Captain Champernoon,

and was afterwards constable and for several years a sheriff. Records show that in 1669 he "was on a committee" with men from Dover and Hampton "to lay out a highway between Greenland and Bloody Point" in the town of Newington.

The picture shown herewith was taken November 12, 1909, and shows the old Weeks home, or the "Old Brick House" as it is commonly called, which is the oldest house in New Hampshire, having been built in

1638. It stands on the Weeks Place, just off the Exeter and Portsmouth road, on what is known as the "Old Road," a little west of the "Parade" in Greenland Village. The house is forty feet long, thirty feet wide, two stories in height. The walls of the lower story are eighteen inches thick. The front wall is laid with alternate red and black (hard burnt) brick, giving it a cheekered appearance. The bricks of which it was built were probably made in the field a few rods southeast from where the house stands, for there have been found relics of a brick-yard, which once occupied the place designated. The lower story of the house is eight feet six inches high, while the second story is but eight feet, and the roof the "square pitch." The windows were originally of small diamond-shaped glass, set in lead, but these have been replaced by sash of more modern style. The timbers of the house are of massive hard wood — oaken beams, hewn 12 x 14 inches, and the floorings of red oak with bark still on, about 10 inches in diameter. The earthquake of 1755 so affected the house that the owner stayed it by large iron rods running through the entire length of the house to insure its safety.

It is conceded that the object in erecting, at that early period, a house so expensive was to provide security from attacks by the Indians, as it was very near this same place that a "Garrison House" had previously been erected. The reader will recall that it was only fifteen years before this, in 1623, that the first settlements at Portsmouth and vicinity were made. The location is still pointed out where the "Old Block House" stood on what was formerly called "Grasshopper Plains" in Portsmouth and which saw much defensive service against the assaults of the original Americans.

The present occupant of the "Brick House," Mr. John W. Weeks, of the

eighth generation, is the fourth child and only son of William H. and Mehit-able S. (Brodhead) Weeks, daughter of Rev. John Brodhead, who was a very prominent person in the early history of New England Methodism and the second pastor of the Greenland (N. H.) Methodist Episcopal Church. Perhaps one of the causes of this union was from the fact that from the earliest preaching of Methodism in Greenland the Weeks family were identified with it. For many years the Weeks home was one of the prominent meeting places for worship by this sect, and the latch-string was always out for the Methodist itinerant, especially previous to the erection of the first church edifice in 1816. Thus we can see how easily the young farmer might have become enamored of the preacher's daughter, and with such family connections and good life prospects he would readily gain the consent of the father as well as the daughter for life companionship. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that upon conversion Mr. J. W. Weeks should affiliate with the people of the same faith with his fathers, or that he has for many years been a member of the official board of the Greenland Methodist Episcopal Church, and is a staunch supporter of the church of his choice. Like his ancestry, Mr. Weeks is a farmer and is at present especially identified in the retail milk business, although for several years in young manhood he was engaged in the retail dry goods business in Somersworth, N. H. He has held many prominent town and state offices, and in fraternal circles is a member of St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Portsmouth, and a Past Master of Winnicutt Lodge, which was at one time active in Greenland.

One child only, a son, Thornton Norris Weeks, is the prospective heir of the "Brick House" and its ances-

tral acres. He resides at present, and is engaged in the real estate business, in Pueblo, Col.

Visitors are always cordially welcome to visit this historic house and examine its structure and surroundings — a place fraught with venerated recollections and associated with the

early history and struggles of the pioneers in a new land, and past which went the Pepperells, Hiltons, Sullivans, Langdons and Wentworths as they drove to Exeter town in those early days to make laws for the governing of rock-ribbed old New Hampshire.

## Rip Van Winkle of Japan

*By G. Waldo Browne*

“In the afternoon they came into a land  
In which it seemeth always afternoon.”

The legend of Rip Van Winkle from time immemorial has taken a high place among the traditions and myths of all races. In Grecian fable we are told of the youth, Endymion, who slept for a hundred years on Mount Latmus, kept young and beautiful through all that time by Diana, the moon, who came every night and bathed him in white light. Again in Roman story we are given the pretty account of the seven youths who slept through so many years that they were struck dumb with wonder at the change which met their gaze upon leaving their cave, which is to this day a sacred shrine. In German we are told of the legend of Peter Klans, from which it is claimed our own Irving obtained the suggestion for his immortal word-piece.

In the Welsh country the sleeper is a boy who lies down amid a bed of flowers to hear the birds sing, and who falls into such a deep slumber that when he awakes he finds that a forest of trees has grown up about him. In a rocky fortress in Denmark still sleeps the Danish warrior placed on guard over the honor of his countrymen. His beard has now grown through the rocky wall, and there is a

tradition that once he seemed on the point of awakening. Upon moving, his first question was to demand if true manhood was still left in Denmark. A young man who was present immediately placed in his hand a bar of iron, and thinking this was the arm of the youth, the watcher turned over and resumed his sleep.

In Chinese folk-lore we are told of two youths who went forth for a walk in the mountains, and upon coming to a deep ravine found it spanned by a wonderful network of flowers. On the far side two beautiful maidens stood beckoning for them to cross over. They quickly obeyed, and so long did they tarry to enjoy the company of this bewitching twain, they discovered that the bridge had fallen away, and there was no way for them to return to the other bank except by a long journey around the abyss. They accomplished this feat without mishap, but upon reaching their homes were dismayed to find that their father and mother had been dead many, many years, and that great-grandchildren of their brothers and sisters were among the living ones. Korea keeps alive a similar legend, which speaks of a love for nature, a ramble in the mountains, mystic men in the fastness of the forest playing a favorite game, an invitation to the game and another to drink of the potation offered, a long

sleep of a century, with a return of the subject to his former home, only to find himself a stranger among strangers.

So the interesting list might be continued almost indefinitely; at least, until the store of every country's folklore has been exhausted. In Europe we find that Frederick Barbarossa, the German Emperor, and his half-dozen mailed Knights still sleep in the great castle of the Thuringian hills. It is related that a shepherd once looking for a missing lamb, stumbled upon the sleeping king and his faithful guard. Starting up, as he brushed the shaggy locks back from his forehead, the emperor demanded:

"Do the ravens still fly over the mountains?"

"They do, sire."

"Then we must sleep another hundred years," and the monarch composed himself for another long nap.

In Norse mythology the valiant champion, Siegfried, has slept long in his mountain couch waiting for the summons to arouse and lead again the host of freedom to victory. Charlemagne, the Great, is yet thought to be asleep upon his throne with his crown upon his head. So in Switzerland it is believed that their hero of the dark age, William Tell, remains in his cavern home sleeping while his loved land prospers, to awaken when the service of his strong arm shall be needed to strike for freedom.

But in spite of this extended digression, it was the pretty illusion of another race that I wished to tell, the Japanese fancy tale of other days, when the old earth was younger and its people lived in closer communion with it. This can be given in its happiest effect only in the language of a native. Even then the magic of the narrator's impressive words, and the flash of his eye as he dwells on the scenes pictured in his vivid mind, becomes a mysterious part of his subject, which cannot be conveyed in the

speech of tongue or pen any more than the laughter of the sunny waters or the song of the summer breeze can be imprisoned in the caverns of the imagination, to be freed at will with all their subtle expression. Shorn of this beauty the story runs:

Over two thousand years ago, long ere the old faith was shaken, when Nature held reign supreme over her dominions, and each forest immemorial its holy shrine, there dwelt in the heart of old Japan a certain man named Visu. He had a faithful wife and two sons and two daughters, over whom the sunlight of peace and happiness fell like the beams of the sacred sun. His dwelling standing under the edge of the wide forest looked out upon a far-reaching plain. In the summer he was wont to labor in his fields, but when winter came on he delighted to work under the warm tent of the pines. Toiling here with his ax from sunrise to sunset, he returned to his family loaded with logs and long branches for the fire. Visu was a renowned story-teller, and nothing suited him better than to narrate wonder tales of the deep green woods and the fairies and elves who dwelt in their midst. The region of the northland was an especial wonderland, of which he told so many tales. Late into the night his children were pleased to sit around him listening to his strange stories.

One night, as he was thus repeating his most interesting tale of the wonderful secrets of the woods, a strange noise startled the little group. As they listened it grew louder, and more terrific, until it seemed as if the whole interior of the earth was in convulsion. The cry of the "earthquake" rang out, but Visu quieted his family by saying that had it been an earthquake it needs must have sooner been over. But before he finished speaking the thunder was so loud that he could not make himself heard. He was now frightened himself, and tak-

ing his smaller children in his arms, while his wife and others clung beside him, he ran out into the night. Orion's band of jewels hung low in the stellar realm, while the Dipper's seven diamond points shone like a brilliant finger-board in the sky, but every tip seemed to be focussed toward the earth. Amazed and bewildered, Visu looked northward where these diamonds showed the way, and lo! he saw a sight he might never forget. Where at sunset had stretched the vast greenwood, his pride and boast, rose a mountain, but such a mountain as he had never looked upon! It stood before him like a crystal pyramid, flinging from its summit banners of flames and storms of molten objects across the pathway of the North Star, until that burning sentinel was lost in gloom. Not until another sun had dispelled the darkness and mist did Visu or his family dare to return to their home, which had been left unharmed. In fervent tones they returned thanks unto the great goddess of volcanoes for their miraculous escape.

They saw now that the black folds which had encircled the newly arisen mountain had taken on the gold of morning, and that the Sun-Goddess was pleased at the appearance of the new-comer, which Visu perceived was higher than any other mountain he had ever seen, and he had been far into the region of the northern hills. He named it Fujiyama, and as he looked upon it declared it was the Peerless Mountain, which name it has borne ever since. At eventide the sun's rays played around its silver crest long after they had left the lower peaks, a soft, purple light which lingered even into twilight.

In time Visu learned strange things in regard to his mountain, that he looked upon as watchman of the green wood. On nigh the same hour that Fujiyama had risen from the heart of his great greenwood all the sacred

hills and mountains of the Kyoto district had disappeared with a hue and hubbub, and where they had stood now rested tranquilly a sheet of water, of a heavenly blue. It was shaped like the beloved lute, and so named Biwa. The people knew now that the peerless mountain had traveled nearly a hundred miles underground in order to reach its new post.

It was fully a year later before Visu dared to leave his home so far as to penetrate into the heart of the green woods skirting the foot of Fujiyama, though he had been well towards it. Now, as he went farther and deeper into the trackless forest, he was more and more pleased. It seemed to him the sun had never shone brighter, the sky looked bluer or the air felt more soft and entrancing.

Finally, when he was beginning to think it was time for him to turn back, a merry little fox leaped across his pathway, and Visu thought the creature looked at him with longing eyes as it sped past. Of all the creatures of the forest the fox was held in highest esteem, and when he saw that this one had stopped a little farther on, Visu thought:

"It is a good omen to have a fox cross your path. The little fellow has stopped yonder, and perhaps if I approach he will pass in front of me again, and double my good fortune."

Acting upon this principle he advanced, when, sure enough, the fox turned to leap away, but shaped its course so that, for the second time, it sped in front of Visu, and stopped within sight. Highly pleased now, and imagining the fox was still inviting him ahead, he continued to advance, until he drew closer than before to the cunning creature. To his increased joy the animal again crossed his path. In fact this maneuvering was repeated, until the fox had actually crossed and recrossed the path of Visu ten times.

"Never did such good fortune befall one as has befallen me," thought the overjoyed woodman, "and I am sure the happiness of my life is to be increased tenfold."

This singular process had, quite unconsciously to him, taken Visu so deeply into the forest that when he came to look about him, he found that he was, indeed, so far within the heart of the great greenwood that he feared him lest he should be unable to find his way out. As he stopped to listen for some sound amid the solemn silence he was pleased to hear the soft murmur of running water gliding slowly along a smooth course, while there broke upon his ears, with the regularity of clock-beats, a sharper sound which he took to be the gurgling of a cascade, where the waters were tossed from rock to rock as they hurried on their way.

"The water always runs towards the plain," said Visu, half aloud, "and by following this stream I shall be able to find my way home."

It was a happy thought, and parting the bamboo thicket just ahead of him without hesitation, he stepped into a little clearing or green in the forest, where the morning dew still lingered on the pale green leaves like pearly drops, though the sunlight was sending its golden shafts into the beautiful retreat. Visu thought it was the prettiest spot he had ever seen, but a fairer sight instantly caught his vision, and held him spell-bound. The scene was nothing less than two maids sitting on the mossy green carpet of the glade, close beside the bank of the stream, playing "go," a sort of household game played by the Japanese, and resembling somewhat our chess or checkers. It is played with boxes of little round bone buttons for checks, and upon a mat spread upon the ground or floor. Women and children play it at home, and it is nothing uncommon to see men stop in the midst of their labor,

spread a mat upon the ground, and amuse themselves for hours at a time.

It was a sight like this that Visu saw here in the heart of the greenwood, only the players were maidens, and the fairest he had ever looked upon. So absorbed were they in the game that they played on in silence broken only by the clicking of the checks and the murmuring of the rivulet. The waving bamboos partially shaded their faces from the sunlight, but as they played on their sweet countenances seemed irradiated by a light something more than mortal. As they had not noticed his presence Visu stood and watched the twain, graceful of movement as the slender willow and as fair as the blossom of the cherry trees, as it were, entranced, leaning on his ax helve as he noted the motions of the beautiful players, and not daring to breathe lest he should break the spell. Oblivious of him, the maidens continued to move the chess-men as if their future depended upon their skill in playing. The gentle breeze lifted softly their long, dark hair, so that the sunlight played hide-and-seek amid its dusky coils and along its silken roads. A strange spell seemed to creep over the enraptured watcher; time and again he closed his eyes, to open them upon the same scene — the dew on the bamboo thicket, the green grass carpeting the secluded plot, and above all, the sweet maids playing "go" in silence and in content.

It seemed to Visu that he had been asleep when he finally rallied enough to move, the action bringing to his lips a low cry of pain. He remembered the fair players of "go," but to his surprise they were gone now.

"Strange they should have slipped away without my seeing them," he thought. "I must hasten home, and tell those there of the rare sight I have seen here in the heart of the greenwood."

By this time he was surprised to



find his knees so stiff and his joints so sore that he could move only with the greatest difficulty. He leaned on his ax helve for support, but that crumbled away from under him, and he fell to the ground. Then he saw that his hair reached far down over his shoulders, while his beard hung wide and flowing from his chin. Both were as white as the snow on Fujiyama's crest!

Not knowing what all this meant, he was frightened, and hobbled homeward with what haste he could. It was many hours later when the poor, bewildered woodman came to a hut standing near the border of the forest and looking out upon the plain. Strange children were playing round the door, and he heard unfamiliar voices within.

"There must be visitors at home," he thought, as he stepped inside, to find himself greeted with the decorous civility due to a stranger.

"I am looking for my wife and children," he said. "I left them a short time since for a ramble in the greenwood. Perhaps they got anxious about me and have gone to search for me. If so, I prithee make haste

and inform them of my return. Strange to say, I am fatigued with my journey, though it has not been over long."

They listened to him with surprise, and when he had told them his name they shook their heads, and began to think him daft. When he insisted that this was his home they protested, saying that they, their fathers, and their fathers' fathers had lived there before them. At last they began to recall that an ancestor of theirs had been named Visu, but that was seven generations back. So it slowly and painfully dawned upon the woodman that while he watched the beautiful maidens playing "go" in the greenwood his wife, his children, and his children's children had lived and died. He was taken in and cared for most kindly, but Visu's heart was robbed of its light. His remaining days on earth were passed in making pious pilgrimages to Fujiyama and the heart of the great greenwood, where he looked in vain for the delusive maids that had charmed him. Upon his death he was fittingly sainted, and has ever since been worshipped as the divinity of prosperity.

## *The Little Black Cat*

*By Marguerite Borden*

Dear little cat with yellow eyes  
That cocked her head and looked so wise!  
What if her fur had turned to brown?—  
She was the oldest cat in town.  
From fond friends do you turn away  
Because they're wrinkled, old, or gray?  
Rather dingy she looked, 'tis true,  
But what are *looks* when one can *do*?  
A huntress she, of ancient fame,  
Who never failed to "bag" her game.  
And oft her game, to our surprise,  
Was of a most prodigious size;  
And such great distance did she roam  
She scarce had strength to drag it home.

She'd catch a rabbit, rat, or snake,  
 And give them each their final shake,  
 But would not eat—not e'en a mouse,—  
 Till she had brought them to the house  
 For approbation's recompense,  
 Or for her family's maintenance:  
 Year after year she chose her nest—  
 A place that kittens like the best—  
 In the big barn's sweet-scented hay,  
 The very nicest place to play.  
 But when the earth was white with snow,  
 And wintry winds began to blow,  
 Beside the stove she sat and purred,  
 So eager for a look or word.  
 Ah, little cat we loved so well!  
 Strange are the stories Time can tell!  
 How long ago now seems the day  
 Since from our home you went away!  
 Yes, little cat, and others too,  
 Have gone, and not returned, like you:  
 No voices answer to my call;  
 No flowers bloom beside the wall;  
 The birds from their high homes have flown—  
 Bereaved, bare branches wail and moan,  
 And murm'ring Nature's mournful tone  
 Says to my soul that I'm alone.

## When to Sing

*By Amy J. Dolloff*

When life's path is bright with roses,  
 All abloom with airy grace;  
 When fond hopes are realized,  
 And earth wears a smiling face;  
 When loved friends are close beside us,  
 To our joy new joy to bring;  
 When the full soul swells with gladness;  
 Then we do not need to sing.

But when we must tread the thornpath,  
 Not a beauteous flower in sight;  
 When long cherished hopes are shattered,  
 And the whole world turns to blight;  
 When alone we bear the sorrow  
 That the heart of friend would ring;  
 When the soul moans in its anguish;  
 Let us hide the grief and sing.

# Industrial Evolution and the National Banking System

*By George H. Wood*

Any event that throws into contrast the industries of this country fifty and sixty years ago with those of recent times, shows what an evolution has taken place. We have become so accustomed to steamships, ocean cables, the extension and spreading of railroads, their well appointed vestibule trains, rapid street conveyances, the application of electricity in every conceivable form, rapid printing and labor-saving machinery of all kinds, that we can hardly realize what was the condition of affairs before all these things existed. But there is no department of human effort that has made greater progress than banking methods, especially in operating their recording machinery. Within the time mentioned the operations of settlements through the clearing house have been established. There is room for improvements in the collection of accounts between banks throughout the country: the adding machine has shortened the work, but you want to watch the caller of the list of amounts. Separate books for large bank accounts, and individual deposit accounts are an improvement, because several can work at the same time, and if obliged to take the ledgers into court, it saves handling big ledgers. The loose leaf method for daily statements is another expedite when properly safeguarded and handled right.

Hereafter the probes that will be put into examinations of banks will expose all the trickery and deceptions practiced. There was a time when there was no supervision of banks. Even now, some states have no provision to call them down. The national banking system of today is the result of much experience, and of many failures in financial legislation.

Not only have the restrictions for safety been more closely guarded and insisted upon in the national system, but there have been less failures, and more money realized by creditors when disasters have occurred than by any other system ever devised. It has cheapened banking accommodations to the people and raised the standard of state banks, and corrected many abuses.

The national banking system is not a monopoly. Its privileges are free to all. Any five persons in good standing in a community having \$25,000 and upwards, of collective capital, regulated according to the number of inhabitants, can organize a national bank, deposit United States bonds and receive circulation upon them. Nor is the capital stock of national banks all in the hands of capitalists. There is a prospect of downing pyramiding, and dummy note substitution such as Morse and Walsh resorted to; such defiance of law has at last received its just punishment. Among the shareholders of national banks may be found persons in every rank of life, and great numbers of widows and children rely for their support upon these institutions. In the call, by the comptroller of the currency, for lists of shareholders of national banking associations, as of the first Monday of July, 1904, a request was incorporated for the submission of information as to the number and holdings of women shareholders. The reported capital on the date in question was \$770,594,535, divided into 8,834,404 shares held by 318,735 shareholders, the average par value of shares being \$87.23. This average par value is due to the large number of banks located in the New England

and eastern states, which were converted into national banking associations and with stock divided into shares of less than \$100 each. The returns also show that 1,858,448 shares were held by 104,534 women; in other words, that while nearly one-third of the stockholders were women, their holdings amounted to approximately one fifth of the entire stock of national banking associations. It is also shown that the average number of shares per shareholder was 27.72 and the average value of holdings \$2,418. The average number of shares standing in the name of women was 17.78 and the average value of their holdings \$1,551. In the New England and eastern states 43 per cent. of the shareholders of national banks are women, and they hold, respectively, 24 and 22 per cent. of the stock. In the southern and also in the middle western states 26 per cent. of the shareholders are women, and their holdings, approximately, 20 per cent. of the stock. In the western states the percentages drop to 19 and 10, respectively. In the Pacific states and territories nearly 19 per cent. of the stock is owned by women, representing 23 per cent. of the number of shareholders.

In the following table is shown the distribution of national bank stock on July 4, 1904:

Divisions.	Capital.	Number of shares.	Average par value.	No. of shareholders.	No. of women shareholders.	No. of shares owned by women.	Per cent. of women shareholders.	Per cent. of shares owned by women.
New England States.....	\$117,797,320	1,357,824	\$86.75	70,587	30,262	327,533	0.43—	0.24+
Eastern States.....	279,173,815	3,704,646	75.36	120,883	42,131	824,007	.43+	.22+
Southern States.....	95,169,200	980,642	97.05	43,417	11,304	191,950	.26+	.20—
Middle Western States..	203,429,100	2,039,291	99.75	62,544	16,515	412,526	.26+	.20+
Western States.....	46,115,300	461,903	99.84	14,151	2,665	48,365	.19—	.10+
Pacific States.....	28,274,800	283,748	99.65	7,056	1,645	53,561	.23+	.19—
Islands.....	635,000	6,350	100.00	97	12	506	.12+	.08—
Total United States..	\$770,594,535	8,834,404	\$87.23	318,735	104,534	1,858,448	.32+	.21+

Banks and banking capital are necessary to the welfare of the com-

mercial interests of the United States. In this age of the world business cannot be done without them. It has been said by our financial statesmen that the greatness of this republic, and the happiness of its people are due to the increase of our banking facilities. Before the introduction of the national system, it is doubtful whether the losses to the people through banks and bankers did not exceed the benefits they conferred. Banks and bankers go into business to make money. When not under the control of the government, they are left to the dictation of their own avarice, tempered only by policy. Handling and reading bank reports for forty years, convinces me of this. The old system was more profitable to bankers generally. All that the people lost by failures to redeem circulating notes and honor checks, or paid in exchange, went into bankers' pockets. The national system was established to supersede this state of things. Through the government, the people pay something in the shape of interest on United States bonds, for the protection and benefits afforded, but the amount lost in one financial panic like those of 1837 or 1857, is terrible. Good authority has estimated the loss to the people of this country from the financial panic of 1837, at least \$807,000,000, which amount is acknowl-

edged by the friends of the state bank system. I heard Hon. John Jay

Knox once say that General Washington in an interview with Robert Morris and Alexander Hamilton, at the close of the Revolutionary War, inquired, What shall we do with this terrible debt? — then several million dollars. Hamilton spoke up: "Why bank on it." That is just what we are doing now — banking on the bonded debt of the country. Undoubtedly this was the first suggestion of the national system. Right here, I am patriotic enough to inquire who believes that our system of government will ever break down for the want of a man to carry on any branch of it? The moment we are up against it, we look around, all over this country, and we find him. There never was a clearer case in point than when that great man, distinguished in financial history, great physically and mentally great, who at the commencement of a great and famous administration, was called upon to take charge of the treasury of the United States. His is a name which cannot be spoken to us soldiers without calling to our minds the struggles attendant on that four years of effort to maintain the supply of funds needed to carry on a gigantic war. It may be well said of him, as Webster said of Hamilton: "That he smote the rock of the nation's resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth" to gladden and refresh our hearts. He called for money, and from the hidden resources, the dark closets of the people, liberal sums came at his bidding. His services can never be forgotten; and more especially did he demonstrate his ability in the successful inauguration and establishment of the national banking system, which after a trial of forty-seven years, has proved itself an inestimable blessing to the country.

It is a matter of doubt if the needed funds to carry on such a war as we had, could have been provided, but for this system. Let us honor and

revere the name of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, as well as of that other great man, Hon. John Sherman. While the nation was trembling several times, he, too, was secretary of the treasury, and brought us with great triumph through the resumption of specie payments. Yes, we owe them both a great debt of gratitude. And so I could go on with many other illustrious names, but I have run away from my subject.

A prominent feature of the national bank act is the enforced examination by examiners appointed by the government, and today, after forty-seven years' experience, it is conceded that part of the act was most wise and proper, for every bank organized under this act practically starts out with the endorsement and guarantees of the government which on its part says: "Having created you, I am bound to watch over your career, and having thus started you under the favorable auspices of the national endorsement, you must so conduct your affairs as to realize and make good our general representation as to your soundness and solvency, and we will at such times as we deem best, look into your affairs and the conduct of your business, and if properly handled, and you have complied with our requirements, we will continue our protection; but if we find any mismanagement, any departure from the rules we lay down when we permit you to carry on your business, any dishonesty or lack of business skill to properly administer your affairs, we will cancel our indorsement, take away our protection and withdraw our permission to you to continue your operations." This is only fair and reasonable.

The "American Institute of Bank Clerks" is doing a great work in the educational line, and we will soon be a nation of bankers. In forty-seven years, since the commencement of the national banking system, 508 banks

have failed and been placed in hands of receivers for causes as follows: Ten, defalcation of officers; 24, defalcation of officers and fraudulent management; 3, defalcation of officers and excessive loans to others; 3, defalcation of officers and depreciation of securities; 17, depreciation of securities; 32, excessive loans to others, injudicious banking and depreciation of securities; 27, excessive loans to officers and directors and depreciation of securities; 9, excessive loans to officers and directors and investments in real estate and mortgages; 9, excessive loans to others and depreciation of securities; 6, excessive loans to others and real estate investments; 4, excessive loans to others and failure of large debtors; 13, excessive loans to officers and directors; 12, failures of large debtors; 27, fraudulent management; 16, fraudulent management, excessive loans to officers and directors and depreciation of securities; 12, fraudulent management and depreciation of securities; 31, fraudulent management and injudicious banking; 11,

fraudulent management, defalcation of officers and depreciation of securities; 8, fraudulent management, injudicious banking, investments in real estate and mortgages and depreciation of securities; 15, fraudulent management, excessive loans to officers and directors; 34, injudicious banking; 65, injudicious banking and depreciation of securities; 18, injudicious banking and failure of large debtors; 14, investments in real estate and mortgages and depreciation of the money market, shrinkage in values and imprudent banking; 34, wrecked by the cashier; 3, closed by run; 1, closed by directors in anticipation of run. Twenty-four of these were restored to solvency.

Notwithstanding all this hazardous application of depositors' and creditors' money, they have received about 81 per cent. in their final dividends through the receivers since the beginning of the system. The loss in deposits, in forty-seven years, has been less than eight one-hundredths of one per cent. of the average total of deposits.

## When The Tide Comes In

*By Hannah Maria George Colby*

When the tide comes in, when the tide comes in,  
It upheaves its treasures there,  
And it casts rich store at our willing door,  
With an inundation rare.

While the tide is high, while the tide is high,  
And the flood-time's gifts are fair,  
There are power and place and obsequious grace,  
There are friends to do and dare.

But the tide goes out, yes, the tide goes out  
And it claims again its share:  
And the backward wave is our pearl's deep grave,  
While the beach lies cold and bare.

YORK BEACH, July 15, 1909.

# The Breaking of the Spell

*By Mary Currier Rolofson*

"O Ellen, Martha writes that the baby is dead! Dear, little, curly-headed Charlie! Isn't it too bad?"

The quick tears that sprang to Ellen's eyes were answer enough, and Rhoda went on reading her letter. At last, laying it down with a sigh, she took up her sewing.

"He wasn't sick but two days," she continued. "Well, it's a merey his mother and father are both dead, they would be heart broken."

"Yes," assented Ellen with a choke.

"I did so much hope that he'd live to perpetuate our father's name," pursued Rhoda, wiping her eyes. "And he was the brightest, dearest, prettiest, little fellow I ever saw."

Suddenly Ellen went white, but in a few moments she had recovered her color. She looked at Rhoda who was sitting in an easy chair sewing on a white waist that she was making for herself. How frail she looked, Ellen thought. She had always been delicate, but her thin face and slender form impressed Ellen as never before. Rhoda would be going soon! Ellen felt sure of this. And she believed it not so much because of Rhoda's appearance as because when one died in the Morris family there was always another death soon. Now Charlie was dead — their brother's little boy — and there were none left in the family but these two. How could she spare Rhoda? Even in her semi-invalid condition she was a great help to Ellen in many ways, and the two sisters had always loved each other tenderly. Ellen was but twenty; Rhoda, thirty-two.

Ellen looked at her sister again, wondering if she realized that the call that had come to baby Charlie had included her also. No trace of fear

or anxiety was on that pale, sensitive face. She was unconscious of the far-reaching sadness of that letter. Only the present sadness was casting a shadow over her usually bright and cheerful spirit. Ellen was glad that it was so, and yet to bear all that burden alone seemed too hard for her. Rhoda's was the stronger nature, and Ellen had leaned heavily upon her many a time, though physically strong.

It all came to Rhoda that night. She was just dozing off into sleep when she remembered. She was startled at first, then her plain good sense befriended her.

"There's nothing in that old superstitious fancy," she said forebly to herself, though very softly for fear of waking Ellen. "What if it has happened eight times! That's no reason why it should happen again. I'm not going to be scared to death. I shall live till my time comes." With that she closed her eyes and slept soundly.

Ellen watched her sister closely during those next weeks, but not more closely than Rhoda watched herself. Every little cough, every trace of weariness, every reminder of her sister's frailty Ellen noted with an apprehension that was agony. But the result of Rhoda's observations was different.

"I believe I am a little stronger to-day," she was often thinking. "I will not give up to this foolish, dreadful idea that has had possession of the Morris family so long. Who knows but these second deaths might have been avoided, in many cases if there had not been such a settled conviction in the minds of all that that second death must come. I am the one to break that spell and I can do it. O,

that it had been my turn sooner! I would have shattered that weird superstition, and saved a part, at least, of that long list of deaths."

She forced herself to take short walks in the open air. She compelled herself to be more than usually cheerful and hopeful, and she actually did succeed in becoming a trifle stronger; the neighbors noticed it and congratulated her.

"You are looking better," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Yes, I am a pound and a half heavier than I was last summer," replied Rhoda with a courageous smile.

After a while even Ellen became convinced that Rhoda was a trifle better. And then a strange idea crept into the imaginative girl's mind, the spell was a very real thing to her. No doubt that a second death would follow Charlie's ever crossed her thoughts; and therefore to her who had brooded so long and so silently over her sister's fate came the intimation that if Rhoda was to live it must be herself who was to die! Terrible to her was this thought. She had hardly begun to live. Life was so full of beautiful possibilities! She felt a strange sort of anger at Rhoda. Why would she not die? It was her duty to die. She had never been strong and there was not half so much to be relinquished in her case as in Ellen's. By refusing to die she was no better than a murderess, for she was making Ellen die in her place.

But this fierce resentment did not last long. Ellen's mood changed to patient sadness. She became resigned, and she tried in a girlish way to become prepared for the great change before her. She arranged her work for her long absence. She finished all the little things that she had been wanting to do. She set her house in order from cellar to garret and she burned many of the letters and the little childhood and girlhood trinkets that she had been keeping.

For some time Rhoda, intent on her mission of breaking the spell of the Morris family, and happy in the knowledge that she was gaining in strength, though ever so slightly, failed to notice the change in Ellen. At length it dawned upon her that Ellen was looking pale and that her appetite was not what it should be. With a big-sisterly frankness she told Ellen that she was not taking good care of herself. Ellen replied that she was as well as usual.

"No you are not," contradicted Rhoda. "I've got eyes. Something is pulling you down. What is it?"

"Nothing," said Ellen, evading her sister's gaze.

"Nothing!" repeated Rhoda, with no very delicate shade of scorn. "Is it Wilbur Arnold?"

A flush overspread Ellen's face. She and Wilbur Arnold had been fond of each other but Rhoda had not approved of him. There had been no engagement—merely a mutual admiration and regard.

"Oh, no," she protested hastily.

"Ellen, if you *love* that boy I shall have to withdraw my objections. I can't have you breaking your heart for him."

"It isn't that. Really it isn't, Rhoda. I don't know what is the matter with me. I don't feel sick, and yet I am sick of things. I don't care for the things I used to care for."

Just one week later Rhoda learned the whole situation. The discovery came by chance. She was feeling so strong and ambitious that morning that she attempted a thing she had rarely found herself able to do. She climbed both flights of stairs and began to rummage around among the old trunks, boxes and discarded furniture of the attic. Here she found in a corner by the west window a broken-backed rocking chair and an old-fashioned table on which were writing materials. She gazed in wonder, for



she had never suspected Ellen of having literary tendencies. Mechanically, without realizing that she had no right to read it, she picked up a sheet of paper and looked it over.

"Dearest Wilbur," she read, "before I die I want to write you a few words. You know the way it always is with the Morris family. One death means another very soon. We are nearly all gone now. It will be my turn next, for baby Charlie was the last of that branch of the family. I want to tell you that I love you. I didn't know I did till very lately. I don't know why I wish to tell you this when I am going away so soon, but it makes me happier to think you will know that I loved you. I could not tell you if I were not going to die. I hope you will have a long life and be very happy, and that you will not entirely forget your old friend, your true and loving friend — Ellen."

Rhoda sank into the battered rocking chair utterly overcome.

"Ellen, Ellen," she murmured, "my poor, dear little sister! How much she has suffered, and all so silently and patiently!"

Looking out of the window she saw Ellen in the garden.

"I must go down," she thought. "If I can get to the sitting-room before she comes in she will never know that I have found out her secret." With such haste as she could make she went back down the stairs.

Her first move was to arrange a small surprise party for Ellen on her birthday, which was near at hand. To this party she invited Wilbur Arnold, his two sisters, and half a dozen other young people. It was a complete surprise to Ellen and a real pleasure. Rhoda was at her brightest and best and Ellen rejoiced to see her so beautiful and so full of animation. The fates had accepted her sacrifice. She had purchased life and all its blessings for Rhoda. She was

more cordial than usual to Wilbur, who was delighted to be so favored.

"She shall not die," declared Rhoda to herself after their guests had departed. "The dear, noble girl! She does love Wilbur and he loves her. As Mrs. Browning says, 'Not Death but Love' holds her, and she little guesses it."

"I don't think there will be another death in the Morris family for a good many years," said Rhoda nearly a week after the party. Ellen was slipping back into her former listless ways. She paled and a sigh escaped her lips.

Rhoda burst into a merry, ringing laugh.

"You look so solemn!" she cried. "Didn't you know that the spell was broken?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it was to have been my fate to follow Charlie, but I have refused absolutely to go till I see you married. You don't think I am going to leave you all alone, do you?"

Ellen stared at her sister as though she feared she had lost her senses.

"And so," pursued Rhoda, "you must marry or I won't die. In fact I believe I won't die, anyhow, not till I am a hundred. I want to see how you get along in your new home."

"But Rhoda," stammered Ellen, "I shall never have a home of my own."

"Then I'll keep on living, like the wandering Jew," laughed Rhoda. "But you won't condemn me to such a fate, I am sure. Wilbur loves you, you are going to marry him within a year. You'd better be getting ready, for I prophecy he'll want a short engagement."

With a flood of tears Ellen laid her head upon her sister's shoulder.

"Is this really so?" she asked. "I thought — I believed — O Rhoda, can it be possible that life and all its happiness is ours — that we can both live — and that Wilbur —"

"Yes, my dearest Ellen, it is all

true. For some reason or other, I will not try to guess why, the spell is broken. I can see only love and prosperity in the distance. Will is a true-hearted boy, and you two will have a happy home together.”  
 “I almost believe you, Rhoda,” said Ellen.

## In the Spring

*By Elizabeth Thomson Ordway*

When the trees begin to show  
 Long, deep shadows on the snow,  
 While the snow it fairly fades  
 Underneath the purple shades,  
 As it runs away in fear  
 From the spring's on-coming cheer;  
 Then we hark and listen long  
 For the early robin's song.

Oh, the bushes rich and red,  
 Full the blossoms yet unshed,  
 Fairly bursting with the thought  
 Of the change the season's wrought!  
 And the hope of summer, too,  
 Thrills each little twig anew,  
 So that tiny buds awake,  
 Nod and shiver, stretch and shake,  
 And at last peep out to see  
 Why so great a stir should be.

Thus fulfilling promise made  
 By Dame Nature, when a raid  
 Of mad Autumn's in the fall  
 Caused such misery to all!  
 "Hush! this is not death," quoth she,  
 "Only life that's spent, set free!  
 Be not desolate nor drear,  
 Little cause hast thou to fear;  
 Rest awhile, and in the spring,  
 Joy thou'lt find in ev'rything."

In the valleys, on the hills,  
 By the marshes, by the rills,  
 Flowers — timid, shrinking, shy,—  
 Lift glad faces to the sky;  
 And the colors that they wear,  
 Some so gay and all so fair,  
 Fresh from Nature's ancient loom  
 Add the fragrance of their bloom.

E'en the grass I'd fain adore,  
 Was it e'er so green before?  
 How I long to bend me low,  
 Feel it, fresh and tender blow

About face, and hair, and eyes,  
Proving what were half surmise,  
Only just a month ago,  
When the ground was white with snow.

Bluebirds, lovely bits of sky,  
Flashing all too swiftly by;  
While like sunshine, here and there,  
Golden robins fill the air  
With their melody of song,  
Gay, alluring, plaintive, strong,  
Little wonder songs so sweet  
Stay the swiftest, slowest feet;  
Oh, the joy that's in the spring  
Throbs and thrills through ev'rything!

## The Constant Lover

*By M. A. H.*

April, frivolous coquette,  
Charms while yet we would forget;  
For, so inconstant does she prove,  
We fain would seek another love.

So, when May comes with smiling face  
And beckons us to her embrace,  
More constant known she more doth bless,  
And Nature answers her caress.

## New Hampshire Necrology

### JAMES BELLOWS MCGREGOR

James Bellows McGregor, for some time past known as the oldest man in New Hampshire and the oldest Free Mason in the world, died at his home in North Newport, on Wednesday morning, March 23.

Mr. McGregor was born near where he died and where he passed the greater portion of his life, September 6, 1801, having passed more than half way through his 109th year, and having retained his mental faculties and bodily vigor in a remarkable degree up to the time of his decease. He was a son of Joel and Martha (Bellows) McGregor; his father, who was a soldier of the Revolution, serving in the Connecticut line and being one of the famous "sugar house prisoners" in New York for eight months, also lived to a great age, being 101 years old at death.

He was reared to farm life, but attended school in the district and also the old

Newport Academy. The winter after he was twenty-one years of age, he taught a district school in the town of Lyman, where a brother was then residing, which numbered over a hundred scholars. Subsequently, he went to Albany, N. Y., but did not long remain, returning to Newport and engaging as a clerk in a store at the village. Later he was for some time in a store in the town of Salisbury, where he united with the Masonic order. In 1829, he purchased a store in Lunenburg, Vt., where he remained two years. Later he was for a time in Boston, and subsequently engaged in a cooperage business at Waterville, Me. For three years from 1838 he engaged as a singing teacher in Maine, being a natural musician and having a fondness for the work, which he had previously pursued at different times. Returning to Newport in the early forties, he purchased a saw-mill, which he operated for some years, and also carried on business as a carpenter and joiner, which pursuit he contin-

ued to a greater or less extent through life.

In 1832 he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Jane Townsend, who died in August, 1869. For many years past he has made his home with his



James B. McGregor

granddaughter, Mrs. Orris Clement, who has been his devoted companion, and for whom he entertained a strong affection. He has received great numbers of visitors in recent years, and his birthday anniversaries, since he reached the century mark, have been gala day occasions for the whole region round about. Last October, Mr. McGregor, who was an "own son," became affiliated with the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Politically, he was a staunch and uncompromising Democrat, and had voted the straight party ticket at every election since the first candidacy of Andrew Jackson, including three times each for Jackson, Cleveland, and Bryan.

#### COL. JAMES R. STANWOOD

Col. James R. Stanwood, a prominent citizen of Portsmouth, died in that city April 9. He was a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, the son of Isaac H. and Mehitable Rindge (Wendell) Stanwood, born April 3, 1847. His mother dying in October following, he was taken to Portsmouth and reared in the home of his grandfather, the late Jacob Wendell, a leading

merchant of his day. He was educated at Phillips-Exeter Academy. He was for a time engaged in the wool commission business in Boston; but, being burned out in the great fire of 1872, he removed to Portsmouth, where his time was devoted to antiquarian research and literary pursuits. His title came from service on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Union Veterans' Union. He was a member of the Portsmouth Athenæum, of the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and secretary of the Fitz John Porter statue committee.

#### HANNAH MARIA GEORGE COLBY

Born at Warner, New Hampshire.

A Well Known Writer  
of Verse and Prose.\*

For five years Conducted  
a Department in *The Household*.  
Member of Board of Education  
at Warner for ten years.

Prominent in  
Woman's Suffrage Movement  
in the State Association of which  
She held Office.

Died at Warner, March 29, 1910.

Only those who knew intimately the daily life of Mrs. Colby could understand thoroughly her sterling and unusual worth.

Always forgetful of self, thoughtful of others, cheerful and with an ever helpful thought and hand to give assistance in individual needs or lay and carry out broad plans for the betterment of her sex and humanity.

Animals, children, the aged and the poor were her especial care.

Many a refined and worthy woman has had the anxiety and need of her advancing years eased by this kind heart, who used influence and untiring energy in obtaining for her a refuge in the Home for the Aged; and even then her care did not cease, but flowed on in continuous expressions of kindly visits and welcome gifts.

The children loved her. She was the town mother. The childish feet ran swiftly to meet her, that their tiny arms might be raised for her caress; and many a little soul has been led by her councils into a useful, honorable life, or has been made glad by her well-told tales and cheerful comradeship.

The poor she held in her daily benevolences. Through a backward vista of long years she had clothed the needy and laid aside store continually to better their condition.

Her tenderness towards all helpless life

\*The last poem which Mrs. Colby wrote is printed elsewhere in this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

was too large to be confined to humanity. There was always food put out for the winter birds, and the domestic animals were regarded and treated by her as "dear little souls that had come to stay with us for a time."

Her work for the uplifting of her sex was never-ceasing and earnest. It was not confined to local effort, but spread its forceful thought-waves from the dip of



Mrs. Fred Myron Colby

her facile pen and the plunge of her strong mentality, till only the future can show the scope of these widening currents.

Loyal to her friends and to her ideals, spurning all wrong, yet gentle, with the old-time grace, that sweet politeness which springs from true inward deference of others and an inborn delicacy incapable of intrusion, hers was a nature so sincere, so worthy and so sweet that only those who knew her best could comprehend how brave, how rare, how true a soul was hers.

She was the eldest child of the late Gilman C. and Nancy (Badger) George, born October 1, 1844, and united in marriage with Frederick Myron Colby in December, 1880. Besides her husband, she is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Nellie George Stearns of Boston and Mrs. C. H. Bennett of Pipestone City, Minn., and one brother, Frank G. George of Brookline, Mass.

# GEORGE ROBY BENNETT, M. D.

Born January 10, 1850; obit March 15, 1910.

George Roby Bennett was born in Exeter, N. H. While a young child he lost his father and later he was adopted by Mr. Samuel Eaton of Danville, N. H. When he was twelve years old Mr. Eaton sent him to Kingston Academy, and later to Bowdoin College. After graduation he studied medicine in New York and practised several years in Bellevue Hospital, New York City. In 1878 he returned to Danville, bringing his bride with him. She was Amelia F. Savory, eldest daughter of Wicom and Louise Raymond Savory of Haverhill, Mass., and a lineal descendant of Hannah Dustin. After living a few years in Danville at the Eaton homestead, they moved to Hampstead, N. H., where for many years they have lived in their beautiful home, "Lakeview," which commands a fine view of historic Wash Pond.

Doctor Bennett was a faithful and enthusiastic Mason. No night was too cold, no journey too hard or too long if his presence in the lodge room was necessary. That this was appreciated was attested by the presence at his funeral of nearly one hundred Masons from different lodges in the state. He was made a master Mason in Gideon Lodge, Kingston, in 1872, and joined St. Albans Chapter of Exeter in 1878. He was a charter member of Bell Chapter, R. A. M., of Derry, N. H., when that lodge was established, and held the office of excellent high priest during 1898-1900. In 1889 he was knighted in Dewitt Clinton Commandery, Portsmouth. He became master of Gideon Lodge, Kingston, 1894-'95. He belonged also to Aleppo Temple of the Mystic Shrine in Boston, and to the Sons of Veterans and J. O. U. A. M. of Hampstead.

In the passing away of Doctor Bennett the town has lost a citizen whose place in the community will long remain unfilled. He was a public-spirited man, whose sympathy was speedily enlisted in any measure proposed for the benefit of the town he loved, and whose voice and energy were ever at the disposal of all who needed his help.

It is sometimes given to us, as we go through life, to meet occasionally during the journey a rare soul, who, by some occult process, seems to compel a sincere affection, an affection deep and lasting, which does not cease when the personality is lost to us, but endures, becoming each year a dearer memory. Such a soul was George Roby Bennett; and when we analyze the occult process it turns out to be nothing but the old-fashioned virtues

of *kindness* and sincere, heartfelt *sympathy* which he extended to all with whom he came in contact.

That life has been well lived that can call forth such spontaneous expressions of sincere grief and bitter loss as fell from the lips of friends and neighbors as they looked upon his face for the last time; and it behooves us all to follow his example of broad charity and universal helpfulness toward humanity.

Doctor Bennett had a happy way of writing both prose and poetry, and several of his poems and historical sketches have appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. The simple pathos of the following selection speaks volumes for the gentle tenderness of his heart toward children:

#### THE DEAD CHILD

A little messenger from Heaven  
Came to our home one day.  
I wonder how, amid the rush,  
He ever found the way!  
I opened wide the door to him,  
And warmed him in my breast.  
Alas! I found he could not stay;  
He only paused to rest.  
He took again his homeward flight  
And left my bosom cold.  
I watched him till I saw him light  
Safely within the fold.  
And now I know that, come what may  
In life, of bliss or care,  
When I shall reach the other side  
Some one will meet me there.

During the last year of his life his health had steadily declined; but he bore extreme suffering with remarkable fortitude, and when the end came it was mercifully sudden.

The following verses are taken from the last poem he wrote, and, under the circumstances, are suggestive:

#### TO LIFE'S WEARY ONES

Thin is the veil that guards the unseen portal  
That leads from out this narrow place of tears  
Into wide fields, the blessed life immortal,  
Where we, rejoicing, spend the eternal years.  
We feel a presence rising dark before us,  
A shadow looming dimly in our way;  
A gasping cry, and then, full shining o'er us,  
The bright effulgence of an endless day.  
The death we fear is but the quiet going  
From life's dim chamber into quick'ning light,  
The happy reaping of a lifetime's sowing  
Of seed we scattered free from morn till night.  
Perhaps with joy we'll find the end we sought for  
Has yielded gracious store of golden sheaves;

Perchance with tears, too late the purpose wrought for,

We find naught left to glean but scattered leaves.

#### SAMUEL BERKELEY PAGE

Samuel Berkeley Page, born in Littleton June 23, 1838, died at Woodsville April 6, 1910.

Mr. Page was a man of remarkable natural endowments, whose ability as a public speaker, readiness as a debater and skill as a parliamentarian were unequalled in his day and generation, in this or any other state. He was educated in the academies at Kingston, N. H., and Lyndon and McIndoes Falls, Vt.; taught school in youth, studied law in the office of Harry and George A. Bingham in Littleton, and at the Albany Law School, from which he graduated in 1861.

He located in the practice of his profession at Warren, which town he represented in the Legislature six terms, from 1864 to 1869 inclusive, during which time, it is safe to say, he was heard on the floor with greater force and frequency than any other member. In 1870 he removed to Concord, where he became a member of the firm of Eastman, Page & Albin. Here he remained but a few years, removing to Woodsville, in the town of Haverhill, where he continued in practice through life. While in Concord, however, he served as a member of the Legislature from Ward 6 in 1871, and was three times, subsequently, a member of the House from Haverhill, in 1887, 1889 and 1893. He was also a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1876.

No man was more conspicuous than Mr. Page in the councils of the Democratic party. He was chairman of its state committee in 1869 and 1870, and a leading spirit in its state conventions for more than forty years, while upon the stump he had been heard oftener in defence of the principles of his party than any other man. He was a master of incisive and forceful English and wrote as readily as he spoke. His command of language, under all circumstances, was the wonder of his friends and the discomfiture of his opponents. He was always strongly interested in education and was a member of the school committees in Warren, Concord and Woodsville. In 1900 he was a delegate in the Democratic National Convention at Kansas City.

Mr. Page was a Mason, Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias and a Red Man, and had been particularly prominent in the latter three organizations, having held the highest offices in their grand bodies. He married Miss Mattie C. Lang of Bath, by whom he had six children. She died

about fifteen years ago, and in 1899 he married Lulu A. Johnson. One daughter by his first wife only survives — Mrs. Sophia Hutchins of Windsor, Vt.

CHARLES B. HAMMOND, M. D.

Dr. Charles B. Hammond, born in Nashua March 20, 1853, died in that city April 8, 1910.

Doctor Hammond was the son of Dr. Evan B. and Sarah Ann (Adams) Hammond. He was educated in the Crosby Literary Institute in Nashua and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1877, and also from the Harvard Medical School in 1880, since which time he had been in successful practice in Nashua, gaining a wide reputation for medical and surgical skill. He was a member of the Nashua, Hillsborough County and New Hampshire Medical Societies, and of the American Medical Association. He had been city and county physician and was secretary of the United States Board of Pension Examiners from 1889 to 1893. He was prominent in Masonry, having received the degrees of the lodge, chapter, commandery and consistory. October 16, 1883, he married Mary L., daughter of the late Dr. William A. Tracy, who survives him, with one son, Karl Raymond, a graduate of Dartmouth of 1909, now in business at East Walpole, Mass.

HAVEN PALMER, M. D.

Dr. Haven Palmer, a prominent physician of Grafton County, died at his home in Plymouth April 8, 1910.

He was a native of the town of Jefferson, a son of Lewis J. and Susan H. (Summers) Palmer, born September 19, 1843. He studied medicine with the late Dr. John W. Barney at Lancaster and at the Bowdoin Medical College, Brunswick, Me., where he graduated in 1871. He located in practice in Wentworth, where he remained several years, removing thence to Haverhill and later to Meredith, whence he went to Plymouth in

1883, and there remained, establishing a fine practice, extending through a wide section. He had been a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society thirty-six years and was president of the Winnepesaukee Medical Association at the time of his death. He had served as a member of the Plymouth Board of Education; was a Democrat in politics and a Free Mason.

He married Lucy J. Ellis of Lancaster in 1875, who survives him, with a son and two daughters, the former being Dr. Harold H. Palmer of Rumney.

EDWARD P. KIMBALL

Edward P. Kimball, born in Warner, July 4, 1834, died in Brookline, Mass., March 31, 1910.

Mr. Kimball was the son of Rev. Reuben and Judith C. Kimball. He was educated in the common schools of Kittery, Me., and at Hampton and Andover Academies. He was engaged in mercantile life at Kittery from 1855 to 1857, removing to Portsmouth in the latter year and engaging in the banking business, as a clerk in the Piscataqua Exchange and Portsmouth Savings Bank. In 1871 he became cashier of the First National Bank, and in 1882 was made president of the same and of the Piscataqua Savings Bank.

Politically he was a staunch Republican, and had served in the city government, and also as a representative in the Legislature in 1885-'86.

Since 1871 he had been a deacon of the North Congregational Church and had been clerk and treasurer of the church since 1867. He had been a member of the Portsmouth school board, a trustee of the Cottage Hospital, the Chase Home for children, the Portsmouth Seaman's Friend Society and at his death was president of the Howard Benevolent Society and the Young Men's Christian Association.

He leaves a wife, one daughter, Miss Martha S. Kimball, and a son, Edward T. Kimball, of Brookline, Mass., at whose home he died.

## *Editor and Publisher's Notes*

On April 19 the spring meeting of the N. H. Board of Trade was held in the assembly room in the city hall building at Nashua, and was attended by delegations from the Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Franklin, Laconia, Portsmouth, Meredith, Peterboro, Antrim, Keene and Milford boards, about seventy-

five representative business men in all being present.

An interesting feature of the meeting was the presence of Governor Quinby as the special guest of the board, who opened the discussion of the leading subject assigned for the after-dinner talk, "The Highway and the Autom-

bile," taking strong ground in favor of a graduated license for automobiles, which shall compel the owners of the heavier and more destructive machines to contribute a fairly proportionate amount toward the maintenance of the highways; also in favor of strict enforcement of the law regulating speed. An interesting and carefully written paper on the same subject, by Mr. Charles S. Emerson, secretary of the Milford Board of Trade and a leading member of the House of Representatives, followed, with subsequent discussion by several speakers, all of whom emphasized the necessity of a graduated tax or license and proper speed regulations. Hon. A. G. Whittemore of Dover, of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, alluded to the fact that as the law now is, the heavy touring cars from outside the state that come in for a period of less than ten days, though they may injure the roads more than the lighter, low-power machines do in the entire season, contribute nothing to the treasury for repair—an injustice that ought to be remedied in some way.

William Savacool of Manchester, president of the Board of Trade of that city and chairman of the special committee in charge of the case against the express company for reduction of rates, reported the present status of the matter, and spoke of the necessity for legislation which shall insure the active support of the state government, to the extent of its power, in enforcing the reduction in rates ordered by the railroad commissioners. General Hamblett of Nashua, Robert P. Bass of Peterboro and others spoke earnestly along this line, and the committee in charge was not only instructed to seek the necessary legislation, but also to push the case as it now stands, and the additional amount of \$500 was guaranteed by the board for the work in case due provision is not made by the legislature.

Another interesting item on the program was an address by W. T. Billings of the Boston and Maine Railroad Industrial Department on "Building Up the State." The time and place of the annual summer outing was left by the board to the determination of the officers. It will probably be held at Canobie Lake late in June or early in July.

The people in the central and southeastern sections of the state, and not a few in the western and northern regions, are much interested in the movement to secure the restoration of the link in the Concord and Portsmouth railway line, between Suncook and Candia, abandoned about half a century ago, near the same

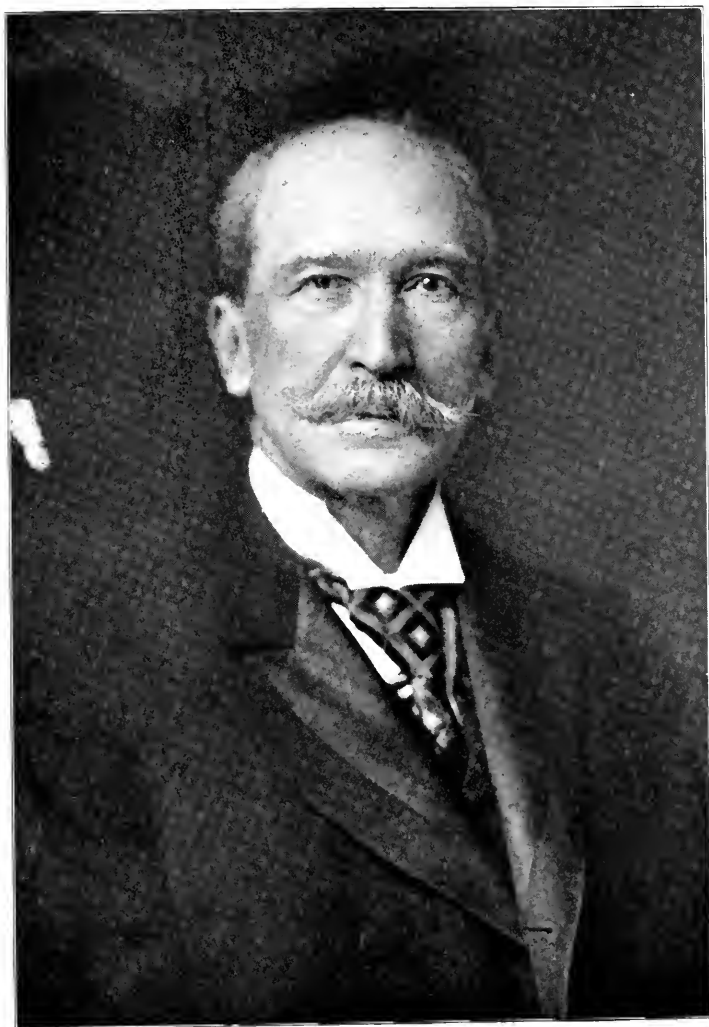
time that the Henniker and North Weare rails (since restored) were taken up. This restoration would involve the relaying of only about a dozen miles of track along the abandoned route, the grade of which is substantially complete, and the right of way still owned by the company, which has already voted to do the work and awaits only the approval of the Boston and Maine management. The comparatively small expenditure which this proposition involves would be of greater advantage to the state on the whole, than any other of similar amount made within the memory of living men.

The commissioner of industrial and labor statistics for the state of Maine, who has made a careful census of summer home property in that state finds 9,753 summer homes in the state for a total value of \$13,272,956. Of these, 5,100, valued at \$10,182,083, are the property of non-residents, while the remainder are owned by Maine people. Just what may be the number of summer homes in New Hampshire owned by people living outside the state, and the value of the same, we can only estimate; but it is safe to say that the number and value thereof is proportionately greater than in Maine. Moreover, the increase in the same is rapid and growing more so from year to year. As an illustration of the great demand for summer homes in the state, it may be noted that a single real estate dealer, in a western New Hampshire town, received inquiries regarding farms for sale from over thirty different individuals in a single week recently, mostly from people outside the state seeking eligible places for summer homes. The danger seems to be that the greater portion of the state will soon become property of summer residents, merely. Summer residents are all right to a reasonable extent, but a substantial permanent population, in the rural districts, is absolutely essential to the prosperity of the state.

The only change in the political situation in the state, so far as gubernatorial candidacies are concerned, is that effected by the announcement of Col. Eugene S. Head of Hooksett that he will seek the Republican nomination. Colonel Head and Mr. Bass of Peterboro are thus far the only Republican aspirants in the field; while no Democratic candidacy has yet been announced. So far as the press of the state is concerned there seems to be no indication as yet of any decided sentiment in favor of any particular individual. "Watching and waiting" seems to be the order of the day.







COL. GILMAN H. TUCKER

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## Gilman H. Tucker

### An Example Of New Hampshire Blood and Brain in the Nation's Metropolis

*By A. Chester Clark*

"As the smallest wave must go on till it crosses the ocean," says David Starr Jordan, "so the influence of every ancestor must go on to the end of the generations of life. Each of us must feel in a degree the strength or weakness of each one of them."

The truth of this statement cannot be denied. Environment may have its influence, education may soften, polish and refine the man, but unless innate strength and ability is transmitted from a long line of forebears, then he is but a superficial thing and will not stand the test in the great affairs of life. There may be exceptions, but if the search is made, somewhere in the branches of the ancestral tree there will be found in every case the blood that tells the story.

Who can say, then, that he is not fortunate whose ancestors have been "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," among the leaders in the great movements of history? Who can say that he is not fortunate who can trace his lineage to New Hampshire, a state which has given to statesmanship, a Webster, to military affairs, a Stark, to jurisprudence, a Chase, to journalism a Greeley, and to the executive chair of the nation, the polished and talented Pierce; a state which fired

the first gun of the Revolution in the assault on Fort William and Mary, furnished the powder with which the British were thrice repulsed at Bunker Hill and more men than participated in that battle from all the rest of New England put together; a state bearing the proud distinction of giving to the cause of freedom the first martyr in the great Civil War and whose soldiery first passed within the enemy's capital at the close of that sanguinary struggle.

An ancestry coming from such stock as this is possessed by the subject of this sketch, Gilman H. Tucker, a potent factor in the publishing business in this country, today. Mr. Tucker is a native of Raymond, N. H., having been born there January 20, 1836, the son of Gen. Henry and Nancy (Dudley) Tucker of that town. His father was in his day one of the best known men of the state, having risen from captain to major-general in the militia, a position which he held when he died, June 23, 1849, at the age of but 44 years. General Tucker was also a native of Raymond, and after his marriage settled there on the farm on Long Hill, now occupied by his son, Gilman H., as a summer residence, and located just outside the village limits. He was particularly interested in mili-

tary affairs as evidenced by his rapid rise in this line noted above. Such was the respect in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen and such their confidence in his integrity and ability that he was called repeatedly to hold civil office also. He served successively as moderator of the annual town meeting, collector of taxes, member of the board of selectmen and

there always remained the opportunities for self-improvement by reading and in the broad school of experience. General Tucker availed himself of both of these, gathering from far and near all the books possible over which he passed many hours when not engaged in his multifarious business and public duties. Although possessed of that firmness, determina-



**GEN. HENRY TUCKER**

Father of Col. Gilman H. Tucker

as a justice of the peace. Probably no citizen of the town during the past century exerted a greater influence. During his early life the opportunities for education in Raymond were far less than the same community affords today. School-houses were few and the number of weeks during which the schools were in session were extremely limited, but

tion and strength of character which made him a commanding figure in the state militia, yet he had another side to his character. He early developed a sense of the esthetic, a love of the beautiful which displayed itself throughout his entire life. He loved the works of nature and was especially fond of flowers.

The Tuckers of this country are de-

scended from several early immigrants of the name, who came here in the early days of the American colonies. Gilman H. traces his ancestry to Richard Tucker, who, with George Cleaves, founded what is now the city of Portland, Me. He was a native of Stogumber in Somerset County, England. In 1630 he came to America and was a partner of Mr. Cleaves and an agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was then endeavoring to lay the

mained a resident there until 1653, when he removed to Portsmouth, although he still retained an interest in property there. He was a selectman of Portsmouth and a commissioner to the General Court. In 1665 he did active work in opposing the jurisdiction of the royal commissioners and in favor of the rule of Massachusetts in the territory now included in Maine. Payson Tucker, late general manager of the Maine Central Rail-



Residence of Gilman H. Tucker, Raymond, N. H.

foundations of a settlement in the state of Maine. They first established a trading post at what is now Cape Elizabeth, but finding that it was upon territory held under another royal grant, they were compelled to seek another location. It was at this time that they went to a point on Casco Bay and made the settlement at a point called Machigonne by the Indians, but since called at various times Casco, Falmouth and Portland. Mr. Tucker was very active in the development of the settlement and re-

road and a descendant of Richard, has erected a monument at Portland commemorating the founding of the city by his ancestor.

But it is from his maternal ancestors that Mr. Tucker received perhaps more of those sterling qualities which have made him successful in his chosen occupation. His mother was Nancy Dudley. The records of her family are so interwoven with the history of the last five or six centuries, in this country and England, that volumes might be written upon

it. On the other side of the water, the name is found in all walks of life. The members of the family have filled many positions of trust and responsibility and for a short time, by a marriage into the royal family, one of them sat upon the throne of England.

Thomas Dudley was the first of the name to come to this country. This was in 1630, when he was 54 years of age. He afterwards served as provincial governor of Massachusetts. His son, Col. Joseph Dudley, was later president of that colony, and from 1702 to 1716 was governor of New Hampshire.

But it is in a different line from the first Governor Dudley that we finally come to the subject of this sketch. Gov. Thomas Dudley had a son, Samuel, who became a minister and was settled at Exeter in 1650. From this time on the family has been associated with the Granite State. Samuel Dudley continued to minister to the spiritual wants of his parish at Exeter until his death in 1663. One of his eighteen children, Col. Stephen Dudley, was a business man of Exeter. At this time there were but few settlements within the limits of the colony. Nearly all the settlers were clustered in the towns on the coast, at Exeter, and in the Piscataqua region, but the younger generation were slowly but surely advancing the line which divided civilization from savagery. The territory in and around Exeter was purchased in 1638 from We-ha-now-wit, the Indian Sagamore, by John Wheelwright. The grant included a large territory and the town of Raymond was probably within its limits, but real possession was never taken of this section under this grant, and in January, 1717, Col. Stephen Dudley purchased what is now a large part of the township from an Indian named Penniwit and Abigail, his squaw. He probably never removed to Raymond, although he began

operations on his property there. About 1725 he erected a sawmill upon the property. In March, 1718, he sold a part of this territory to his son, James Dudley, who was father of the late Judge John Dudley of Raymond.

But few men of his day were more closely associated with public affairs than Judge Dudley. He was born in Exeter, April 9, 1775. In early life he worked for Daniel Gilman of that town. He was able to read, but further than that his education was limited. Mr. Gilman was one of the leading men of the colony. He took a great interest in the young man and allowed him to avail himself of all the advantages of the colonial home in the way of reading and conversation with the many prominent men who gathered there. Judge Dudley later married Mr. Gilman's daughter who was an aunt of Hon. John T. Gilman, afterwards several times governor of this state.

Besides the connection of the Dudleys and the Gilmans already mentioned there were no less than three other marriages between different members of this family. Rev. Samuel Dudley married Sarah, a daughter of Hon. John Gilman of Exeter. John Gilman was one of the Royal Council of the province. He was a descendant of Edward Gilman, who came to New Hampshire soon after its first settlement and among his other descendants in every generation have been men prominent in public affairs.

Soon after his marriage, Judge Dudley embarked in business at Exeter. In 1751 he became interested in a sawmill at Raymond, and later acquired extensive real estate holdings in that town where he went to take up his permanent residence in 1766. From that time on, the history of the town can almost be said to be his biography, so vitally connected with its affairs did he become. There was scarcely an office within the gift

of its citizens which he did not hold at one time or another.

But although the duties attendant upon his many local positions were arduous and his private business interests very extensive, yet he was soon called to take a large part in the more important affairs of the colony. Less than ten years after his settlement in Raymond, the relations between the British crown and the American colonists, previously much strained, became so critical that sep-

as a member of the Provincial Congress. There was scarcely an important committee upon which he did not serve, and in 1782 and 1783 he was its Speaker. In addition to his services in that body, he became a member of the Committee of Safety on March 22, 1776, and was one of that body continuously until May 24, 1784, when the war had closed, the Colonists having gained their independence and taken their place among the nations of the earth. The most



West View, Residence G. H. Tucker

aration seemed inevitable. With patriotic ardor, he cast his lot with his neighbors in their endeavor to throw off the British rule. In April, 1775, the fight at Lexington occurred, and the news reached him at his home in Raymond. This was the signal for action. He immediately raised a company from among his townsmen, dispatched it to the front to join the Colonial forces, while in company with others he himself was summoned to Exeter to devise means for the public defence. For the next eight years, he was in continuous service

important public duties of the war devolved upon that committee, and although there were many calls for his presence elsewhere, the records show that there was none more faithful in attendance than Judge Dudley.

At the time of the Revolution, there were but few who had a technical knowledge of the law. The great mass of English common law which had been developing for centuries was not well defined. Blackstone had but just gathered together its fundamental principle in his great exposition on the subject, and while

among lawyers in this country that work had become quite familiar, yet the general knowledge of the law was very low among all classes. The courts in many cases were presided over by those who had been trained as farmers, traders, physicians, or clergymen.

Mr. Dudley was appointed a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1776. He held this position until 1785. At that time he was promoted to a position on the Superior Court bench of the state. He had not been trained for the law and even had a certain prejudice against it; yet it is far more to his credit that he filled these positions with marked success. He had a high sense of justice and was possessed of that rare faculty of looking upon a proposition, analyzing it and casting out the non-essentials while sticking close to the fundamental principles underlying it—a faculty without which a judge is not a success, be he ever so learned. His devotion to the common principles of justice is illustrated in a charge to a jury recorded by Gov. William Plumer, the historian of those times in this state.

"You have heard, gentlemen," said Judge Dudley, "what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! But, no, I will not abuse them. It is their business to make a good case for their clients; they are paid for it; and they have done in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. It is not *law* we want, but *justice*. A clear head and honest heart are worth more than all the law of the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. It is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this: 'Be just and fear not.' That, gentlemen, is the law in this case. It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by the quirks of the law out

of Blackstone or Coke, books that I never read and never will, but by common sense as between man and man. That is our business; and the curse of God will rest upon us if we neglect, or evade, or turn aside from it."

Judge Dudley died May 21, 1805. His son, Moses Dudley, was the father of Nancy Dudley, who married Gen. Henry Tucker, and became the mother of our subject. Like Judge Dudley, his son Moses was a man of great natural ability. He became one of the leading men of his day in his section of the state. He was chosen moderator of the town meeting twenty-nine times, served on the board of selectmen for seventeen years, and was representative in the Legislature during nine terms. He was an omnivorous reader, and in that way educated himself far beyond the average man of his day and generation.

Gilman H. Tucker was but a little over thirteen years of age when his father died. But little more than a year later, he left his home to educate himself and to make a livelihood elsewhere. He had previously, when a boy of but fourteen years, worked in the country store in his native town. At this time steam railroads were in their infancy, the Concord Railroad being in process of construction. The added opportunities for employment through this fact gave the young man an opening, and for some time he was a paymaster and had charge of the stores for a large company of laborers engaged in the construction of the roadbed at Hooksett, a position of considerable responsibility for one so young. With the money thus earned, he entered the State Normal School at New Britain, Conn., when he was but sixteen. Here he remained for a year, and then entered the Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass. Two years later he became a student at Kimball Union Academy at Meriden,



and received his diploma from that institution in 1856.

At this time Mr. Tucker looked forward to the law as his life work. During all these years of preparatory study he had made this the mark toward which he had aimed his endeavors. At Andover he had found the Philomathean Society and at Meriden the Philadelphian Society in the height of their prosperity. School athletics had not yet taken their present place in the student life, the en-

perience of invaluable assistance in the fight for success in the business world.

Immediately following his graduation in Kimball Union Academy he entered Dartmouth College with the class of 1860. At the end of two years, on account of trouble with his eyes, he was compelled to leave college for a year. Returning, he graduated with the class of 1861, a class which will ever remain a notable one in the history of the New Hampshire



Down the Road—Farm House and Cottages

ergy which is now exerted in this direction being then used in such organizations as these. Mr. Tucker associated himself with both these societies, and while he was connected with the two institutions was a frequent speaker in their meetings in both written and extemporaneous debate and in more pretentious addresses. Today he is enthusiastic in his praise of the benefits derived from this training, for while he has not followed the profession for which they seemed best to fit him, he has found this early ex-

perience of invaluable assistance in the fight for success in the business world. college on account of the fact that it contained among its members Mr. Tucker's kinsman, the builder of the new Dartmouth, former President William Jewett Tucker.

Mr. Tucker's degree was won under the most trying of circumstances. The year's rest from his studies which he had taken in the midst of his course had not fully restored his impaired eyesight, and soon after his return he found the old trouble coming back upon him. So serious did the situation become that during his

entire senior year he was compelled to have all lessons read to him, a method which, although filled with difficulty, developed faculties of the mind for which the lecture system had not then furnished a substitute. Despite the discouragement of this situation, he graduated eighth in his class, and thereby became a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a distinction coveted by all with ambition to excel in scholarship. He was also a member of the Dartmouth Chapter of Psi Upsilon.

Before his graduation Mr. Tucker became interested in the political issues of the day. The most critical period in the existence of the nation was at hand. The anti-slavery agitation was just culminating in Civil War. Hon. Nathaniel S. Berry was making his canvas for governor upon a platform reflecting the opinions of the Northern people. Mr. Tucker took the stump in his behalf, and did effective work in the cause. Mr. Berry was elected and offered the young man an appointment upon his staff. He accepted and for the next two years served in this capacity, the work of military secretary to the chief executive devolving upon him a large share of the time. It was during these two years that the large majority of the New Hampshire troops were enlisted and put into the field. As commander-in-chief of the state forces, Governor Berry had charge of this work, it being by far the most important and arduous task ever performed by a New Hampshire chief executive. In this he was ably assisted by his secretary.

It is interesting to note the list of men who held appointments as staff officers under Mr. Berry. Anthony Colby of New London was adjutant and inspector-general, John H. Gage of Nashua was quartermaster-general, while besides Mr. Tucker the aides were Milo H. Crosby of Hebron, Samuel Webber, Joseph C. Abbott and David B. Nelson of Manchester, Jo-

siah B. Sanborn of Concord and William C. Berry of Barnstead. Of these men, General Colby afterwards became governor of the state, and Colonel Abbott went to the front, rose to the rank of major-general, settled in North Carolina at the close of the war, and later was a United States senator from that state. So far as is known, Colonel Tucker is the only member of the staff now living.

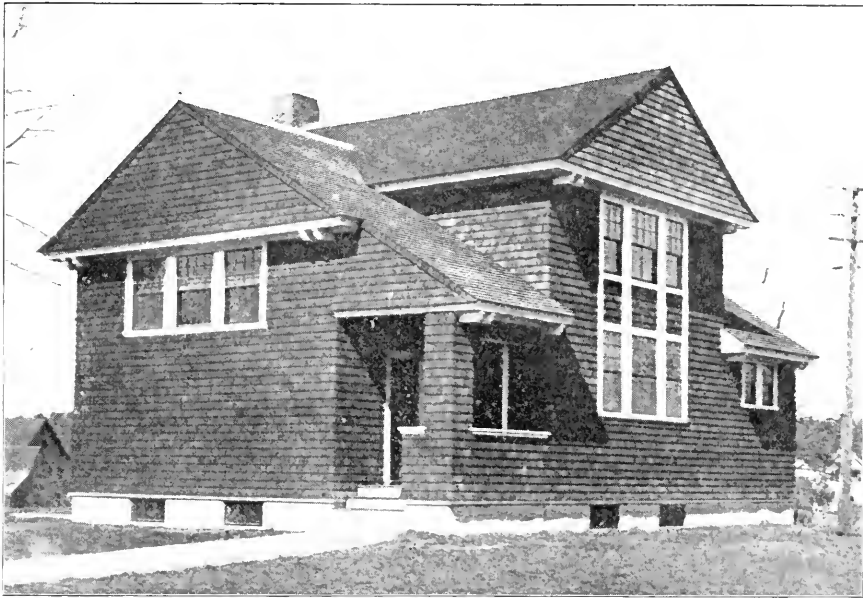
At the close of the administration of Governor Berry, Mr. Tucker was ready to begin his business career. He had been compelled to forego any idea of entering the legal profession on account of the failure of his eyesight. He therefore went to Boston and became associated with Brown & Taggard, publishers of school textbooks. He remained with them and their successors until 1867. At that time Scribner & Company of New York City invited him to become their New England agent, with headquarters in Boston. He accepted and acted in this capacity for twelve years, when the efficient service which he had rendered made him the logical man for manager of the whole educational department of the concern. He was appointed to that position, removed to New York, and served successfully until 1883. At that time the sale of the entire business of the concern in this line made it necessary for him to retire. He was immediately elected secretary of the School Book Publisher's Association of the United States, an organization embracing all the publishers of educational works in the country. Here he remained until elected to his present position as secretary of the American Book Company. Subsequent to that time he was elected one of the directors of the company, in which capacity he is still serving. This company now does a very large school and college text-book publishing business, penetrating into every corner of the globe where the English language is spoken. It has a capitalization of five million

dollars, and a part of the responsibility for its successful management devolves upon its efficient secretary.

Mr. Tucker has been a frequent speaker upon a variety of occasions. As has already been stated, when a young man he was on the stump in political campaigns. He has since been called upon to speak at many political meetings. His address, "Gold-Bug or Silver Spider," delivered at Raymond during the campaign of 1896, was printed and thousands of

of in terms of marked approval by the large assembly of educators who heard it.

He is a member of many societies and social organizations, including the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the American Revolution, the Union Society of the Civil War, the University Club, one of the most distinguished organizations in the Metropolis, the Barnard Club, the Unitarian Club, Appalachian Mountain Club, the Dartmouth Club, the New Hamp-



Dudley-Tucker Library, Raymond, N. H.

them were put into circulation. He has delivered several addresses at the annual observance of Old Home Week in Raymond. These addresses not only reflect his ability as a public speaker, but show great sympathy with this movement, which was inaugurated a number of years ago by his native state. He delivered a scholarly address upon "Education from a Publisher's Standpoint" before the National Educational Association at its session held at Milwaukee, Wis., July 7, 1897. This effort was spoken

of in terms of marked approval by the large assembly of educators who heard it. He is a member of many societies and social organizations, including the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the American Revolution, the Union Society of the Civil War, the University Club, one of the most distinguished organizations in the Metropolis, the Barnard Club, the Unitarian Club, Appalachian Mountain Club, the Dartmouth Club, the New Hamp-

shire Society, the New England Society, the Phi Beta Kappa Society and the Dartmouth and Phillips Andover Alumni Associations. He has served as president of the two last named organizations. The love of the old home in New Hampshire is almost a passion with him. Although for nearly half a century he has been compelled by his business connections to pass the most of each year far from his native state, yet his affection for its hills and valleys has never diminished. When he

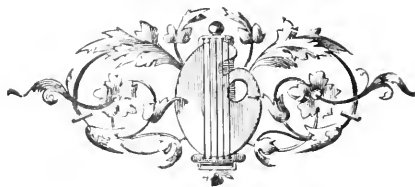
removed his business headquarters from Boston to New York he took up his legal residence in Raymond and has continued a legal voter there ever since. He has, however, never gone into its politics, having consistently refused proffered nominations for public office. He has always kept the old homestead since he received it from his parents. As "The Brow-sing" it is now one of the most comfortable summer residences in that section of the state. It was rebuilt in 1886, and additions have since been made, but it is still to him the old home. He has preferred to preserve the simplicity of its former surroundings rather than to make it one of the more pretentious but less attractive summer homes, such as have been erected by some of the wealthy sojourners in the state. He has during the past few years built or rebuilt three other houses upon the old homestead, one of which is now occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Mary C. Robinson, one by a cousin, and the other by the employees upon the estate. He has also added to the original farm by purchase until it now contains more than three hundred acres.

Mr. Tucker has ever endeavored to share the results of his success with his old neighbors and friends. Raymond is a more attractive town to live in than it would be without him. Some years ago, through the joint efforts of himself and his wife, a beautiful library building was erected in the village. In appreciation of this service it has been named the Dudley-Tucker Library, in memory of the two families with which he is most closely

connected by relationship. His efforts have not stopped here, but he has contributed extensively to the choice collection of books upon its shelves. Of late he has been interested in a soldiers' monument, which is soon to be erected in the town. Many years ago he was made a Mason in Columbia Lodge at Boston, and when a lodge of that fraternity was chartered in his native town recently it was called Tucker Lodge in his honor, a distinction seldom, if ever, before conferred in New Hampshire upon a man during his lifetime.

From early life he has been a student. His reading has covered the history of both ancient and modern times, and his knowledge of literature of all ages is extensive. He has a valuable library at his New York home, and passes much time in its enjoyment. When at the old homestead, however, the call back to nature is so strong that he passes the most of his leisure time in fishing and in other outdoor diversions. He has been a considerable traveler, having visited all parts of his own country and having been abroad three times. He will leave early the present season for another extended tour in Europe.

Mr. Tucker was married in 1861 to Mary H. Greene of Windsor, Vt. She died seven years later, and in 1871 Mrs. Caroline Kimball Clark of Newton, Massachusetts, became his wife. Two children, Mary C., now the wife of Allan E. Robinson of Raymond, and Dudley G., a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1907, and who is now with his father in the American Book Company, have been born to them.



# Concord and its Merchants of Fifty Years Ago

(Address delivered before the Concord Commercial Club, Ladies' Night, February, 1909.)

*By John C. Thorne*

(Printed by request.)

This paper, not an address, upon Concord Merchants, will necessarily be fragmentary and about many persons, but I will endeavor not to confuse the characters presented, as did a member of the Legislature once in a speech, saying, as he rose in one of his flights of eloquence, "Let me now address you in the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the Dictionary, 'as for me, give me liberty or give me death.' " A friend, pulling at his coat, whispered, "Daniel Webster did not write the Dictionary, it was Noah." "Noah—nothing," he replied, "Noah built the Ark."

Of course the history of the merchant is called for first, as it is he who supports both the lawyers and the doctors—he feeds them, clothes them, and, in the business I represent, gives them a good understanding for their varied walks in life.

Fifty years ago, in round numbers, carries us back to the year 1860. Concord was then a city of about 11,000 people—an increase over the preceding decade of 2,300. Our average growth from 1790 (when the first census was taken), has been 1,500 for each period, or 150 a year, a slow but substantial advance. What 1910 will say, next year's census will inform us.

In 1860 James Buchanan was in the presidential chair, but in November of that year Abraham Lincoln was elected, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth our whole country has recently honored. Ichabod Goodwin of Portsmouth was governor—during his administration he raised

and fitted out ten regiments of soldiers, who marched from Concord to defend the Union. Dr. Moses T. Willard was then mayor of our city. To those who recall him, he bore a great resemblance to Lincoln.

Eighteen years previous the railroads had entered Concord and convenient connection with commercial centres was well established, passengers and freight were readily transported, and Cheney & Co.'s Express was handling money and merchandise for the benefit of our merchants.

Our Main Street when first laid out, June 23, 1785, was to be ten rods wide, or 166 2-3 feet. The old Roby house, near Church Street, and the ancient Herbert house, at the head of Ferry Street, were, it has been said, located upon that line, which would have made our street thirty feet wider on each side than at present, which is now 100 feet. What a magnificent boulevard it would have been, with its broad walks, its fine driveways, on either side of a centre line of trees (a strip of park, indeed) in the midst of which would run our electric cars! It would have rivalled the Royal Highway of the Imperial City of Berlin, the grand Unter-de-Linden. It would have been as broad and twice as long nearly as this "finest street in Europe," in the capital of the great German empire. This is what we escaped from a change of mind of our forefathers.

However, "The Street," as it has been called, is a fine one, and is today lined on either hand with as fine commercial blocks and as elegant stores

as any city of its size in our country, as I am able to testify, having visited nearly every section of our broad domain from Portland to Denver, and from Milwaukee to St. Augustine, New Orleans and San Antonio.

I had the good fortune to be born on this street, and near its commercial life, in the house afterwards enlarged and occupied by Governor Onslow Stearns, a house which has been also honored by having entertained Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan and President Hayes. Thus having been in touch with Concord's mercantile life for at least fifty years I may hope to give some little account, as briefly as possible, of its Main Street activities.

Our business thoroughfare has suffered from and likewise been benefited by fires, nearly all of the trading section, from Centre to Freight Streets has been burned over at different times within my memory. From the ashes of the cheap wooden buildings, thus destroyed, have risen the substantial structures of brick and stone which greet our eye today. Like many other cities, Concord has had her "great fire," which occurred August 25, 1851, destroying in its path Stickney's Block, Eagle Coffee House, Mechanics Row, Exchange and Merchants Blocks, to the Rumford or Lowe's Building, now occupied by the dry goods house of David E. Murphy.

Says one Charles L. Wheeler, writing at that time, "The morning sun of August 26, 1851, beheld the best portion of Concord laid in ruins, the streets covered with fragments of property and the State House yard literally filled with the remnants of the stocks of the extensive dealers burned out." Although but a lad, I well remember the several hand engines, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, stationed at the reservoirs in front of the State House grounds, the frequent relays of men at the brakes, as the firemen became exhausted with their arduous labor,

boys and even women assisting in lending a hand at the pumps.

To accommodate the merchants driven out by the fire, a row of small wooden structures were erected in the space fronting the capitol grounds, called "ten footers," and here, with their savings, some of the merchants continued until the stores were rebuilt. It was a "great fire" for little Concord, struggling for larger things, the loss being over \$100,000, and the excitement that attended it was intense. It recalls, if you will kindly allow me, another "great fire" whose experiences I passed through in October, 1871, being in the midst for a night and a day of the "great Chicago fire," which impressed one as if the world was being consumed at the last great day. The flames blown by a fierce and unrelenting gale destroyed 17,500 buildings, including 1,600 stores, covering in all an area of 2,100 acres, with a total loss of \$190,000,000.

But Concord people no less than those of Chicago "were by no means deficient in recuperative energy, for the sun that rose upon a December morning in 1853 shone upon a group of buildings more fair than those eaten up by the flames."

So far you have learned nothing of individual merchants, but of "the street," and the merchants in general. Such things as these I would have said if my subject had not been "Concord Merchants of Fifty Years Ago," and this reminds me of a lecture given many years ago in Phenix Hall, by Artemas Ward, whose subject was: "The Babes in the Wood," and he spoke of a dozen irrelevant matters and would say after each: "So and so I would have spoken if my subject had not been 'The Babes in the Wood,'" and for the whole evening through, never once speaking on the subject announced, and we never knew what became of the Babes. I must do better than that, however, and will now say that the new busi-

ness blocks, erected to replace those burned in the "great fire" which has been mentioned, were, beginning at Lowe's Block, opposite School Street and proceeding north, first, J. B. Stanley, jeweler; Norton & Crawford, booksellers and binders; Tripp & Osgood, steam printing works; W. G. Shaw, clothing; S. G. Sylvester, crockery; Winkley & Abbott, tailors; in Exchange Block, Clark & Currier, dry goods (store now occupied by J. C. Thorne); H. A. Fay, carpetings; John A. Gault, druggist; Warde & Walker, hardware (now Walter L. Jenks' store); Eagle Hotel Building, "of exceeding magnificence and capacity," says one of that day; stores, Edmunds & Robinson, merchant tailors; J. Carter & Son, jewelers; Mr. Chase, telegraph office, and Mr. Talbot, barber; Munroe and Morrill, confectioners; Stickney Block, Edward H. Rollins, druggist (later United States senator); Dr. Julius Cone, the genial attendant; Mechanics Bank, upstairs (also treasurer of Concord and Montreal Railroad); Charles W. Harvey, dry goods; William H. Page, crockery and carpetings; John D. Johnson, dry goods at the celebrated "Great S." of Estabrooks, of earlier date; Moore, Cilley & Co., hardware; Stickney's North Block, David Symonds, trunk and harness maker; (a small leather covered trunk made for me by Mr. Symonds about 1860 has been on two trips through Europe, traveling upwards of 15,000 miles, besides journeys in this country and is yet in good condition); Joel D. Johnson, harnesses; and upstairs, Elliott A. Hill, furniture. This trip along the stores takes us from School Street to Bridge Street, the center, then, of Concord's business life.

These names of dealers of fifty and more years ago, are undoubtedly familiar to some of you, but unknown to many. North of Bridge Street, known earlier as "Free Bridge Road," was Calvin Thorne, boot and

shoe manufacturer and retailer, who first began to make shoes for Lynn and Haverhill parties in 1833-1834; commenced business on his own account in 1835; afterwards moved further south and his son John C. Thorne entered into co-partnership with him in 1860. As far as known it is the oldest retail shoe house in the United States, continued in the same family.

A little farther north was Ivory Hall, a noted jeweler of this period, located at what is now called Halls' Court where he also resided. The gold beads and silver spoons bearing the trade mark, "I. Hall," were widely known for their fine quality. Many of these, as heirlooms, may be found today in some of the homes of our older families.

At nearly the head of Main Street stood the Fiske store (West India goods and groceries), now the Larkin store, the oldest grocery in Concord—Francis N. and Francis A. Fiske, a house of honorable dealing for many years. This building was earlier used by Roby & Kimball as a printing establishment. Here many Bibles were printed, also Leavitt's *Almanac* and the first copy of the *New Hampshire Statesman*, on January 6, 1823.

To continue in considering some of the oldest and most prominent merchants and manufacturers, who were in business fifty years ago or thereabouts and are still living, or the business which they established still in existence, perhaps the Prescott Piano Co., should first be mentioned, as this year of 1909 marks the one hundredth, since the Prescotts began the manufacture and sale of musical instruments. In 1833 the works were moved from Deerfield to Concord, and have continued under the management of father, son and grandson. It was in 1858 that Mr. George D. B. Prescott entered the firm, and he maintains today the activity of a younger man in perfecting the Prescott piano.

He is one of the valued members of our Commercial Club today.

The Abbot-Downing Company should certainly come next. Established here in Concord in 1813, it is the oldest carriage company in the United States. The first "Concord wagon" was finished November 4, 1813, at the shop of Lewis Downing, senior, on Main Street, just south of Washington, for one Benjamin Kimball. The first stage coach was built in 1825. They were the originators of the famous "Concord wagons, Concord coaches, and Concord axles and wheels," and have made the name of Concord known "wherever wheels turn the world around." Mr. Lewis Downing, junior, has only quite recently left us, and Mr. Edward Abbot is still living in France.

The business of J. C. Norris & Co., bakers, began in 1823 by Mr. Amos Wood, succeeded by Captain Symmes, with whom the elder Mr. Norris, James S., began as salesman in 1847. In 1850 he purchased the business. The firm continues as James C. Norris & Co., and they do a large and successful wholesale and retail business.

T. W. & J. H. Stewart, merchant tailors, are probably the oldest in their branch, and Mr. Thomas W. Stewart is our oldest active merchant. He began in 1849 as Tenney & Stewart. In 1853, his brother, John H., was admitted as equal partner and they are both at their post of duty.

Eastman & Merrill, insurance agents, who keep in stock and sell policies of fire insurance. The business was established in 1843, by Seth Eastman and is still continued by his son, Hon. Samuel C. Eastman, and others.

Edson C. Eastman, bookseller, began business in 1853 by purchasing an interest with S. G. Sylvester. In 1857 he opened his bookstore on the site of L. S. Bean's present store, was burned out and located on School Street, afterwards in Eagle Hotel

Building, and took his present store in the N. H. Savings Bank Building when completed in 1887. He is a helpful member of our club.

Amos Blanchard, dry goods and groceries, began in 1855 on Main Street; removed to corner of Pleasant and Warren in 1877; now retired, but an active member of our Commercial Club. The business is continued by his son, Mark, at the old stand.

Mr. Giles Wheeler, police commissioner, carpenter in Concord in 1853, architect with Mr. Edward Dow, as Dow & Wheeler, in 1873; superintendent of construction of our beautiful post office building, of the Parker, Kimball and Franklin schoolhouses, Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Soldiers' Memorial Arch and the N. H. State Library, monuments of substantial and finished construction (a record to be proud of). Mr. Wheeler has been nominated for many offices, but, as he says, "being a 'wicked Democrat' has fortunately escaped election."

David L. Neal, now traveling through New Hampshire in the interests of the *Statesman* newspaper, began a business career in 1857, with Calvin C. Webster, groceries, in Phoenix Hall Block, and remained in the employ of Mr. Webster 18 years.

W. G. C. Kimball, photographer, whose business was established in 1849-1850 by his father, came into full control in 1860. His studio ranks among the best in the country.

Joseph T. Sleeper, merchant tailor, recently retired, began business May 2, 1859, under firm name of Critchett & Sleeper; in 1866 as Joseph T. Sleeper; in 1877 as Sleeper & Hood.

E. B. Hutchinson, contractor and builder, commenced in Concord in 1859; now the Hutchinson Building Co.; erected the *Statesman* building, State Capital Bank, Board of Trade, N. H. Savings Bank, besides very many private residences.

These are some, certainly not all



that should be mentioned. They are a company of able, upright and industrious men and deserve and receive the respect of our whole community.

It would seem proper to consider the printer as a manufacturer and merchant, for he buys paper and ink, unites them and sells the product. The *New Hampshire Patriot*, which has come down to this day, reaches its one hundredth anniversary on the 18th of next April, its first number being issued on that day in the year 1809 by Isaac Hill, editor and publisher. At the time we are speaking of William Butterfield was the editor. It has been one of the strong Democratic papers of the country. I well remember the *Patriot* office in the then Hill's Block, over the Franklin Bookstore, where is now Dunlap's Drug Store. In the same quarters the *Congregational Journal* was printed, edited by Benjamin P. Stone, the old hand press, the great wheel of which was turned by a slender Irishman, running off 250 sheets per hour, printed on one side. The paper was folded by hand and I used to receive for this work the handsome sum of "ninepence a token"—about fifty cents for the whole edition. Col. Josiah Sanborn directed the copies for mailing. This paper was discontinued in 1862.

The *New Hampshire Statesman*,

owned and edited at this time by Asa McFarland and George E. Jenks, commenced in 1823 and still continues its good work along Republican lines. The *Daily Monitor* began in May, 1864, with Cogswell and Sturtevant as publishers.

Next to the *Patriot* and *Statesman* in date of birth and influence came the *Independent Democrat*, founded in 1845. George G. Fogg was its pungent and forceful editor. Some ten years later Mr. Amos Hadley became connected with the paper. In 1871 it was merged with the *Monitor* and *Statesman*. Mr. Fogg was appointed minister to Switzerland, in 1861, by Abraham Lincoln; on his return in 1866 was appointed United States senator for an unfinished term. Mr. Fogg died in 1881. Mr. Hadley continued with us as a writer and teacher until he passed away only last year.

Of the mayors of our city three, at least, were printers—Abraham G. Jones, Horace A. Brown and Parsons B. Cogswell, also several of our merchants were mayors of prominence.

So as we draw this paper to a close, we feel we have an honorable record of noble achievement. May the next generation go on building still stronger the foundations which sustain our city's commercial life.

## True Joy

By H. Bartlett Morrill

Give me health,  
A little wealth,  
A cottage fair and free  
With mountains in the background  
And a frontage on the sea.

Give me a wife congenial,  
Tobacco and good books,  
And many shady corners  
And other quiet nooks.

Thus far away from worldly strife  
In pleasure would I pass my life.



Bird's-Eye View of Newport in 1890

# Newport's Guest Book

(A paper read before the Newport Woman's Club.)

*By Anne Parmelee*

If the fair town of Newport, like young housekeepers of the present day, had established a "Guest Book" when she first set up her household gods in the valley of the Sugar, she might by this time have been able to display with pride a list of interesting names. For her first visitors, however, the Indians, there would have been no page in the book, as there was no welcome in her heart, but, instead, fearful consternation and dismay when in the early history of this town their dusky forms were suddenly seen, one day, hovering about in the forest on Aiken Hill.

The men flew to arms, and pursued them. "All day they tracked the woods up hill and down again," leaving the frightened women to hide themselves as well as they could until the following day when a signal gun from the conquering heroes on their return, told them that they might go back to their homes with safety.

Newport was never molested again by these dread visitors, and in this was more fortunate than some of the neighboring towns. Ruth Labaree, a native of Charlestown, the wife of Nathan Hurd, one of our first settlers, often used to tell of her fearful experiences in escaping from the Indians by hiding under a log when her father and the Johnson family of Charlestown were taken captive by the Indians. We are thankful that no such sad event needs to appear in the chronicles of Newport, and this little incident of the only visit made by the Indians to this town can appear as a picturesque and decorative border, or an introduction to the Guest Book.

Of course, Newport's most illustrious visitor was Lafayette. Some of

us have had glorified relatives of a past generation who could remember the famous day and year of his coming. His page in the Guest Book would be the first, and could be emblazoned with all the heraldic illumination that the proud hostess could desire. His distinguished name — Marie Paul Joseph Roche Ives Gilbert de Mottier Marquis de Lafayette — would almost cover one page in itself without the addition of any sentiment or reflection. To this new land he was a romantic figure, a link with old world life and grace, bringing to a simple people the atmosphere of courts and leaving a fascinating memory which has embellished the town from that day to this. It was not this glamor alone that kindled the enthusiasm of all Americans. It was the thought of what he had done for us that made the whole country rise up and call him blessed. His youthful enthusiasm and love of liberty led him to procure a ship for his own transportation to America when our country was too poor to offer him a passage to our shores, fifty years before, and Edward Everett, in his oration on the occasion of Lafayette's visit to Boston, "brought every man in the assembly to tears" as he spoke of his noble conduct. It is said, too, on this occasion, that Dr. Bowditch, the celebrated mathematician, went up a flight of steps to wait in quiet dignity until the parade in honor of Lafayette had passed by, but he lost all command of himself and literally went out of his senses. When he recovered them he was in the midst of the crowd shouting with all his power. It was the same all over the country. No wonder that Newport and her citizens were proud to do him honor,

this friend of their fathers who had come back after so many years of varied experience, to visit the land which he had helped to make free. We are all familiar with the account of that day, June 27, 1825, and can picture to ourselves the cavalcade of citizens escorting him in from Sunapee, after the stones had been removed from the road by enthusiastic Newport boys as told in the Baldwin book, an unprinted diary left by the late Henry Baldwin. We see in imagination the triumphal progress through the town, the street thronged with eager people who had gathered to do him honor, with the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells. We can picture the reception at the house of Col. William Cheney, now the post office block, but then a dignified family mansion. Perhaps we can fancy the emotions of the old Revolutionary veterans at this reception of the nation's guest. We see the cavalcade move down the village street, over the bridge which was arched with flowers, and on to be entertained again at the house of Mr. William Breck. This house is now owned by Mrs. Mary A. Bostwick, and was once the home of one of New Hampshire's governors, Ralph Metcalf. In appearance and association it is one of Newport's most interesting houses. The Brecks and Cheney's seem to have been social and business rivals in Newport, with a constant struggle for supremacy. Each wishing to be considered the foremost citizen neither would yield the proud position of host to such a guest as Lafayette, so he was entertained by each in turn. Newport was fortunate to have been in the path of his triumphal progress from Concord to the capital of Vermont, where he was going to receive the welcome of the state, and the town is richer in associations from his visit, as the house is ornamented by its guests.

Another guest there was whose name, instead of suggesting an atmosphere of courtly grace or old world

splendor, gives a suggestion of the leafy silences of pathless woods and a life of wild freedom. This was Peter Paul Osunkirrhine, an Indian. In 1821 he had come here entirely uneducated to study with the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, and had prepared for college, graduating at the Moore's Indian Charity School connected with Dartmouth College. In Wheeler's History of Newport we read that tales were told of his wonderful skill at hunting and fishing, and it was remembered that once when sitting in a school room in this town seeing a squirrel outside near the door he left his task and gave chase to the little animal, and was not seen again for days, being finally found upon Sunapee Mountain. He came here a visitor in 1861, after having been a missionary among the Indians for twenty-six years. Doubtless at this time he was more self-controlled and sedate. In passing, it is interesting to consider for a minute the personality of the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, who was settled over the Congregational Church when the Indian, a young man, came to be instructed. Mr. Wheelock was a grandson of the first and a son of the second president of Dartmouth College. He was a man of much talent, sensitive and enthusiastic with a keen sense of humor. It is said that one of the reasons for his leaving this parish was that this sense of humor "found expression at the expense of some parishioner." He was impulsive, too, and very wrathful because one of his flock brought him a piece of blue and unhealthy looking veal, probably as a part of his salary. Nevertheless he must have been a good worker, for, though in Newport only four years, nearly one hundred and fifty were added to the church and it was during his ministry that the present large and imposing church was built. The church whose "terraced spire" appears in the pages of "Coniston" described by Winston Churchill.

Quite different again in character is the visitor whose name might be the next one inscribed on the record, that of Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Edward, Catherine and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Perhaps there is no more noted family in America than that of the Beechers. Dr. Lyman Beecher was famous as a temperance and anti-slavery reformer. He is said to have been very eccentric in many ways and of astonishing ab-

hair turned back from his impressive Roman visage, thundered his vigorous sentences against rum selling and rum drinking and sinners generally, until the very place seemed black with the wrath of God."

The conditions in Newport have improved very much since those times when a throng filed in regularly for their early morning grog as soon as "the drowsy clerk took down the bars and opened the doors." We cannot mention all the distinguished visitors



The Old South Church "With Terraced Spire"

sence of mind, arriving at church late and dishevelled when the bells were tolling, "but once in the pulpit he was master of the situation and would stir the minds of the people and move their hearts, pleading, warning and entreating, until the whole audience as one man responded." He came to Newport to speak on Temperance. A small boy who heard him and recorded his recollection in after years, speaks of him thus: "We have a lively recollection of being in the gallery of the old South Church when the venerable Lyman Beecher with long iron gray

that Newport has had. Senators and statesmen and men of importance in various ways, but some of the present day demand our notice.

William C. Prime has written in his charming book, "Along New England Roads," of "the thriving town of Newport," but he speaks of preferring to stay at Unity Springs, "a lonesome but charming country place where are mineral springs and an old hotel." He says: "We had the house to ourselves and the loveliness of the atmosphere, the rich foliage on the near hills and the dust of gold smoke

that made a canopy over us, tempted us to stay."

William Dean Howells, the dean of American literature, once spent a summer at Sunapee Lake and made frequent visits to Newport. John Hay, the secretary of state, and his family have been often seen on the streets of this little town, his summer home being just across the lake.

Another well-known name on the roll would be that of Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, who came to speak before Reprisal Chapter, D. A. R., and was given a most enthusiastic reception. William Young, the playwright and poet, who dramatized Ben Hur, has spent with his family much time in Newport. Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, the famous writer on hypnotism and many other subjects, is a familiar figure, and Ernest Harold Baynes, the delightful writer and naturalist, is another name gladly enrolled.

The day when President Roosevelt visited Newport is well remembered. There is something thrilling in the sight of a great man, and a man chosen to be at the head of a nation like the United States must be great. There was a feeling of depression when he drove rapidly away as though some kind of a glory were departing and only commonplaceness left. The people gathered in the town to do him honor and he made from his carriage a short speech. He was entertained at the house of Mr. George L. Edgell, and afterward spent some time hunting in the Corbin Park, where he killed a wild boar. After the recent accounts of his doings in Africa and Europe this chronicle seems exceedingly tame, but for Newport it was a red letter day. He afterward went on to Vermont with Senator Proctor.

The great sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, was a frequent visitor in Newport. A poem in the *North American Review* recently by Robert Underwood Johnson, the new editor of the *Century*, speaks of Cornish as

a consecrated spot because St. Gaudens lived and died there.

Uplands of Cornish! ye that yesterday  
were only beauteous now are con-  
secrate,

Exalted are your humble slopes, to  
mate

Proud Settignano and Fiesale.

O hills of Cornish! Chalice of our  
spilled wine,

Ye shall become a shrine,

For now our Donatillo is no more.

Maxfield Parrish, the artist and illustrator; Ethel Barrymore, the actress; Winston Churchill and Robert Chambers, the novelists, are names to be placed on the choice pages of the Guest Book. Winston Churchill not only visited Newport to be dined and wined by her chief citizens but he has put her in a book, a book which has brought many other visitors to the town and to Croydon, Newport's neighbor, to see the places so well described in "Coniston"; to look at the "terraced spire" of the old South Church and all the features of the town which have acquired a romantic interest not possessed before. Whatever may be thought of the accuracy of his characterizations of some of the local celebrities everyone enjoys his descriptions of the lovely hills and valleys. It was in Newport that the idea of writing "Coniston" and depicting the character of Ruel Durkee in that of Jethro Bass first came to him. One evening, at a dinner, the gentlemen were all telling Mr. Churchill characteristic stories of this most eccentric man and urging him to "write him up" with what results we all know and also what a storm of protest immediately arose upon the publication of the book which had equally strong partisans and opponents. In the *Bookman* for May, Jethro Bass is pronounced "easily the most important single figure that Mr. Churchill has drawn," and the writer goes on to say that "in the

annals of fiction a Jethro Bass deserves to stand for as definite a figure



Mrs. Sarah J. Hale

as a Pecksniff, a Micawber or a Becky Sharp."

Robert Chambers, too, in a recent novel has described the pleasures of the mountain forest, and the sport of killing the deer and wild boar, as it may be enjoyed in Corbin Park, a pastime with which he is familiar, having been often the guest of Mr. Austin Corbin.

Richard Washburn Child, whose stories of shoe shop life in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Coblier's Weekly* are attracting much attention, has spent several seasons in Newport, and Francis Dana, a member of the Massachusetts Dana family, and a grandson of the late Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, has spent some time in Newport and written two books, one of which, "The Decoy," abounds in fine descriptions of New Hampshire life and scenery, especially about Lake Sunapee with an occasional side glance at social conditions in Newport.

But the fair town when she looks

over the pages of her Guest Book will have some that are sacred on which will be inscribed the names of her own children who have gone out into the world and returned occasionally as honored guests. Prominent among these would be Sarah Josepha Hale, a woman of unusual ability who wrote much, but perhaps her name will live longest as the author of "Mary and Her Lamb," that poem of much disputed authorship. Miss Ida Tarbell in the *March American* has written of Mrs. Hale with much appreciation. A page would be given to Mrs. Joseph Christopher, known in Newport as Marion McGregor, a woman of strong individuality, the first to own a piano in the town, and the first to master the pipe organ which she played in the South Church, which was a gift from her father, Dr. McGregor. Mrs. Christopher afterward played the organ in the Broadway Tabernacle for many years.

The name of Rear Admiral George Eugene Belknap is another of which Newport is and should be proud, recognized as he was by eminent scientists all over the world for his



Rear Admiral George E. Belknap

original methods of obtaining deep sea soundings and his valuable discoveries concerning the topography of the ocean's bed. He traveled all over the world and was familiar with many lands, but had an abiding affection for his native town, and a deep interest in all her undertakings.

There are many of Newport's sons and daughters of whom she is proud, who have gone forth from her shelter-

ing arms and of those who still sit by her fireside and walk in her streets, there are many in whom she rejoices. May all her children live to make the town lovely and attractive, so that strangers may find in it a welcome, absent sons and daughters return to it with joy, and its own people dwell in it as in a happy valley with all its ways pleasantness and all its paths peace!

## “The Conquerors”

(Suggested by the painting by Pierre Fritel.)

*By Fred Myron Colby*

Behold them as they march in serried line,  
The Conquerors, with flashing pennons high,  
And horses panoplied, and chariots ashine,  
While on each side the slain in windrows lie!

March first the Cæsar, who Rome's legions led,  
Who set his feet on Gaul and Briton proud;  
And, side by side with him, with conquering tread  
Rameses, kingliest of that martial crowd.

Then he who held the “wanton East” in fee,  
The conqueror of Issus, Philip's son;  
And Genghis Khan who led from Aral's Sea  
His Tartar hordes, and Attila the Hun.

See there the gorgeous state of Persia's king,  
Whose millions the Hellene States o'er ran;  
The swarthy Hannibal with poison ring,  
And France's idol, the great Corsican.

And still behind these an unnumbered throng  
Of those who played in life so large a part,  
Who won a place in history and song,  
And gained new glory by the painter's art.

And yet what were they? Soulless butchers, all,  
Who rode through needless blood their way to fame;  
Who saw proud cities blaze and nations fall  
To gain their immortality of shame!

We turn with sadness from the horrid page;  
Those rows of naked men afflict our eyes;  
We greet the victors of a newer age  
Whose triumphs rest not on a People's sighs!



# Marooned by the Wind

*By Ilga E. Herrick*

One October, my uncle and I were staying at The Weirs, a popular vacation resort on Lake Winnepesaukee. Most of the summer visitors had gone home, and after its short period of bright activity, the little place was settling back into the winter dullness. So, in order to keep from being bored to death, we went on frequent excursions by land or water, carrying with us enough food for a meal or two. Most of these picnics have merged into a pleasant but indistinct recollection. One, however, stands out in my memory with startling vividness.

On a bright, breezy morning, we rowed out of Weirs bay to a pretty little island, which we explored leisurely. In a sunny nook on the further side, we ate a hearty lunch, with appetites sharpened by the breeze. After resting an hour or two, we recrossed the island. What was our surprise and dismay on finding that the breeze had increased to a stiff gale, striking on our island with full force! To return to The Weirs in our frail boat was entirely out of the question; but we hoped that the wind would go down with the sun. So we went back to our sheltered nook and tried to wait patiently.

For several hours, we "sped the time with stories old, wrought puzzles out and riddles told"; but still the wind howled and raged away at our island. Soon darkness fell, and it became evident that we must spend the night where we were. Fortunately, we had a little luncheon left, and with that we satisfied the worst of our hunger. Then we sought out as protected a spot as there was on our wind-swept bit of land, and there made beds of hemlock boughs.

The chill of that late October night by the lake was like that of a Boston winter. Suddenly my uncle, who was

rubbing his hands briskly, exclaimed: "Well, little girl, what's the use of freezing to death? Let's make a fire!" The suggestion met with entire approval, and we quickly gathered a large quantity of dead wood and pine cones. As I was arranging them, I heard a sharp whistle, and on looking up, saw my uncle diving into one pocket after another, with growing dismay on his face. Finally he found two matches in his very last pocket. He regarded them with mingled joy and apprehension.

"Well, my dear," he drawled, "if these things won't go, we'll have the distinction of freezing to death in October, after all!"

I tried to smile at his melancholy joke, but the chattering of my teeth prevented. He bent over the pile, with his back to the wind so as to shelter the precious flame, and struck one of the matches. A puff of wind—the light flickered and went out! I held my breath while he tried the second. Oh joy! It lit, and soon the pine cones were crackling merrily. With rising spirits, we huddled close to the cheery blaze and warmed our blue hands.

Soon I grew drowsy, and my generous companion threw his coat over me and wished me pleasant dreams. Before long, I fell into a light slumber, in the intervals of which I was dimly conscious that the wind was shrieking wildly, and that Uncle was pacing to and fro, beating his arms and stamping his feet.

At midnight, according to a promise that I had extorted from him, he woke me; for I was to watch the fire till three. The numbing influence of the cold quickly put him to sleep; and I sat cowering over the fire, comforted in my loneliness by his loud, cheerful snoring. As I was thinking

wistfully of my cozy bedroom at the hotel, a sudden stray blast from a new direction caught the embers and in a second snuffed out our precious flame. My cry of dismay roused Uncle, and he stared sleepily, first at the faintly glowing ashes, then, in surprise, at me. For, cold and miserable as I was, I had begun to sob wildly: "It wasn't my fault—truly, Uncle! The wind—" But the blessed man cut me short by kissing me, and patting my shoulder he said: "There, it's only three hours or so till light, and then ho! for The Weirs and breakfast! The wind's going down."

Sure enough, there was a pleasant lull in the gale, and with it came a little moderation of the cold; so that by alternating rest with vigorous walking, we managed to pass the rest of the night.

With the first light, we crossed the island toward our boat; but on reaching the top of the little knoll beneath which we had found shelter, we were greatly disappointed to find that the wind, instead of having died down, had merely changed its direction somewhat, so that it now blew straight down the lake, with an uninterrupted sweep of some fifteen miles. Uncle looked doubtful, but my downeast face, and the thought of breakfast at The Weirs, settled the matter.

"I'll get you there, girlie, if it breaks my back," he said with determination. We put off from land, and immediately the battle began. I crouched in the bottom of the boat, and watched Uncle straining away with all his strength, his face set, the big muscles in his arms swelling with his powerful strokes. Suddenly, he stopped and gave a quick glance around. "I can't make it!" he shouted above the roaring of wind and waves. "Our only chance is in gaining Welsh Island."

Our only chance! It seemed a queer expression, and while he began rowing again, before the wind, I pon-

dered over the words. Chance for what? All at once I understood—he meant a chance for life! He had found it impossible even to keep headed for The Weirs; it was equally out of the question to return to the island; and we were now being swept surely and with terrifying rapidity straight toward the Broads. In that most dreaded section of the lake, where no island offers shelter, a frail craft like ours could not live in the tremendous sea.

Welsh Island lay to the right of the course along which we were being driven; and to turning the boat in that direction Uncle now bent all his energy. Soon I could see the high land in the middle of Welsh Island, still at our right, and coming to be more nearly in front—but oh! so slowly! I clenched my hands and prayed despairingly.

Suddenly, a terrific blast struck us, and we shot ahead with fearful speed. I had just time to see the point of Welsh Island come alongside a rod away! Then it was left behind, and with it, our "last chance!" I shut my eyes with a sickening sense of horror and utter despair. Instantly, I felt Uncle's strong arms around me, and the next moment we were in the water! I gasped and tried to struggle, but he held me fast; and before I knew what had happened, he was wading out on the beach. We were saved!

Standing there on the shore, in safety, we turned, by common impulse, to see our boat. It was already far out, upside down and tossing like an eggshell on the huge waves. We realized then what our fate must have been, had not Uncle jumped at the right moment. With a shudder of horror at the thought, I clung to him, and, now that the danger was all over, began to cry. Indeed, I had good excuse for tears, not only because of past dangers but also for present wretchedness; for we were wet, shivering with cold, and without food or

shelter. There is now a good-sized house on the island; but then there was only an abandoned hut, tightly closed. We knew that no boats were likely to come by upon pleasure trips that blustering day. We were virtually marooned on a desert island.

Uncle rose to the occasion splendidly. At his suggestion we walked about briskly, letting the sun and wind dry our clothes; and all the while he kept up a running fire of cheerful nonsense, making sundry allusions to Robinson Crusoe, and laughing heartily at his own jokes. In the midst of a merry "Ha, ha," he broke off and pointed toward the mainland, crying out: "My dear, we are rescued! There's a launch!"

Sure enough, a little boat was coming, heading for the rocky side of the island, and signaling from time to time. I laughed and cried, I was so happy at the prospect of rescue. But when the boat was opposite us, it stopped, and a commotion began on board. We could see the men gesticulating in a way that indicated that they were calling to us, but their voices were drowned in the thunder of the waves on the rocky shore.

"They can't make a landing," groaned Uncle. "The wind would drive them on the rocks on this side of the island and sweep them out to the Broads on the other."

"But they can't be going to leave us!" I cried aghast.

This, however, they were forced to do, and with sinking hearts we watched them beat slowly across the waves, back to The Weirs. This time,

Uncle had no jest ready. His own disappointment was too keen to be laughed off. With a very grave face, he walked slowly along the beach, leaving me to gaze longingly at the shore of the mainland.

My unhappy meditations were interrupted by a joyful cry, and I saw Uncle running up with a large zink cask in his arms. "See," he called, "they set this afloat, and it landed at the very tip of the point. There's food in it for an army!"

I jumped up, clapping my hands in a very abandon of glee; for aside from the trifling remnant eaten the night before, we had tasted no food for over thirty hours. What a feast we had—somewhat water-soaked, to be sure, but as delicious to us as if it had been the food of the gods.

For a time, we forgot cold and lack of shelter, but the quick descent of the darkness brought our plight home to us all too soon. The wind, it is true, had largely gone down; but on the other hand we had no fire. On the piazza of the cottage, I passed another wretched night, relieved only by the warmth of Uncle's affection and the genial glow of his unfailing humor.

In the early morning, however, we were awakened from fitful sleep by a shouting from the shore. Our would-be rescuers of the day before had returned. Before long, we were drinking steaming hot tea in a cozy room at the hotel, while an interested group of listeners heard the tale of our "picnic gone wrong."



# A Few Facts Concerning Porto Rico

*By George P. LECTE*

The first thing that catches the eye of an observer on entering the harbor of San Juan is the peculiar green back-ground around Morro Castle and surrounding fortifications. The green color is of a peculiar shade and hard to describe.

The principal sights of interest are Morro Castle, the Prison, the old Spanish Palace, now the mansion of the present governor of Porto Rico, Colton, the old Spanish Wall, and the government buildings.

On my arrival in Porto Rico I had the pleasure of meeting Ex-Governor Post and going through the Palace. The interior is of great magnificence, with its high walls, old paintings and ornamental hangings of all descriptions. The old Spanish dungeon is still intact, and parts of the famous Spanish wall of history still remain.

From San Juan I traveled over the famous military road, a marvel in itself, and of the very finest construction. The length of the road, from Ponce to San Juan, is eighty-two miles, and the whole road is as fine as State Street in Concord.

The mode of travel is principally by coach, the horses being very small in comparison to the horses at home. Autos, also, are another means of travel, lines running to all parts of the island. Oxen are used for transporting large loads of merchandise and machinery. One peculiar feature is the manner in which the yoke is fastened to the oxen. Here the yoke is laid over the neck of the oxen and then tied to the horns. Thus the weight of the load comes on the horns of the oxen, instead of on the neck as is the case in the States. Here in Ponce, and also in San Juan, there are licensed coaches that carry the passenger traffic to all parts of the

city, and to and fro between San Juan and Ponce.

Two of the most deplorable facts about Porto Rico are the large number of cripples and the lack of modesty on the part of the lower classes. I should say that about one person in every twenty-five had some kind of deformity, especially among the "Peon" class.

In the society life of the Island there is no distinction between the rich and the poor, as in the States, but the distinction comes in the color. In color we have three types—the pure white or Spanish blood, Triganian, or light brown, and the decided black. The high society life comes in the "Casino" or the High Spanish Club. In this club only the white class may become members and attend the social functions. There are cases here where members of the same family cannot attend the social functions because of their darker color from other members of the family. Thus color marks the social classes. Thus no matter how rich a person may be, if there is colored blood in his veins enough to show the dark strain he cannot enter the "Casino" or Spanish Club.

Some of the customs of the people differ from those in the States. Here the gentleman raises his hat to other gentlemen and the form of tipping the hat to ladies is just beginning to appear. The young gentlemen are not allowed the society of the young ladies at their own homes until they become engaged. Acquaintances are formed at school, and one hardly ever sees the young people strolling about the streets or taking moonlight walks as in the United States, unless the parties are engaged. The men never appear without coat and hat; the women seldom wear hats unless it be

to some very swell party or horse race.

The sports of the young men are baseball, tennis, boating and swimming, horse racing and cock fighting also have their share of the attention of the people.

"Fiestas" or Holy Days appear at very frequent intervals and it is the common saying that 366 days out of the 365 are "Fiesta" days or holidays.

Ponce has a very well equipped fire service, with hoses, reels, ladder truck, and an ambulance that Con-

At the present time there is some discussion as to the number of acres a sugar company can have under its management. The sugar companies desire the number of 5,000 acres for cultivation. Parties oppose this and a compromise is about to be made, I understand, the number of acres to be 3,000. One of the greatest sights one can see is the acres of sugar cane under cultivation. In some places as far as one can see there is nothing but sugar cane. As soon as one crop is cut and harvested another is planted and the growing begins



McKinley School, Ponce, Porto Rico

cord would be pleased to have. It is equipped with all the necessities for wounds and burns, having a competent physician in charge. The people feel very proud of the fire department and firemen days appear on the calendar at frequent intervals.

Porto Rico is, of course, noted for its sugar industry especially, also coffee and oranges. The largest sugar central in the world, now, is here in Porto Rico, under the name of "Guanica Centrale." This company, I am told, has leased every bit of available sugar land on the Island.

again. The length of time it takes for a crop of cane to grow is about a year. It is now impossible for anyone to procure any suitable land for the cultivation of sugar cane.

There are also a few very fine coconut groves on the Island, but the shipment of cocoa to the States is light. To my mind one of the leading features, in a few years, will be the shipment of Porto Rican oranges, which is just beginning to make itself felt. The oranges have a peculiar flavor and come under two classes—sweet and sour oranges. The ship-

ment of bananas to the United States is large. It is possible to buy bananas at the rate of fifteen and twenty cents per bunch, and oranges at twenty-five cents per hundred, or cheaper. Other fruits of Porto Rico are the pineapple, breadfruit, limes, "Acid fruit," mangoes, "Nispero," "Caimitch," "Carazon," "Quanabana," "Pomarosa," "Fresesa," "Guaya," "Anon," "Gobbo de India," "Mamey," and "Quunepa."

In the vegetable line we have nearly all the vegetables grown in the States. Celery, however, is considered a luxury, also cranberries.

Some people might gain the impression that as Porto Rico is an island, it might be a flat country. The fact is that it is just the opposite, being very mountainous except near the coast. The interior of the island is very mountainous, the peaks extending in feet up to the thousands. Some of the mountains are very steep and all

the land is cut up into all kinds of geometrical figures. A noticeable fact is that the mountains are cultivated to the very peak.

On the road from San Juan to Ponce the American Tobacco Company has large fields of tobacco under cultivation. It is a great sight to see acre after acre under cover of canvas.

Porto Rico has few rivers so called, but one in the States would call them brooks. They are very shallow and can be forded anywhere except during the rainy season, when the water rises very rapidly and to great heights. It just as quickly recedes as it rises. Here in the City of Ponce I have seen the water run down the principal streets knee high. This is due to the fact that the city has no real drainage system.

Porto Rico as a country of beauty, and in scenic effects cannot be matched. It is an ideal place for tourists.

(The writer of the above article, George P. Leete, is a Concord boy, a son of Dr. George E. Leete, a graduate of the Concord High School and Dartmouth College, class of 1908, who is now Assistant Supervisor of Schools in the district of Ponce.—ED.)

## Maternal Spring

*By Emily E. Cole*

The sweet, warm air, frail buds and glowing flowers,  
Young grass, and cooing song of mating bird,  
Blue, smiling skies with fleecy, floating clouds,  
Life, throbbing in Earth's pulses, subtly stirred.

Bounty and largess of the Heaven born Spring,  
Kissed by the Sun-god, wooed by the god of Rains.  
She smiles upon the Earth with brooding warmth,  
Nursing the bloom of trees, the leaf of grains.

Mother of all the Season — in her loins  
The promise of their fruitage potent holds,  
And through her tears, her smiles, her varied moods,  
The welfare of the teeming Nations moulds.



# Lake of the Clouds

*By Franklin Pierce Carrigan*

Lake of the Clouds, resplendent and tranquil.

Child of the moon, whose crescent hangs low  
Over the valleys where twilight has fallen,

Crowned with the splendor of daylight's last glow.  
Here from the heights I view thee with longing,

And fain would drink deep of thy waters of peace,  
Till the depth of my being is stirred with the sweetness.  
And its passion and pain and yearning will cease.

Source of the river they call Ammonoosue,

Wandering afar from Washington's steeps,  
Down through the highlands of spruce and of balsam,  
Seeking the distant Connecticut's deeps,

Born of the mist, the rain and the moonshine,

Fair as a dream eternal and bright,  
The spirit of loveliness seeks thee and holds thee  
Thralled in a trance of bliss and delight.

# The River of Peace

*By Chester B. Jordan, Jr.*

The mist of sadness is over the plain,  
Girt round about by the hills of pain,  
Yet down in the valley deep below  
The gentle river of peace doth flow.

Life has its sorrows, life has its cares,  
Life has its curses, life has its prayers,  
Life has its sadness, heartaches, pains,  
Yet the gentle river of peace remains.

How sweet to the eye its waters clear,  
How soothing its sound to the wearied ear,  
And the bright red lily of happiness grows  
Up through its mire of cast off woes.

And so thou gentle stream flow on,  
A light to those who've lost the dawn,  
Those who've conquered in that strife,  
In the terrible turmoil we call life.

# New Hampshire Necrology

## GILMAN C. WHIPPLE

Gilman Cooper Whipple, born in Croydon, March 18, 1837, died at Lebanon, May 20, 1910.

He was the son of Moses and Heiress (Cooper) Whipple, was educated in the common schools, Newport High School, and Colby Academy, New London, and was a merchant in Lebanon for thirty years, and later engaged in banking, being a director of the National Bank and long president of the Lebanon Savings Bank. He was also a trustee of the Public Library, and for some years chairman of the Lebanon school board. He was a large real estate owner, and clerk and director of the Lebanon Electric Light and Power Company. He was a representative from Lebanon in the State Legislature in 1887, and again in 1905 and 1907. He was an active member of the Baptist Church in Lebanon and had been its treasurer since its organization.

## DR. JOHN F. DODGE

Dr. John F. Dodge of Bennington died April 22, of heart failure at the railroad station in Providence, R. I. He was a native of Bennington, born November 30, 1833, being the oldest son of Solomon and Eliza (Felch) Dodge. He had been located at Franklin and Concord, but removed to Providence where he was in practice many years, going thence, a few years since, to Bennington, where he had erected an elegant residence in which to pass his declining years. He had been twice married: first to Georgia A. Colby of Franklin, who died in 1866, and afterwards to Mrs. Mary E. Proctor of Concord, who survives him, as does a daughter by the first marriage, Mrs. Charles F. Burnham of Bennington.

## SAMUEL W. TWOMBLY

Samuel W. Twombly, born in Tamworth, N. H., July 31, 1822, died at Winchester, Mass., April 27, 1910.

He went to Boston in early youth, and was for some time employed as a baker in Roxbury; but later went to Winchester and engaged in gardening and truck farming with great success, transporting his produce to the Boston Market and finally establishing himself in business on Tremont Street. He took an active interest in politics, as a Free Soiler and subsequently as a Republican. He was a delegate to the first Free Soil National

Convention in Buffalo, in 1848, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Winchester in 1871, and again in 1900 and 1901, being the "dean" of the House and calling that body to order at the opening of the session in each of the latter two years. He had long been known as the "grand old man" of Winchester. His wife, who was Eliza Dugan, died four years since, but not till their sixtieth wedding anniversary had been observed. Three sons survive.

## DAVID M. FRENCH

David M. French, a well known sculptor of Newburyport, Mass., and a native of the town of Newmarket in this State, died at his home in the former place, April 19, 1910, at the age of eighty years. He did not take up the study of his art seriously, until about thirty years of age, when he studied with Stevenson in Boston, and afterward pursued the work in Newmarket and Portsmouth, locating in Newburyport in 1864, where he remained through the balance of his life. He did much creditable work, including busts of Whittier, Caleb Cushing, and Doctor Peabody of Harvard University and the Garrison Statue in Brown Square at Newburyport, unveiled July 4, 1893, with Governor Greenhalge as the orator of the occasion.

## DR. WILLIAM JARVIS

Dr. William Jarvis, a native of Claremont, born Sept. 16, 1849, died in that town April 16, 1910.

He was a graduate of Dartmouth College and the Boston Dental College, had been prominent in his profession and president of the New Hampshire Dental Society; but was greatly devoted to sporting, and the breeding of blooded hunting dogs, and was also a skilled taxidermist.

In 1897 Doctor Jarvis was appointed United States Consul at Milan, Italy, holding the position for six years.

## LUCY MARIA SAWYER

Miss Lucy Maria Sawyer, a noted centennarian of the town of Wakefield, who celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth July 14, 1909, died in the house in which she was born, May 12. She was a daughter of Timothy and Sarah (Dearborn) Sawyer and the fifth centennarian who has died in Wakefield, though the first one born in town.



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

The political situation in the State has changed since the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY in that each of the great political parties has a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination now avowedly in the field, Clarence E. Carr of Andover, the nominee of last year, having formally announced his purpose to appeal for the support of the Democratic voters at the primaries. All efforts among Republicans to induce any other man than Senator Bass to declare his candidacy, have thus far proved fruitless, and there seems no probability that any other man than Mr. Carr will come forward for the Democratic nomination. As Messrs. Bass and Carr stand for practically the same ideas and principles, so far as the matter of state administration is concerned, it would seem that there is no probability of any heated or acrimonious contest in the coming campaign in this state.

The eighth edition of the publication entitled "New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes," issued by the State Board of Agriculture in pursuance of its work for the rehabilitation of the State, so far as the reoccupancy of its abandoned farms is concerned, has made its appearance, and is the subject of high compliment on the part of the press of the state, and of the country at large, even the *New York Sun* having made it the basis of a column editorial, in which the work of the Board is commended in the strongest terms. It is certain that this publication has done much to attract to the Granite State the favorable attention of capitalists in all parts of the country, as well as men of learning and leisure, seeking desirable places of summer abode. No money expended by the state has ever been more profitably invested than that which is used for the preparation and publication of this volume, in which the scenic beauties of New Hampshire are so charmingly set forth, and it would be well indeed were the appropriation for this purpose doubled.

Little has been said thus far, about the general observance of "Old Home Week" in the State this year, though it is noted that many towns made appropriations

for the purpose at the annual March meetings, and reports of the proceedings of local committees, having preparations for such observance in hand, have occasionally found their way into the columns of the local press. It is matter of special note that the people of the City of Portsmouth are making elaborate preparations for an "Old Home Day" celebration on the Fourth of July which will undoubtedly bring many hundreds of the absent sons and daughters of the "Seaport City" back to the home of their birth for a season.

While the contract called for the completion of the State House addition by the first of July, and the remodelling of the old portion by the first of September, the indications now are that it will be considerably past those dates when the work is done, though there is no reason to doubt that everything will be in readiness and condition for occupancy before the time for the opening of the next session of the Legislature arrives. The building, as a whole, when completed and surmounted by a new dome, which remains to be provided for, will present a more attractive appearance than was generally anticipated. The west front on State Street, facing the government building, would be very much admired but for the undesirable proximity of the Perkins Memorial, which will doubtless yet be removed to some other locality.

The complaint is almost universal that there is still reckless disregard of the automobile speed law, not only outside but inside the compact sections. The result is the rapid deterioration of the highways and frequent and sometimes distressing accidents, as illustrated by the recent shocking death in an auto accident of two prominent citizens of Nashua.

Rev. J. M. Hunter, pastor of Trinity Church, Glasgow, the leading Congregational preacher of Great Britain, is on a tour of the United States, inspecting the work of the Universalist churches of this country. He is to be in Concord June 16 and Manchester June 17.



# Copper Mines of Montana and how they are Developed.

It is a well known fact that Montana is the great copper producing state of the Union its Coeur d'Alene District in the western part of the state has more producing mines, and fewer failures, than any like area on the face of the globe. This district alone has paid over twenty dollars for each dollar invested : a most wonderful record, for there are few, if any, of the industrial propositions outside of Standard Oil that can boast of such a showing. It is taken for granted by the majority of our readers that mining is luck pure and simple. These conditions did, no doubt, exist in the early days of forty-nine but such is far from being the case today. Men taught the theory in college and trained by years of actual experience in mining geology are as careful in making a selection of and recommending a mining property as is the doctor in selecting the right medicine for his patient ; in either case misjudgment means loss of prestige and loss of prestige means failure.

The following is an illustration of the great care and thorough manner in which the mine of today undergoes investigation before even being called a prospect. Some years ago, General Fremont located eight claims of one hundred and sixty acres in this district, which being worked in a dilatory manner, showed from surface workings copper in large and paying quantities. F. W. E. Schmitz, an extensive ranch owner nearby, and one of the state's well-known men, heard of this large copper deposit and took an active interest in the property. He therefore obtained the services of one of the best mining men in the West, J. O. Elton, of the University of Idaho, who made a careful examination and extensive report on the property, together with the most practical and economical method of developing it. The report showed that the property was of great value and owing to its location near the railroad and Eds and Petty Creeks, both transportation and water power, combined with plenty of timber located on the property, afforded all the natural advantages for cheap low cost production. Having the utmost faith in Mr. Elton's report but in order to eliminate failure, if possible, the services of Prof. Rowe of the State University of Montana were engaged, he being considered one of the greatest authorities of Mining Geology in the United States. His report while extensive and complete, briefly summed up, shows that there are three large veins on the property nearly half a mile long, containing from five to fifteen per cent. copper. The reports from these reliable and well-known men left no doubt in the mind of Mr. Schmitz or his associates. The forming of the Coppersmith Mining and Milling Company was the result. The services of a reliable banking house with prestige and financial connections were now necessary, and the well-known firm of Chas. E. Merwin & Co., Bankers and Fiscal Agents, of Moscow, Idaho, was approached, and only after carefully investigating the property and the organizers of the company did Mr. Merwin, who by the way is a conservative New Englander, coming from one of Connecticut's leading families, consent to finance the proposition, but with such attractive reports from both engineers, and endorsements from well-known mining periodicals such as *The Copper Age*, *The Wallace Miner*, *The Daily Mining Record*, *The Coeur d'Alene Dividend*, *The Daily Spokesman*, and many others, Mr. Merwin saw a big future in the property and made his first allotment of fifty thousand shares at ten cents per share which was taken inside of a week by people on the ground. To distribute this stock among his Eastern friends and followers was also a desire of Mr. Merwin. He had full and extensive reports printed which he mailed to his friends and patrons, and which can now be had for the asking by anyone. His second allotment at ten cents per share is for New England territory and he anticipates will soon be all subscribed. We would like to have all our readers send to Mr. Chas. E. Merwin, Moscow, Idaho, for the reports on Coppersmith which are illustrated and very interesting ; we would add Mr. Merwin has no "follow up system" in his office with which to bore his friends. *The Mercantile and Financial Times of New York* says : "Chas. E. Merwin & Co., an old established firm of investment bankers at Moscow, Idaho, have very extensive business connections and the record of never having had a client lose money when their judgment was followed in making investments."





MARILLA M. RICKER

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## A Woman Candidate

### Marilla M. Ricker Seeks the Republican Nomination for Governor

The most unique candidacy ever known in New Hampshire political life is that presented this year by Marilla M. Ricker of Dover, who announces her purpose to run for the gubernatorial nomination on the Republican ticket, at the primary election to be held on the first Tuesday of September next, if no other person appears, on the part of the regular or stalwart Republicans of the state to contest the nomination of Robert P. Bass of Peterboro, who is distinctively put forward as the candidate of the "progressive" or "reform" element of the party, otherwise known as "insurgents," and characterized by her as "merceroized" Republicans.

Mrs. Ricker, whose candidacy was tentatively announced some months ago, in point of fact, but who has indicated a readiness to stand aside if any representative of what is known as the regular or stalwart element of the Republican party enters the field to contest the nomination with Mr. Bass, is, herself, a thoroughgoing "stalwart" and has nothing in common with the leading spirits of the present day "progressive" propaganda, and is determined that no representative of the latter shall carry off the party nomination without a contest. Moreover, she believes that the hour has struck when a woman can properly appeal for support as candidate for governor in the state of New Hampshire. It is, therefore,

her determined purpose, under the conditions stated, to file notice of her candidacy with the secretary of state, pay the required fee, and appeal to the voters for their support at the primaries.

It is not merely as a stalwart Republican, however, that Mrs. Ricker proposes to run for the governorship. Her platform embraces two distinct principles, in no wise related to partisan issues as thus far presented, upon which she proposes to appeal for the support of fair-minded citizens of all parties. These are woman suffrage and taxation of church property. Mrs. Ricker has been known for a generation as a leading advocate and exponent of the woman suffrage cause in this country. She was the first woman in New Hampshire if not in the country, to demand the right to vote, appearing at the polls in the ward of her residence in the city of Dover, forty years ago, and offering her ballot. Refused its acceptance by the election officers, she has paid her taxes under protest every year since.

As regards the taxation of church property, she holds, as did George Washington, that "the government of the United States is not in any sense, founded on the Christian religion," and wishes it distinctly understood that as governor, if she be elected to that office, she will advocate the taxation of churches and other ecclesiasti-

cal property, precisely as all other property is taxed, and that no privileges or advantages shall be granted to Christianity or any other special religion; but that the Christian, the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Pagan—men and women of all religions and of no religion—shall stand upon a basis of absolute equality; each bearing a fair share of the burdens of government and each enjoying equally with every other, its protection and advantages.

Mrs. Ricker's views on the suffrage question have been forcibly presented to the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, in contributions from her pen heretofore appearing in its pages, and are well understood by people generally, throughout the state and nation. Her position as regards the taxation of church property is in natural conformity with her views as a "free thinker" in religious matters. Early in life she revolted at the hard and hopeless tenets of the prevailing Calvinistic theology, and ultimately became a disciple of Thomas Paine and an admiring co-worker with Robert G. Ingersoll, in his free-thought propaganda. In this line she has written much for the *Truth Seeker*, and other publications of its class, one of her latest published productions being an article on "John Calvin," called out by that on "Geneva and John Calvin" by John Calvin Thorne in the GRANITE MONTHLY for July, 1909, which appeared in the *Truth Seeker* of May 14, last, and in which she excoriates Calvin and Calvinism, and the crowning atrocity of his active religious career in the martyrdom of Michael Servetus, in the most scathing terms which her remarkable vocabulary affords.

Born in New Durham, N. H., March 18, 1840, Marilla Marks, daughter of Jonathan B. and Hannah D. (Stevens) Young, is now just seventy years of age, but retains the strength, vigor and enthusiasm of

youth, and her devotion to the principles she has espoused, is as determined and unyielding as ever. Graduating from Colby Academy, New London, in 1861, she taught school for a time, and in 1863 married John Ricker of Madbury, who was extensively engaged in real estate business at Dover, where they made their home. In 1868 her husband died, leaving her in independent circumstances and able to take up such pursuit as inclination might suggest. In 1872 she went abroad, spending some years in Germany, where she thoroughly mastered the language of that country. Returning home she took up the study of law in Washington, with Albert G. Riddle and Arthur B. Williams, and in 1882 was admitted to the District of Columbia bar, taking the examination with eighteen young men, all of whom she outranked. From that date, for many years, she practiced her profession at the national capital, soon becoming known as the "prisoner's friend" because of her custom of visiting the prisons and jails for the purpose of aiding poor and friendless prisoners. She was associate counsel with Colonel Ingersoll in the famous "Star Route" trials, and was pronounced by him "the most sensible woman he ever knew." She was appointed United States Commissioner and Examiner in Chancery by the District of Columbia Supreme Court in 1884, and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1891, having been admitted to the New Hampshire bar the previous year—the first woman enjoying that distinction—her petition, in fact, opening the way to woman in the field of legal practice in the Granite State, although there seems little inclination thus far on the part of the sex to follow therein.

Politically Mrs. Ricker is, as has been stated, a stalwart Republican. She imbibed strong anti-slavery ideas from the *New York Tribune* in child-

MARILLA M. RICKER  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

I, Marilla M. Ricker, declare that I reside in Ward Four in the City of Dover, of the County of Strafford, State of New Hampshire, and am a qualified voter therein; that I am a member of the Republican Party; that I am a candidate for nomination for the office of Governor, to be made at the primary election to be held on the sixth day of September, 1910; and I hereby request that my name be printed on the official ballot of said Republican Party as a candidate for such nomination or election.

I further declare that if nominated or elected a candidate for said office I will not withdraw my name and will abide by the duties of said office.

Marilla M. Ricker

hood and since the Republican party was formed she has been with it and of it, advocating its principles often on the stump, although not permitted to support them with her ballot at the polls. She insists, nevertheless, that we can have no true Republican or genuine Democratic government, until woman is accorded the same rights and privileges under the law that man enjoys. That is to say her zeal in the cause of freedom has not been sated in the emancipation and enfranchisement of the black man, and will not be so long as white woman and all women, remain without voice or vote in the government under which they live.

If nominated for governor Mrs. Ricker will appeal for support to all friends of political and religious liberty and equality, in the state, of whatever name or party, regardless of their views on the tariff, the fortification of the Panama canal, the size of the navy, the ultimate disposition of the Philippines or the proper status of the Boston & Maine Rail-

road as a factor in our material or governmental economy. Justice and equality for all men and women in New Hampshire will be her rallying cry, and if elected her best endeavors will be directed to the furtherance of such legislation, and the promotion of such constitutional reform as shall insure the same.

It is contended in some quarters that she cannot constitutionally be a candidate, not being herself an elector, and that if she attempts to qualify under the law, her attempt will be ignored. It remains to be seen, when her application for a place on the ballot is filed, and the legal fee tendered, what the outcome will be; but it may be well enough to recall the fact that the only constitutional requirements are that a candidate for governor, in order to eligibility, shall have been "an inhabitant of this state for seven years next preceding" the election, and "of the age of thirty years," both of which requirements she fully meets with a goodly margin over.

## His Light—Her Voice

*By Stewart Everett Rowe*

On life's ocean sailing,  
Laughing or bewailing,  
Onward, within the ship of life we sweep;  
Deeply we are thinking  
Of the time when sinking  
We solve the problem of the unknown deep.

Yes, we think and ponder  
What may be down yonder,  
Down on the bottom of life's tossing sea:  
Will there come a dawning  
Of an endless morning  
When in death's deeps we sink and cease to be?

We see no light glisten,  
Lone and sad we listen  
For that Sweet Voice with that Bright Light to cheer;  
Bravely we are hoping,  
'Midst our grief and groping,  
That Morn will soon dispell the Darkness drear!



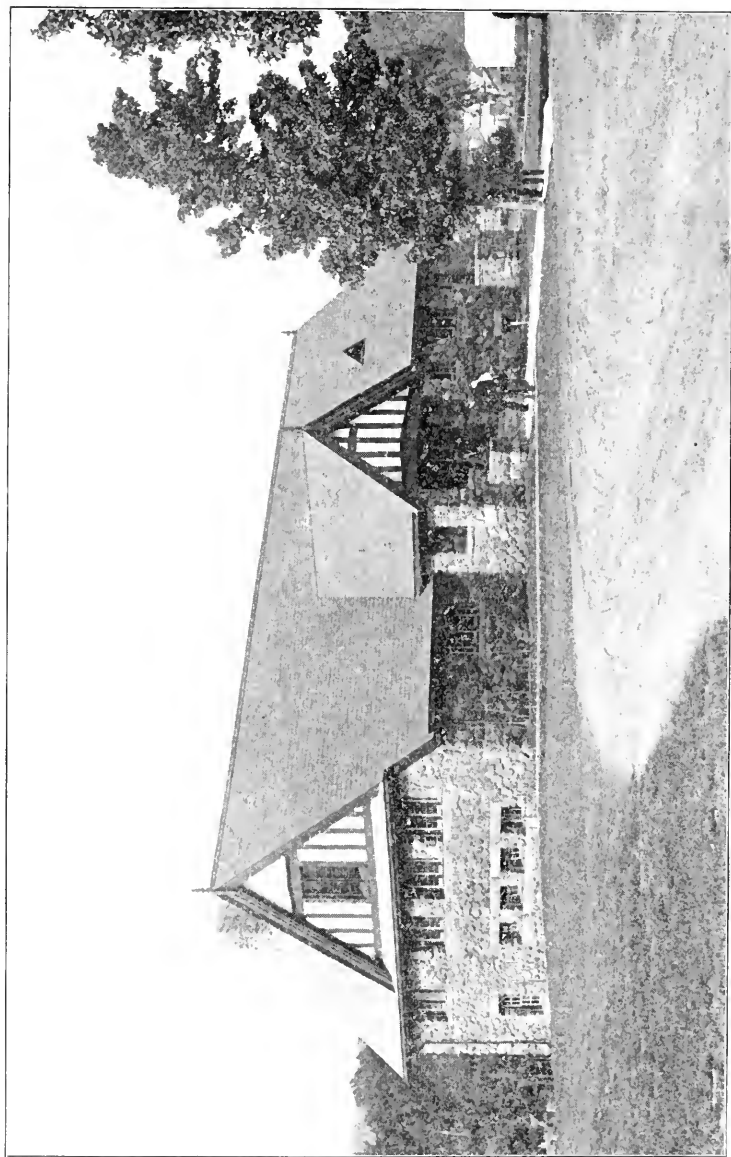
# Necropolis

*By L. J. H. Frost*

Thou city of the dead! within thy streets,  
And on thine ivied walls, Death ever keeps  
A tireless vigil; watching with keen look  
Each pale, still comer, as within his book  
He writes their epitaph. A mournful train,  
Oh, city! bearing one whom Death has slain,  
Oft comes within thy gates,—some young and fair,  
With folded hands and pale flowers 'mid dark hair;  
Some old and gray, whose faded, wrinkled cheeks  
And careworn brows the contest oft bespeaks  
Of their life's battle; yet unwilling they  
To lay their armor down at close of day,  
And call the struggle past, the conflict done.  
Blest they, if they can say,—“The victory's won.”

Thou city of the dead! within thine halls  
Death holds his ceaseless banquet; and loud calls  
The canker-worm to feast upon fair forms  
Whose hearts are still; no crimson life-blood warms  
Their frozen breasts, nor raise they now their hands  
To wipe away the clinging mould that stands  
Upon their once fair features. Those cold forms  
Heed not the damp, or darkness, or the worms;  
Nor shrink from Death's most close embrace; nor start  
To feel the frozen life-blood on the heart  
Press heavy down. Those forms are lifeless clay;  
The better part—the soul—hath passed away.

Thou city of the dead! Peace to thy shades!  
Up to that land where glory never fades,  
Thou ledest us. Our pathway lies through thee  
Unto eternal day. Our souls all free  
From hindering clay that they have cast aside  
Within thy halls, shall flee, and hence abide  
With the Eternal. But oh, city! keep  
Thou safe the sacred forms we leave asleep  
Within thy mansions, till a voice shall say:  
“Give up thy dead,” upon the judgment day.



New Unitarian (Cruft Memorial) Church, Andover, N. H.

# Congregational Unitarian Society of Andover

## A Parish Sketch

(Delivered by Mr. Clarence E. Carr at the dedication of the Craft Memorial Church, Andover, N. H., June 2, 1910.)

The topic assigned to me on the program seems to be somewhat of a misnomer. Nothing so dignified as an historical address was considered when I was invited to devote from five to ten minutes to the annals of "The Congregational Unitarian Church" of Andover. The expansion of that theme must be left to a later time. Here only can be given a brief outline of those events which seem best suited as a basis for the exercises today. As I am relying largely on my memory for the facts stated some inaccuracies may be expected.

Desiring more liberal thought than they had been getting from the pulpit, the people of this village in the summer of 1879 applied to the Universalists for preachers. Twice ministers from that denomination were sent us, but as the field did not look promising their work was not continued.

In some way, at that time—I do not know how—Rev. Samuel C. Beane, having in charge the Unitarian parish at Concord, became interested. He was later the New England field agent of the American Uni-

tarian Association, and always had the missionary spirit. He took up the work here, and never let go. He was the originator of the idea of a New Hampshire Unitarian Educational Society, under whose management in Proctor Academy. He was one of its incorporators, and a promoter of our church. Both movements are largely due to his early work and help. He had faith in the opportunity; and here we are.

### FORMAL ORGANIZATION

The formal organization of this society took place in September, 1879. The articles of association followed closely those of the Detroit, Mich., church, of which Mr. Stebbins had been the pastor. It declared, "The object of this society shall be united effort in the study and practice of Christianity." It erected a voluntary corporation and made all persons members who signed its by-laws or subscribed a given amount to the support of preaching. These articles have been unchanged since its formation, except as to membership, so that

The beautiful new stone church at Andover, a gift to the Unitarian Society of that town from Miss Harriet O. Craft of Boston, was formally dedicated on Thursday, June 2, 1910, at 1 o'clock p. m., on which occasion Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, gave the sermon, and prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., several other clergymen participating. The keys were delivered by Gen. George T. Craft of Boston, in behalf of the donor, to the Board of Trustees. Hon. Clarence E. Carr, clerk of the society, gave the historical address, or outline of the life of the society, herewith presented.

The story is scarcely complete without the following record of the action of the society taken at an informal meeting on the day of the first service in the church, following the dedication, on Sunday, June 5, at 11.30 a. m. Under the injunction of the donor her name had not been made public; but, in accordance with the earnest desire of the society, with her

now, "A person eighteen years of age and upwards may unite with this Society by signing its articles of organization, and all members are entitled to equal privileges." This leaves the matter so that any one can become a member in the way indicated.

Little effort was made to get the people to sign the articles prior to the adoption of the later rule. There are, however, on it the names of the original promoters of the cause, those living and dead, who have been its steadfast supporters for thirty years.

After the change in the by-laws the largest number of names obtained was added to the list through the influence of Mr. Clark, and many more have been added through the efforts of Mr. Ives. People signing this have not always understood the age limit, and we have the names of some people placed upon our list before they were eighteen, but so far I cannot discover it has not been to their disadvantage or that of the church.

#### CHURCH SOCIETIES

The Ladies' Industrial Society has been our constant and consistent force that has worked for and with the church since its organization.

It has almost invariably furnished

a monthly social evening and supper, has given entertainments, held fairs and festivals, maintained a bank account, been our largest subscriber to the minister's salary, met deficits in church expenses, and in all the ups and downs of church life has never failed in its popularity and usefulness. It has even more than performed the functions of a Woman's Alliance though of late years we have had a working branch of that.

Our Sunday School has been a most potent factor in maintaining and recruiting our church and to my mind is the one thing above all others that has given us our greatest strength. The Y. P. R. U. has likewise done serviceable work.

The singing has always been done by members of our own church or by our village people, mainly without compensation, and the faithfulness of those who have contributed to its success is well known to us all.

#### MINISTERS

We have had seven settled ministers: Calvin Stebbins, Crawford Nightengale, Thomas Thompson, W. C. Buckston, Lyman Clark, Angelo Hall and Henry G. Ives. Of these, only two—W. G. Buckston and Henry G. Ives—have been here ordained.

Rev. Calvin Stebbins was our first

permission at last, action was taken at this time, and the following preamble and resolution offered and unanimously adopted by rising vote:

"There has been given to the Congregational Unitarian Society of Andover by Miss Harriet Otis Cruft of Boston, Massachusetts, for its use and that of Proctor Academy, a stone church, as lovely and beautiful as the heart of the giver. It has been dedicated to the worship of God and its object declared to be his service and to lighten the paths and labors of men. This is in accordance with her views, that of her fathers and those who are here to assemble.

"We recognize this gift as the contribution of a good and earnest woman to the welfare of the community, and the cause of education, religion and civic righteousness.

"It is resolved, therefore, that this society here met and in church assembled for its first divine service, extend to her its thanks and love, and expresses to her for her precious gift, complete in all its parts and appointments, a deep appreciation of it and the motive of helpfulness which prompted it.

"Subject to her approval, we have named it the Cruft Memorial Church; and will use it well and guard it well.

"It is our desire also to express our gratitude to and appreciation of the work of her nephew, Gen. George T. Cruft, whose care, interest and foresight have executed her will in its erection.

"It is ordered that these sentiments be spread upon the parish records and their adoption certified to the donor and General Cruft."

settled minister. For a part of his pastorate of two years Mr. Stebbins preached three new sermons about every Sunday, and sought more work. The effect upon our little community of the powerful intellect and personality of this man, later described by Senator Hoar as one of the foremost pulpits orators of America, and certainly one of her devoted historical students, is here today. The tale of the boys and girls and men and women who learned from him the Uni-

His successor was the Rev. Thomas Thompson, who was our pastor for about seven years. He was a faithful and earnest man who devoted himself to the material and spiritual needs of the community.

Then came Rev. Lyman Clark in 1890. He remained with us ten years, and no man ever worked harder in the community for church and school and state than he. He never swerved from what seemed to him to be his duty, and never failed to go straight



Craft Memorial Church, Andover, on Day of Dedication

tarian way, who drew their inspiration from his teaching and have marked their progress from his day is another story. He remained until September, 1881, and was succeeded by Rev. Crawford Nightengale.

Mr. Nightengale was a most kindly, delightful man, who might be summed up in a word as a ministerial joke. He had two passions, joking and raising flowers. He was equally devoted to them and was an artist in both fields. I have even seen him joking with the flowers. He is sweetly joking still, and with flowers still. Without them he would not be happy. All his work here we know was for the uplift of humanity, as we believe his work now is for a happier Kingdom elsewhere.

to his mark. He worked for the town schools, tried to improve the highways, set out trees, and inveighed unceasingly against intemperance and political corruption. He never failed to call a spade a spade, and some people thought that if his cloth had permitted he might have dubbed a real black one a "blamed old shovel." His beautiful family grew up with us, working with him, and none have a heartier welcome today than they. Mr. Clark did much for the mental, moral, material and political welfare of this country, and worked till he saw the affairs of Proctor Academy put on a business basis.

Rev. Angelo Hall came to us in the fall of 1900, and remained about two years. No lovelier spirit or sweeter

soul ever gave itself to a people or left a more benign influence.

Rev. Henry G. Ives was called in October, 1904, and with his strenuousness is with us still. A summary of his untiring labor in the physical changes in school and parish since his advent must be postponed to a later date.

#### POLICY, MEMBERS AND HABITATION

For many years the church has maintained itself without aid from our central body and never raised its money so easily nor has it been so strong as since pursuing this policy of having only what it could pay for.

The church that attends public worship consistently, does its own thinking, and voting, and pays its own bills, is on God's highway, a force for civic righteousness and a prop to the state. Too little attention is given to this factor in our commonwealth.

We have always had a small but consistent number of church attendants, the one thing above all others essential to the welfare of a religious body.

It is with gratification that I read my father's name as the first signer to our articles of association. He was no more loyal than many others, but like most of his associates, could always be counted on to be in his seat, to help when there was work to do, to pay his subscription, and to contribute to any good cause or need that arose.

I have in mind another, our oldest member, who since the church was organized has never failed to face her minister unless sickness prevented, or faltered in her work or her loyalty, but who, notwithstanding her eighty-five years, is actively and consistently doing the same thing today.

The Congregational Unitarian So-

ciety has thus far had only two physical habitations, the old Academy Hall, where we began our services even before our organization, and Proctor Hall which for more than twenty-five years, rent free, and care free most of the time, has been our home.

Into the new church, as sweet and beautiful as the spirit which prompted its gift, we come today. We have left the old hall and may not go back again. Still we love it. How much it stands for, how long and well it has sheltered our family, and how it has rung with words clear and brave and true for human righteousness. In it have spoken to us many of the good men and some of the great men of our time; from it we have drawn our inspiration; out of it we have buried our dead, and thereby made sacred its walls.

We are met today in the name of those good men and women, living and dead, to dedicate this church. Is it not rather for us, who know something of their work and their sacrifice and have seen its partial fruition, to be ourselves here dedicated to their unfinished tasks, and consecrated anew to those fundamental principles of human love which were old when Moses wrote, which Jesus reaffirmed as the sum of human wisdom, and which are the light and life of the world. Should we not here highly resolve that within these portals fraternity shall reign and unkind thoughts be forbidden to enter, and that we will light in our own and other human hearts that flame of religious and patriotic devotion "that will burn till the stars go out." Let us fervently hope that the benign influences which will flow from the spirit of this church will lighten the paths and labors of men.



# The Old Reade House in Dover

*By Lydia A. Stevens*

A few years prior to the opening of the Revolutionary War, Michael Reade settled in Dover. He was born in Kilkenna, Ireland, in 1741. In 1778 he married Deborah Horn, who was born in 1755. Doctor Belknap performed the ceremony. Sometime before 1780, Reade built the great house which is still associated with his name. He possessed ability and enterprise, and soon became prominent and influential.

The latter half of his life was passed in stirring times, but nothing is known beyond the facts stated in this sketch. All else is vague and scanty. It has been said that in his prime there were only two other prominent Irishmen in Dover—Philip Harty and Edward Sise. In her "Autobiography of a Landlady of the Old School," Mrs. Wyatt writes that about 1800 "Michael Reade of the Landing was one of the principal merchants of Dover—a grave, sober man, and a constant attendant at church." There is a family tradition to the effect that he was a resolute man, who said little, and whose face never changed.

Little is known about the building of the house. He wanted to be near the scene of his business operations, and at a commanding point. At that time a ridge of gray rock rose raggedly from Lafayette Square, and running northerly lost itself in the high land of Franklin Square. One side of the eminence was level with the upper part of Main Street, and the other fell off in a long irregular sweep over what is now Portland Street, and so on to the river. Around the base stood tangled low-growing trees, and other wild growths of various kinds. A little south of the Colonel Evans

house, at considerable elevation and fronting Main Street, he selected a lot.

The good and skillful ledgemen who delved into the hard rock for a cellar, and the husky carpenters who fashioned the interior, did their work well—but their names have been lost. The scattered buildings that soon after sprang up in the immediate vicinity yielded finally to factory



Old Reade House  
Front View

wants or ravages of the time, but the big house on its rocky perch, solidly indifferent to blandishment, or attack, still maintains an unvarying apathy and apparent disregard to all its surroundings. It saw the very beginning of things on the Landing; the little streams of people trickling in, mingling with the still more ancient dwellers; watched the up growth of stores and warehouses, looked at the great awkward wains filled with the riches of the North, the crowded wharves, the river crafts, and heard the shouts of seamen and the ring of axe and anvil. Upon completion, and for many years afterward, the ascent to the front door was much as usual,

because Main Street, until 1830, or thereabouts had a decidedly sharper pitch than now. Then the selectmen lowered the grade by blasting, so that afterward the house stood as it were on a hill. How it looked in its prime, and how it compared with the better class of houses in town, no one can speak except by conjecture; nor can any one divine the local events of which it was a witness. Even the passages of its later history can not be fully narrated. That history in minute detail would tell us pretty much all we want to know of what Dover people were doing immediately after the War of Independence, and what sort of folk built up the trading and shipping interest in this locality.

For a number of years following 1812, there were only five dwelling houses in town inventoried higher than the Reade house. The house antedates all lasting prosperity in Dover. It possesses two personalities—the commercial and the commonplace—one of the eighteenth century and the other of the twentieth. The one is full of imaginings, the other fronts the great mills and the Dover of today. Time has touched it lightly. It is in parallogram form—two storied. The roof is simple, with no dormers or valleys. This makes the really large house look larger. The old chimney has been removed. The hall has wholly escaped change, and is in an excellent state of preservation. The paneling is still worthy of inspection, and the railing to the stairs attracts attention. The inside apportionment of space, and all other provisions for comfort, show intelligent planning and liberal expense. Within it was finished in a style similar to that adopted in the better class of houses of that period. One feature stands out plain. Everything about the building discloses the main viewpoint of the ancient owner; adaptability and durability. For

many years it played a part in Dover history.

And whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the sturdy inlanders who put their money into gondolas, packets, and sea-going schooners, this staunch structure shows that they, at least, contrived to get houses built so that they should last. Whereas the houses which sanguine builders, in their own phrase, now “run up” with green timber, frail roofs, tremulous floors, and walls of portentous thinness, built to sell, to let, and to mortgage, must before many years become anything but satisfactory dwellings or city ornaments.

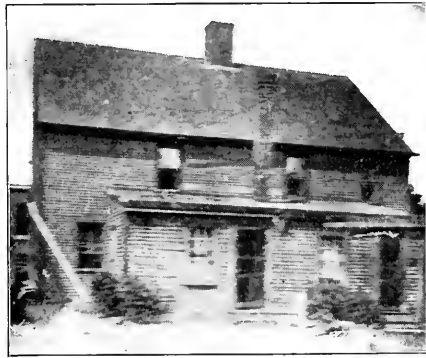
Reade became largely interested in the lumber trade, which at that time was extensive and prosperous on the Landing. His office was in the second story of a close-at-hand building. In the story below, Stephen Jenness, J. G. Downs and John Tapley, in order named, sold dry and West India goods. It has been turned around and moved back, and is now used in part for a blacksmith shop. In the early years of the last century, the ship carpenters, riggers, sail-makers, skippers, sailors, accountants and supercargoes were better dressed in their leisure hours than other employes in town. They walked differently, looked differently, talked differently. There was no confounding the two classes. In contrast to the shop-keepers of Central Street and Tuttle Square, the merchants, agents, and skippers of the Landing also appeared to advantage. The former took years to become established. He avoided showy expense; was prudent and abstemious; never got unguardedly into debt, and shuddered at thought of endorsing another man's note. But his position was full of unavoidable humiliations, and many times he asked himself whether forehandedness was worth winning at such cost. The other was bold and daring, and took chances



with his associates. He was hospitable and convivial. Such a man was the immigrant Reade. This stout-hearted Landingite died in 1812, leaving a competent little fortune. His widow survived him twenty-seven years.

Seven children were born in this house to the couple. The first, Michael, Jr., died in 1864, at the age of eighty-six. It was improbable that the forceful founder should have a son steeped in tranquility and dream dreamy repose, yet nothing occurs more frequently, than the improbable. During a long life Michael, Jr., faced problems alone—philosophically and gracefully. He never actively engaged in business, though esteemed a good judge of investments. Much of his time was spent in reading; he went to church regularly; was law-abiding, companionable, and unobtrusive. At infrequent intervals a spark of inherited fire flashed out, but in the main he was calm and slow to take offence. At length, the incoming railroads revolutionized trade. There was no hope for the Landing, no future. Its schooners became hulks. Its axes, saws, chains and anchors rusted into silence. Its business men found employment elsewhere and its streets and lanes became too large for the population. Then the old recluse fetched up in the office of his long-time friend, William Hale. There he met George Piper, town clerk and United States deputy collector and inspector, Asa A. Tufts, postmaster, Charles Young, register of deeds, Thomas E. Sawyer, boarding at Colonel Evans' house near by, and others, all familiar with the early traditions of Dover. To this seat of local interest came Quint listening, querying, and jotting down the strangely parallel memories of the men, to whom Dover was truly a haunted town. The youngster had a natural affinity for human nature, especially Dover nature, and in this delightful retreat,

overhanging the lower river and nearly opposite Nutter Block, the future historian gathered much of the local lore which sparkles in his pages. In his boyhood, Michael, Jr., listened to the preaching of Doctor Belknap; witnessed the hanging of Elisha Thomas; and attended the sessions of the General Court, which in 1788 sat here in the building now used as a garage on Tuttle Square. He could remember when Dover Landing was a common, covered in part with pine trees; when the great house of Colonel Waldron, now on Second Street, occupied Franklin Square in solitary



Old Reade House  
Rear View

grandeur, and the family possessions embraced all the territory in that part of the town; when the Coffins owned what the Walrons did not about Coochecho Falls. The great struggle of the Landing for supremacy over the rest of the town was played before his eyes. He watched the cotton factory go up at the fourth falls; a blast from the mill site across the lower river sent a heavy stone crashing through his roof; he saw Agent John Williams go, and Agent James F. Curtis come, and he was on familiar terms with Capt. Moses Paul. He took part in the welcome to Lafayette in 1825, and joined in the procession accompanying the eulogist, Caleb Cushing, in 1834. He was one of the sidewalk

committee which watched Moses Paul, John P. Hale, John S. Durell, Thomas W. Kittredge, James Davis, and Samuel H. Henderson build the town hall. The wars of 1812 and 1846 afforded matter for ordinary comment in his day. He was fond of relating the changes which he had witnessed, as well as the incidents of the older time with which his mind was stored. He was daily seen upon the street and at the railroad station, until within a few years of his death. Everybody knew him as the "oldest inhabitant," and his memory was often appealed to by those seeking to verify stories of the past.

The second child, Polly, taught a private school for many years. A venerable lady says: "I remember Aunt Polly very well and attended her school. She occupied the front room of her father's office. Chumsy benches stood around the walls, the center being open. She had another room in which was a bed. In this retreat she put the small children when they became sleepy—for they were of all ages and some were very young. They learned to write in home-made copy-books and used quill pens. Alonzo H. Quint attended this school in his tender years, and so long as

Aunt Polly lived called on her every time he came to Dover. In my childhood the Reade lot extended to the Robert Perkins lot on the corner of Main and School Streets." The erudite Doctor of Divinity often remarked to the writer: "Schoolma'am Polly Reade was a wonder—enthusiastic and intuitive. Her memory was keen, her imagination lively, her perception acute. She had ingenuity, tact, and perseverance—a noble trinity in woman's industrial offices." She was born December 14, 1780, and died, unmarried, January 24, 1846. William, born April 14, 1783, was drowned at sea December 6, 1808. Nancy, born July 31, 1785, died August 6, 1862. She married William Perkins May 6, 1817, Rev. Joseph W. Clary officiating. Sally, March 8, 1788—October 17, 1853, never married. Betsey, born November 23, 1790, died July 4, 1794. Lydia, July 14, 1793—December 15, 1859, was married to John Tapley of Danvers, Mass., May 12, 1817, and their descendants today occupy positions of trust and responsibility in Dover. The house is now owned and occupied by the heirs of Thomas Hughes, and despite its modern furnishings is well worth a visit.

## Verses

*By Moses Gage Shirley*

### YOUTH

Who plants the seeds of virtue and of truth  
In the heart's garden has eternal youth.

### KNOWLEDGE

He who of knowledge would increase his store  
Must gather grain from every threshing floor.

### A PEACEFUL LIFE

A calm and peaceful life is best,  
Who lives it shall find heavenly rest.

# Reprisal Chapter, D. A. R., of Newport

By Mary E. McCrillis

It was with a view to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, that "The Reprisal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution" was organized in Newport, November 7, 1896. Mrs. Lucy N. Bradley was largely instrumental in forming the chapter, giving to the work, of her time, thought and money. She has always been loyal to the highest ideals for which the great society, of which this chapter is but a small fraction, stands, and is deeply interested in its success.

The first meeting was held and the chapter organized at the home of Mrs. Grace L. Lovell, with the following members: Mrs. Lucy N. Bradley, Mrs. Louisa F. Richards, Mrs. Maria McCann, Mrs. Frances M. Dana, Mrs. Ellen E. Kimball, Mrs. Marcia N. Spofford, Mrs. Ella W. Barton, Mrs. Georgia B. Chase, Mrs. Lizzie M. Richards, Mrs. Laura R. Hall, Mrs. Effie B. Nourse, Mrs. Maude I. Lewis, Mrs. Alice B. Woodbury, Mrs. Grace L. Lovell, Mrs. Mary E. McCrillis, Miss M. E. Partridge, Miss Marion Kimball, Miss Ellen H. Rogers, Miss Ella M. Wilmarth, Miss Marcia J. Edes, Miss Ella Robinson, and with Mrs. Bradley as regent.

Naturally the naming of the chapter was one of the first matters to be considered. Not finding in the history of Newport any name or event especially distinguished or notable, it was thought best to adopt a name of national interest, and an event connected with the history of our flag is hereby commemorated in the naming of our chapter "The Reprisal," for the first American cruiser to carry the stars and stripes into foreign waters after the Declaration of Indepen-

dence. Among its passengers, on its initial voyage, was Benjamin Franklin who had been appointed commissioner to the French Court. After landing its distinguished passenger *The Reprisal* captured several prizes which were sold and the proceeds used to purchase other vessels, mak-



Mrs. Lucy N. Bradley  
First Regent

ing what in those days was a formidable fleet. Had *The Reprisal* been captured, this misfortune might have cost the colonies their independence as although Franklin had already secured the friendship and sympathy of France, this visit compelled the desired alliance. In her brief career *The Reprisal* captured twenty vessels

but in 1778 foundered off the Banks of Newfoundland.

The chapter now numbers thirty-four including six non-resident members.

Since its formation death has en-



Melvina Chapin Rowell  
Real Daughter

tered six times and taken from its ranks Louisa H. Richards, Maria H. McCann, Melvina Chapin Rowell (a real daughter), Ann R. Chase, Ellen E. Kimball and Marian Kimball, all of whom we hold in loving remembrance.

The regents have been: Lucy N. Bradley, 1896-1900; Maria M. McCann, 1900-1901; Mary A. Bostwick, 1901-1902; Eliza Y. Rowell, 1902-1903; Georgiana C. Wilcox, 1903-1907; Anne Parmelee, 1907-1909.

The present officers are: Regent, Maude I. Lewis; vice-regent, Mary A. Bostwick; secretary, Georgia B. Chase; registrar, Ellen H. Rogers; treasurer, Ella W. Barton; historian, Mary E. McCrillis; executive committee, Edith R. Brennan, Lucy N. Bradley, Jenny L. Olmstead, Ella M. Wilmarth, Kate M. Chase; music committee, Emily R. Brown, Mary E. McCrillis, Effie B. Nourse.

The meetings of the chapter have always been held at the homes of the members, a part of the time being devoted to a literary program, largely confined to historical subjects, followed by a social hour and are seasons of much interest and enjoyment.

The meetings have had an occasional inspiration from some outside talent, including Captain Hobson, Marion Howard Brazier, organizer and first regent of Bunker Hill Chapter, and Mrs. Fessenden of Boston. Many delightful social gatherings have been held in connection with the chapter, which holds among its treasures a beautiful silk flag, the gift of Mrs. Lizzie M. Richards, which graces and inspires many occasions.

Reprisal Chapter has responded generously when calls have been made upon its treasury, wishing to do its part as a small fraction of a great whole. Fifty dollars was raised and sent to Captain Stowell for the use of Company M in the Spanish War; ten dollars toward a stand of colors for the battleship *New Hampshire*; fif-



Mrs. Maude I. Lewis  
Regent

teen dollars for comfort bags for the sailors of the battleship *New Hampshire*; fifty dollars to the Southern

Educational Association: a small amount for the Mary Washington Memorial window in St. George's



Mrs. Mary A. Bostwick  
Vice-Regent

Episcopal Church, Fredericksburg, Va.; ten dollars expended for a picture placed in the High School Building; (a framed fac simile of the Declaration of Independence was presented to the ninth grade); ten dollars contributed towards a tablet to be placed upon a school house erected in memory of Paul Jones; ten dollars to the New Hampshire Memorial Hospital at Concord in memory of Mrs. Ann Chase; forty-five dollars towards the Continental Hall; five dollars to the Lincoln Association toward the fund for the preservation of the birthplace of Lincoln.

Locally much good work has been done by the chapter. Early in its history the graves of all the Revolutionary soldiers buried in town were located, thirty-eight were found and the stones over these graves are kept in a proper state of preservation. The public for many years have enjoyed the benefits of Wilmarth Park, the

initial steps to preserve which were taken by the chapter.

Realizing that the Maple Street Cemetery presents a neglected appearance, in December last it was voted to devote all revenues from that date toward beautifying the spot; to this end various devices have been resorted to, and no doubt in time this purpose will be accomplished.

Thus, while aiming to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, Reprisal Chapter is striving in some small degree to inspire and benefit the community in which it exists.



Mrs. Georgia B. Chase  
Secretary

## Dreams

By A. H. McCrillis

A dream in sleep and dreams awake,

For what I dreamed when steeped in sleep  
Gave theme for other pleasant dreams

And many happy thoughts to keep.

In sleep I dreamed of the dear old home  
Where parents reared their children, all.  
It was to us a sacred place—  
“That home of sweet affection’s call.”

Though small and humble it had been  
And now in ashes low it lies;  
There Phenix-like a mansion fair  
From ashes grey in dream did rise.

In dream it was the same old home  
Though it was stately in design  
And seemed a master workman’s thought  
And beautiful in every line.

We did not wonder at the ways  
The strange mysterious dream-thread wound  
O’er shaven lawns of velvet green  
’Mong various trees and shrubs around.

The odor of my mother’s flowers,  
None which to me can e’er compare,  
As we approached her garden nook  
Seemed floating on the morning air.

The apple tree behind the house,  
Whose spreading branches held our swing,  
In glory blossomed as of yore  
And promised autumn’s fruit to bring.

Within, the dear ones, long been gone,  
Were there assembled, as of old;  
Not one was missing of the group  
Whose home was once that dear old fold.

Our parents, worn by toil and age,  
And long passed to another shore,  
Now seemed endowed with every good  
This world can give,—with wisdom more;

And happy in the prime of life,  
With all their children gathered there,  
Both from the other life, and this,  
Old home and all their joys to share.

That dream in sleep gave waking dreams  
Of happy homes beyond the grave  
Where lessons we have well learned here  
May help us by subconscious wave.

By conscious or unconscious ways  
May help in problems hard to solve,  
Thus gaining wisdom as we go,  
And better, from each, life evolve.

# The Pawtuckaway Mountains

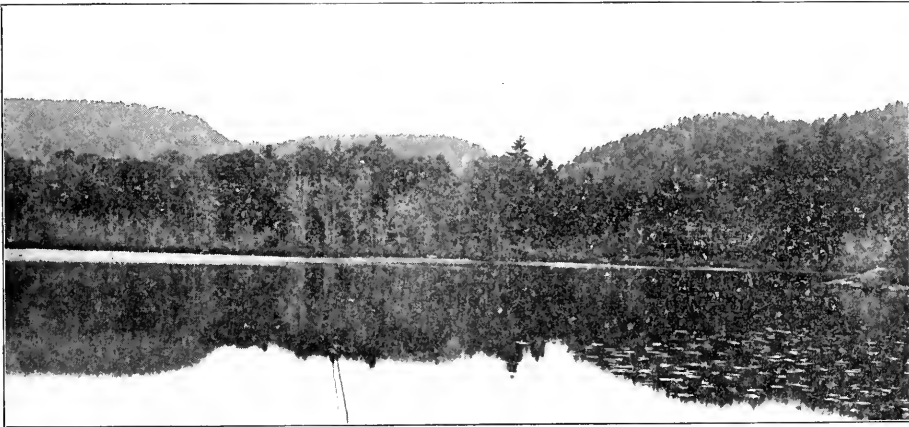
(Prize Essay read in Pembroke Academy.)

*By Hattie Frances Batchelder*

In the southeastern part of our state, within the isolated town of Nottingham, there is a rocky mountain range which is about as rugged a place as can be found in all New England. By the Indians it was called "Pawtuckaway," a term meaning "The place of the big buck." There are three peaks in the range, and each receives a name corresponding to its position as related to the rest: Upper

pour the sun burst forth, and the mists, like little white fairies, drifted slowly upwards, beyond the green mountain top, and rolled away into the sky.

Lower Mountain does not present so ferocious nor yet so magnificent an aspect as Upper Mountain. Wherever there is space enough between the rocks for vegetation, it is covered with a verdant forest of stunted



Across Round Pond. The Pawtuckaways in the Background

Mountain, the highest of all. Middle Mountain and Lower Mountain. With majestic solemnity they rear their rocky summits nearly a thousand feet above sea level.

During the intervals between the showers of a rainstorm last summer I watched the mist slowly lowering to cover the frowning Upper Mountain. Then, while the rain poured down in torrents, the mighty elevation stood wrapped in a heavy cloud like a veiled monument. After a few minutes of this overwhelming down

pinces, hemlocks, spruces and cedars; but at frequent intervals the naked head of some great cliff rears itself into view. This mountain is the one usually climbed on account of the ease in doing so; and from its summit ships in the harbor at Portsmouth may be clearly discerned with the naked eye on a fair day. Here, too, there is a long flight of stone steps leading to a pool of water in a hollow. Tradition says that the Indians cut them out of the ledge, and that after their bloody battles they would de-

scend the steps and bathe in the pool below.

There is a pretty little legend handed down from these early savages. In the days when they lived along the banks of the Merrimac, this locality was a favorite haunt of the brown deer. Among the vast number which lived here was one much larger, more fleet of foot and more cunning than any of the others. Hunters came from afar to trail him down; but he was so artful and sly and ran with such great speed that it was impossible for anybody to track him after he had reached the other side of the mountain. Finally the simple red men began to believe that he possessed a charmed life.

Among the hunters were two belonging to the Pennacook tribe, Kinkinasset and Sagawa, who both loved the same Indian maiden. At last, when the rivals had become such great enemies that there was danger of bloodshed, the girl said that she would marry the one who would bring the antlers of the charmed deer to her. Both braves set out at once. Kinkinasset vowed by the stars that he would run down the big buck or he would never follow the trail again. He soon succeeded in starting it from its favorite haunt, and at once gave chase. He was famous as the fastest of Indian runners; but he had never run at such a pace as he did that day. He followed the deer completely around the mountain without gaining on it at all. Three times had he shot it, but the arrows took no effect.

Without telling anybody, Sagawa had dipped his arrows in the oil of the witchhazel, believing that that would have power to break the spell which had been cast on the animal's life. Stationed high up on the mountain he was now watching the progress of his rival. On came the buck at a tremendous gait, crashing through the bushes just below the cliff where Sagawa was standing. He shot an arrow

and saw the great buck, which had hitherto escaped all harm, fall on his knees. Eager to reach it before Kinkinasset did, he carelessly swung himself down over the rock by a bush; but his weight was too much, the bush was pulled out by the roots, and he fell headlong towards the rocks below. As if by a miracle he landed on the back of the crippled buck. Springing to his feet, the wounded animal bounded away, with Sagawa clinging to it. Kinkinasset rushed to the other side of the mountain and put himself in the pathway of the desperate creature. It was a narrow pass, where a gulf a hundred feet deep opened on one side, and a wall of granite stretched upward from a narrow rocky shelf on the other. Kinkinasset raised his bow for a last shot; but before he had time to fix his arrow the maddened animal knocked him back onto the shelf of rock and jumped, with Sagawa still clinging to his back, into the gorge below. Kinkinasset heard a terrific noise and the rush of waters; then he became unconscious.

The next day a searching party of Pennacooks found Kinkinasset almost dead in the place where the buck had sent him; but he lived long enough to tell them of the fate of Sagawa and the buck. And in the rocky chasm where they had plunged, there was now a pond of boiling water. From that day the Indians believed it to be bottomless; and some people of the present time have tried in vain to find a limit to its depth.

At times its surface looks as smooth as glass, and then again places will bubble as though it were really boiling. The pond has a wonderfully circular shape and because of this has been named Round Pond. It is most beautiful in the summer time with its dark limpid water and the white lilies and green leaves growing all around the edge.

On the shore there are two im-

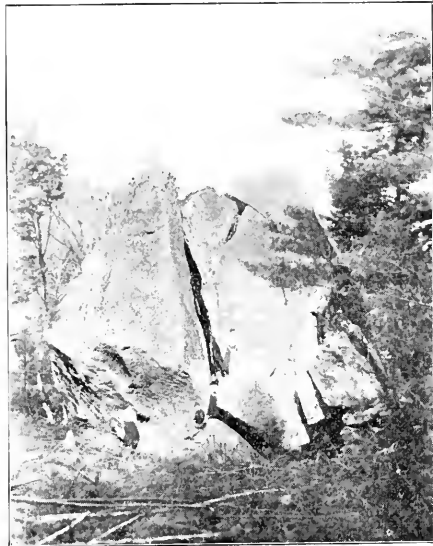


mense granite boulders, Ballad and Churchill Rocks. They had long been known, but their actual size had not been computed. So, one day, a number of Dartmouth College students came to determine their dimensions. They found that Churchill Rock is the largest boulder in the world. During the wanderings of these students they discovered a third gigantic boulder which they named the Chase Rock.

Ballad Rock, the smallest of all, is so large, that, years ago, when game was abundant, hunters used to camp in the roomy cave under it. A narrow road winds past it, and at night it is a grewsome spectacle to the belated traveler to see the black shadow of the big rock across his path, and to hear the lonely "hoot, hoot" of the owl.

Let us follow this highway for about a mile. Then we reach the valley between the Middle and Lower Mountain, and find a little cottage house, very low-posted with a steep slanting roof, and windows made of small, old-fashioned panes of glass. Middle Mountain rises tall and stately directly behind it, and looks like some great barraek-works thrown up for defence. In the yard the hens are scratching, and every now and then a rooster crows to tell the world that he is monarch of it all. Faintly we hear the low tinkle of a cow-bell come from afar up the mountainside. This little spot is the only sign of civilization throughout all the moun-

tains. When evening comes, and the night-birds, perched in the black forest, sing their weird songs, and the pale moon, slowly rising over the dark trees, floods the little valley



Churchill Rock  
Largest Boulder in the World

with its silvery light, it is so solemn an impression we get that we are inspired with a devout reverence towards the One who made it all.

"In the vast and the minute, we see  
The unambiguous footsteps of the  
God,  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's  
wing,  
And wheels his throne upon the  
rolling worlds."

## How Easy It Is

*By Clara B. Heath*

How easy it is to spoil a day!

The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,  
The selfish act of a child at play,

The strength of a will that will not bend;  
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,

The smile that is full of bitter things,—  
They all can tarnish its golden glow,

And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day  
 By the force of a thought we did not check;  
 Little by little we mould the clay,  
 And little flaws may the vessel wreck;  
 The careless waste of a white-winged hour,  
 That held the blessing we long had sought.  
 The sudden failure of wealth or power,  
 And, lo! the day is with ill inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life —  
 And many are spoiled ere well begun.  
 In home-light darkened by sin and strife,  
 Or the downward course of a cherished one;  
 By toil that robs the form of its grace,  
 And undermines till the health gives way.  
 By the peevish temper, the frowning face,  
 The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain,  
 Some good should come as the hours go by,  
 Some tangled maze may be made more plain,  
 Some lowered glance may be raised on high.  
 And life is too short to spoil like this;  
 If only a prelude it may be sweet.  
 Let us bind together its threads of bliss,  
 And nourish the flowers around our feet.

## A Morning Song

*By William R. Flint*

The eastern sky is blushing,  
 Faintly flushed with dawning day;  
 The hills and dales are hushing  
 To the cheerful roundelay  
 Of the harbingers of morning,  
 Singing their melodious warning  
 Of passing night  
 And coming light  
 And all the world arising bright  
 To work and sing and play.

Then Dreamland, slowly fading  
 From the vision of the wind,  
 Into Day-time softly shading,  
 Leaves the Dreamer far behind,  
 To the care and toil and worry,  
 To the busy haste and hurry  
 Of coming strife  
 With passing Life.  
 And to the morn, with sweetness rife  
 Of clover-scented wind.

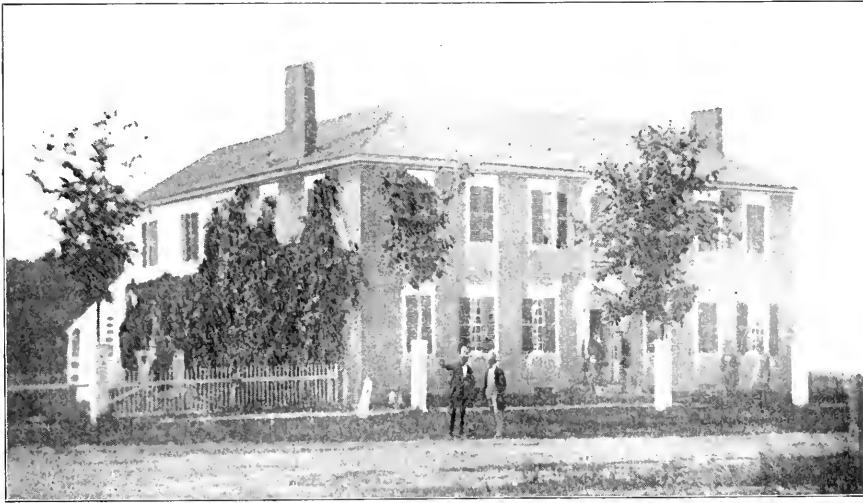
## Two Historic Houses

In the article entitled "Newport's Guest Book," by Miss Anne Parmelee, in the last issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, reference is made to the visit of General Lafayette to that town in June, 1825, and the entertainment of the distinguished visitor at the residences of the two leading citizens, who seem to have been business, social and political rivals.

Pictures of these two old historic houses were to have been used in illus-

tration, but the photographs of the same were not received in time. Cuts from the same are herewith presented, however, and will not be devoid of interest to a considerable number of readers.

He was an able, energetic and enterprising man and had accumulated the largest fortune ever inventoried



The Old Cheney Mansion

tration, but the photographs of the same were not received in time. Cuts from the same are herewith presented, however, and will not be devoid of interest to a considerable number of readers.

The residence of Col. William Cheney, which was later remodelled for business purposes, constituting the block in which the Newport post office is now located, was erected by that gentleman very nearly 100 years ago. Colonel Cheney removed from Alstead to Newport in 1807, engaging in mercantile business at first on

in the town at the time of his decease. He built the old "Nettleton Tavern," on the site of the present Newport House, and an extensive block, 150 feet long and four stories high, on the east side of the common, long known as the "Tontine," which was demolished many years ago. He also built a cotton mill, oil mill, grist mill and sawmill, and purchased and developed the power at Sunapee Harbor. He was prominent in public affairs, was six times a representative in the Legislature from Newport, and was the leading spirit in the move-

ment for the division of Cheshire County which resulted in the creation of the County of Sullivan. After his death his residence passed into the hands of William Lowell. Subsequently it was the home of Dr.



The Old Breck House

Thomas Sanborn. In 1893, it was purchased by the late Hon. Dexter Richards, who remodelled and enlarged it, making the present business block.

The Breck house, the home of

James Breck, by whom it was built upon his removal to Newport, in 1816, from Croydon Flat, where he had been engaged in trade about a dozen years, going there from Boston, has remained a prominent family residence. After the removal of Mr. Breck to Rochester, N. Y., it was for some time the home of Gov. Ralph Metcalf, and was afterwards purchased by Hon. Austin Corbin, father of the eminent banker and railway magnate of the same name and of Daniel C. Corbin of Spokane, Wash., who passed his last years there, as did his daughter, Lois, and her husband, the late William Dunton, from whom it passed to their daughter, Mrs. Mary A. Bostwick, whose home it now is.

Mr. Breck, it may be stated, was an active and successful business man and also prominent in public affairs. He had been several years in the Legislature from Croydon, before his removal to Newport where he built a fine store as well as residence, and also erected the old "Eagle Hotel." He was a leading spirit in the Congregational parish, and a member of the committee which built the famous old South Church "with terraced spire," still regarded as one of the finest specimens of church architecture in the state.

## A Query

*By Alice D. O. Greenwood*

Will I stay away so long

I'll forget the robin's song?

And the notes of the lonesome whip-poor-will

As he pipes his plaintive tune

Through the balmy night of June,

From the boulder in the pasture on the hill?

Will the friends of long ago

And the scenes I used to know

Have vanished, or have changed beyond my ken?

Will no look of glad surprise

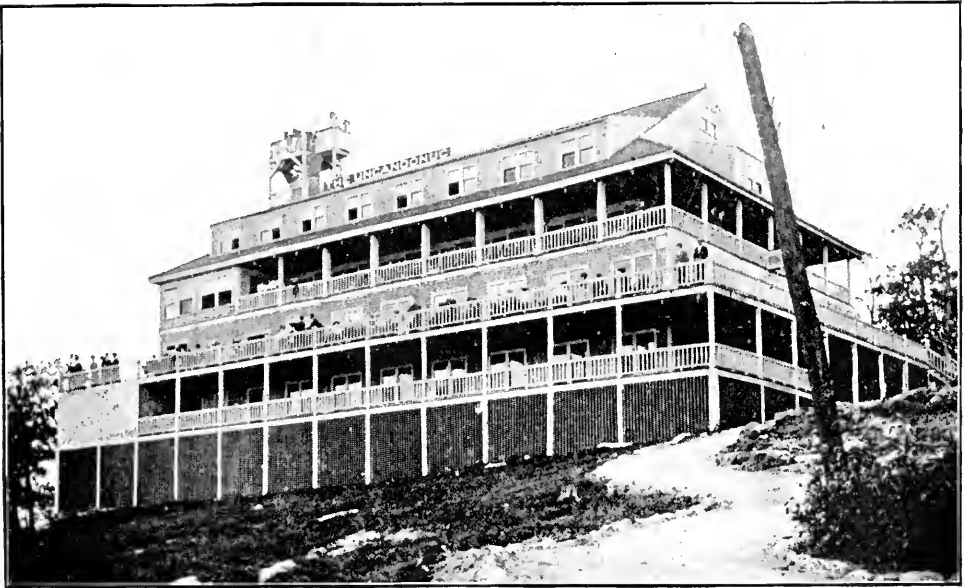
Welcome me from kindly eyes

When my restless feet have wondered home again?

# One of the First Among New Hampshire's Popular Summer Resorts

Within the last few years, since the completion of the trolley line, and incline railway to the summit, the Uncanoonuc Mountain (or mountains, there really being two summits, presenting the appearance of twin mountains, the railway reaching the higher and most accessible) has come to the front, in the popular mind, as one of the most attractive summer resorts

precipitous approach to the summit, by foot or carriage way, the visit in former days was no easy matter, though never made, in favorable weather, without complete satisfaction. Since the construction and opening of the railway, however, the trip is one of ease and delight. In less than one hour from Manchester, or two and a half from Boston, one



The Uncanoonuc Mountain Hotel

in New Hampshire, or in all New England.

For graceful beauty of outline, as well as for the magnificent view commanded from the summit, these mountains have been famous for generations, and have been an objective point for nature loving excursionists, since the time when "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Located in Goffstown, seven miles out from Manchester, with a

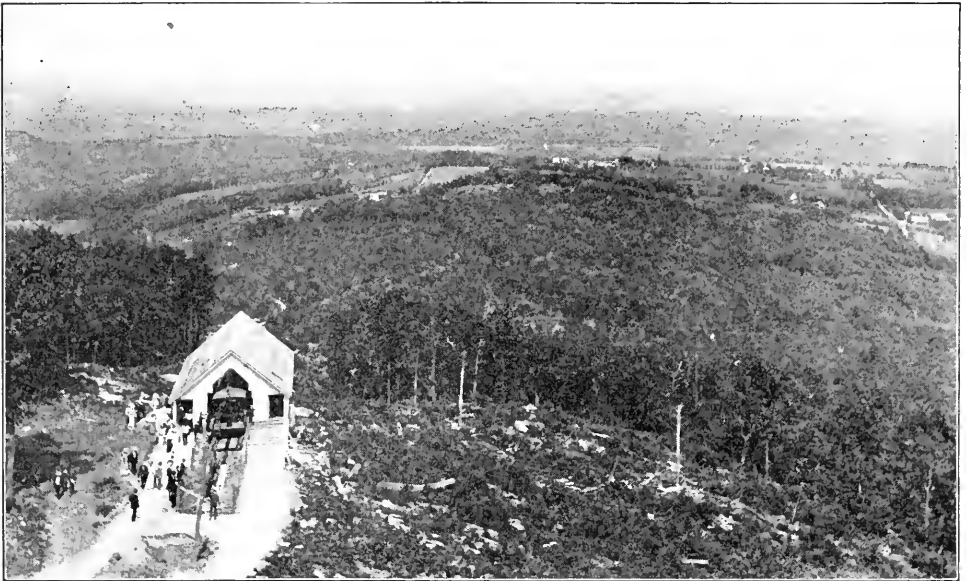
may stand on the broad veranda of the Uncanoonuc Hotel, perched on the summit of the mountain, enjoying the cooling breeze and over-looking a broad and delightful expanse of scenery, extending from Mt. Washington in the north to Wachusett or the Blue Hills in Massachusetts, and from Ascutney in the west to Agamenticus in the east, covering portions of four states, and the Atlantic Ocean, glimpses of the latter being

had under favorable atmospheric conditions.

While the natural attractions here presented are unsurpassed, and unsurpassable, so far as scenic beauty and quiet loveliness are concerned, the ascent by the incline railway, after the charming ride to the base, is really the most wonderful and fascinating feature. The sensations incident to the trip are even more thrilling than those experienced in

mal when compared with the cost of a White Mountains trip.

The hotel is of modern construction and equipment, and with its spacious dining hall and unsurpassed cuisine, large and pleasant rooms, wide, airy verandas, aggregating nearly half a mile in length, lofty observation tower, eighty-five feet in height, fine music and free dancing hall, affords the most attractive accommodations, either for a day's visit



View from Uncanoonuc Mountain Hotel

the ride up the Mt. Washington railway, while the view from the summit, if less grand and comprehensive, is equally satisfactory and delightful. The notable fact of the matter is, moreover, that this wonderful experience may be enjoyed in a single day's outing, including the journey to and fro, by persons living anywhere in the southern part, including nearly all the cities and large towns, of New Hampshire, or in the northeastern part of Massachusetts, from Worcester to Boston and above; and this at an expense almost infinitesimal

or a season's sojourn. The atmosphere at the summit is delightfully cool, even in the sultriest weather, and a more desirable stopping place for individual guests, picnic or family parties, or large excursions can nowhere be found.

It may be added that those desiring to establish summer homes of their own, either at the Summit, in the delightful chestnut grove on the slope or in the attractive Spring Park, at the base, all of which are being developed for the purpose, by the Uncanoonuc Incline Railway and

Development Company, may readily do so, cottage sites being disposed of at most reasonable terms—a privilege of which many of the better class have already availed themselves.

While many thousands of visitors, singly and in parties, from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and more distant states have visited this resort in the last two years, its merits and charms still remain to be learned by the mass of the people, living within

ready access, many of whom spend no small amount every season in visiting other places, far less accessible and far less attractive when reached. Whoever once finds his way there, however, is sure to go again and again, and never fails to speak in praise, not only of the natural attractions which here command his admiration, but of the courtesy and consideration which characterize both the railway and hotel management.

## God's Light.

By M. F. Tarbell

(There is a tradition that Jesuit priests erected a shrine on Mount Kearsarge, and that the name as we have it is an Indian corruption of the French words *cire siège*, literally, seat of the candle.)

Two hundred years and more ago,  
Tinged with the sunset's crimson glow,  
Mount Kearsarge looked on the fields below  
Where Merrimack's waters gently flow.

He watched the veils of misty white,  
Like filmy lace in the fading light,  
Softly wrap for the sleep of night  
All but the mountain's stony height;

And there before the Virgin's shrine,  
Built by priests of the Jesuit line  
From ragged boughs of the Norway pine,  
He let the candle's beacon shine,

Calling to all from far and near.  
Behold, God's light it burneth here!  
And now, when evening stars appear,  
Behold, God's light in them shines clear.

The spark divine is still the same—  
'Tis His by any other name—  
And Autumn's scarlet leaves proclaim  
The Fire that glows in star or flame.



# New Hampshire Necrology

## SIDNEY WEBSTER

Sidney Webster, a native of the town of Gilmanton, born May 28, 1828, died at his summer residence, Pencraig Cottage, Newport, R. I., May 30, 1910, from paralysis.

Mr. Webster graduated from Yale College in the class of 1848 and from the Harvard Law School in 1850. He entered the office of Gen. Franklin Pierce at Concord, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. Upon the election of General Pierce to the presidency Mr. Webster became his private secretary and held the position during the four years of his incumbency, gaining a wide acquaintance with public men and an intimate knowledge of governmental affairs, which proved of vast advantage to him in his subsequent professional career, which was largely devoted to practice involving questions of constitutional and international law. He married Sarah, eldest daughter of Hamilton Fish of New York, then United States senator and afterward secretary of state in the cabinet of President Grant, and was the confidential adviser of his father-in-law during the latter incumbency in delicate questions of national and international import. He located in Boston in 1857, but soon removed to New York, where, and at his summer home in Newport, he thereafter continued.

Incidentally he became interested in railroad affairs, through the influence of his brother-in-law, Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central Railroad, in which corporation he was made a director the same year with Edward H. Harriman, whose confidential and legal adviser and close friend he afterward became. It will be recalled that it was to Mr. Webster that Harriman wrote the famous letter of January, 1906, telling how, upon the importunity of President Roosevelt, he had raised \$200,000 for the Republican campaign fund in New York in 1904, in consideration of certain implied promises that were never fulfilled.

Mr. Webster was a life-long Democrat of the old school in politics, and might have been a conspicuous figure in public life had he so chosen, often being urged to accept a nomination for Congress that would have been equivalent to an election. He preferred to devote himself closely to his profession, in which he was eminently successful, accumulating a large fortune. His firm, indeed,

had the reputation of winning the largest fee ever paid for legal services, up to that time—\$1,000,000—as counsel for the silk ribbon importers in a suit which was seven years in the courts, wherein the government was defeated in a contest over the construction of the tariff law. He was the author of numerous monographs on constitutional and international law.

## HON. AARON M. WILKINS

Hon. Aaron M. Wilkins, born in Amherst January 22, 1854, died at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, May 27, 1910.

He was the eldest son of Aaron S. and Martha (McClure) Wilkins, and was educated in the public schools and by intelligent private reading and study. He had been a citizen of Amherst all his life and entered heartily into all the interests and enterprises that made for the advancement of the public welfare, and was especially active in the religious and educational life of the community and the conduct of civil affairs. He served many years as moderator at town and school meetings, as a member of the school board and trustee of the public library, and was chairman of the committee of arrangements for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town, and had given great attention to the details, although not permitted to live to enjoy the fruition of his labors.

He had been an active member of the Congregational Church of Amherst for thirty-four years, a deacon of the same since the death of his father, more than twenty-five years ago, and for twenty-one years superintendent of the Sunday School, besides having served a number of years as moderator of the parish. He was a prominent member of the Masonic, Odd Fellows, Golden Cross and Grange organizations, and was particularly active in the latter, having been master of Souhegan Grange, and prominent in the Hillsborough County Pomona. In the Legislature of 1903-04 he represented District No. 15 in the state Senate with fidelity and ability, as a Republican, with which party he had always been identified.

September 23, 1880, Mr. Wilkins was united in marriage with Miss Lucy Hartsborn, by whom he is survived, with three children: Harold H., who graduated at



Durham College last year; A. Wallace, now a student there, and Miriam E., a pupil in the Milford High School; also by three brothers and one sister: Dr. George H. Wilkins of Newtonville, Charles L. of Boston, Frank E., Harry A., and Mrs. Frederick W. Sawyer of Milford.

#### CHARLES EDWIN HURD

Charles Edwin Hurd, long known to the New England reading public as the literary editor of the *Boston Transcript*, died at his home in Allston on the evening of April 21.

Mr. Hurd was born in the town of Croydon, June 15, 1833. He was the son of Henry Hurd, a farmer, who later removed to Lempster, where he spent a portion of his youth, and to which town his remains were taken for burial with those of his kindred. He was educated in the common school and at Hempstead (P. Q.) Academy. He taught school for a time, but soon went to Boston, where he engaged in occasional newspaper work, though indulging a penchant for theatrical effort to some extent, and for a time dabbling in art, to such extent, indeed, that he opened a studio on Tremont street, where he spent considerable time, though not giving up his journalistic work, to which he ultimately mainly gave his attention. He was artist correspondent for Frank Leslie's illustrated newspaper, accompanying the Fenian army in its Canadian raid in the fall of 1865. Subsequently he was for some years editor of the *Eric* (Pa.) *Dispatch*, and later of the *Lynn Herald*. In 1870-'72 he was on the staff of the *Boston Journal* and was associate editor of the *Boston Globe* in 1873-'74.

In 1875 Mr. Hurd served for a short time as assistant clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, under George S. Marden, another New Hampshire-born newspaper man. In that year he succeeded Rev. Thomas B. Fox as literary editor of the *Transcript*, which position he held continuously till 1902, when he was compelled to re-

linquish the same on account of a serious accident, from the effects of which he never recovered, though able to do more or less literary work. He originated and conducted the genealogical and "Notes and Queries" departments, which have long been valuable distinctive features of the *Transcript*, and contributed largely to the art and dramatic as well as the editorial departments.

He was for years a valued contributor to periodical literature, and some of his magazine articles were illustrated by his pencil. He wrote a series of stories in collaboration with the late John Boyle O'Reilly, which attracted much attention. He also made many translations for the magazines. He was especially well versed in Swedish and Norwegian languages and was a personal friend of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, whose death, by a striking coincidence, occurred within a few days after his own.

Mr. Hurd joined the New England Historic Genealogical Society in 1895 and at once became one of its most active and influential members. He was also a member of the Viking Club and of the Norumbega Society.

Mr. Hurd married, December 30, 1866, Frances M. Tooker, a native of Nova Scotia, by whom he is survived, with four children, one daughter, Grace Marguerite (Mrs. Morrill W. Gaines) of Brooklyn, N. Y., and three sons, Charles Willard, William J., and Reginald. The late Dr. Willard O. Hurd of Grantham was a brother of the deceased.

#### DR. CHARLES S. GERALD

Charles S. Gerald, M. D., died at his home in Coleman, S. D., April 16, 1910. Doctor Gerald was born in Warren, N. H., May 31, 1849, and was a self-made man. He went West in 1880, read medicine with Dr. Eben Merrill, and graduated from the medical college at Dubuque, Iowa, in 1884. He was a persevering, successful physician. He leaves a wife, four sisters and two brothers. One of the brothers is Dr. F. L. Gerald of Warren.



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

The annual summer outing of the New Hampshire Board of Trade is holden this year at Canobie Lake Park, in the town of Salem, which has come to be one of the most extensively patronized summer pleasure resorts in New England, not only on account of the natural and artificial attractions of the place, which has been fitted up for the purpose, regardless of expense, but because of its ready accessibility to the people of the larger portion of both New Hampshire and Massachusetts, being reached by trolley lines from all directions, whose cars run directly into the park. The date set for the outing is Thursday, June 30. Those attending from the north and west will take the 11 o'clock train from Manchester, over the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, connecting with the electric at Salem Depot. Those from Nashua and the southwestern section will go by trolley directly from that city. A banquet will be served at 1 o'clock, after which, following a brief business session, an hour will be devoted to speaking, during which short addresses will be made by Hon. Robert P. Bass of Peterborough, Hon. Clarence E. Carr of Andover, State Superintendent Henry C. Morrison, Hon. Louis S. Cox, postmaster of Lawrence, Mass., a son of New Hampshire, Mayor Reed of Manchester and others. All members of local boards of trade, with ladies and invited guests, are privileged to participate.

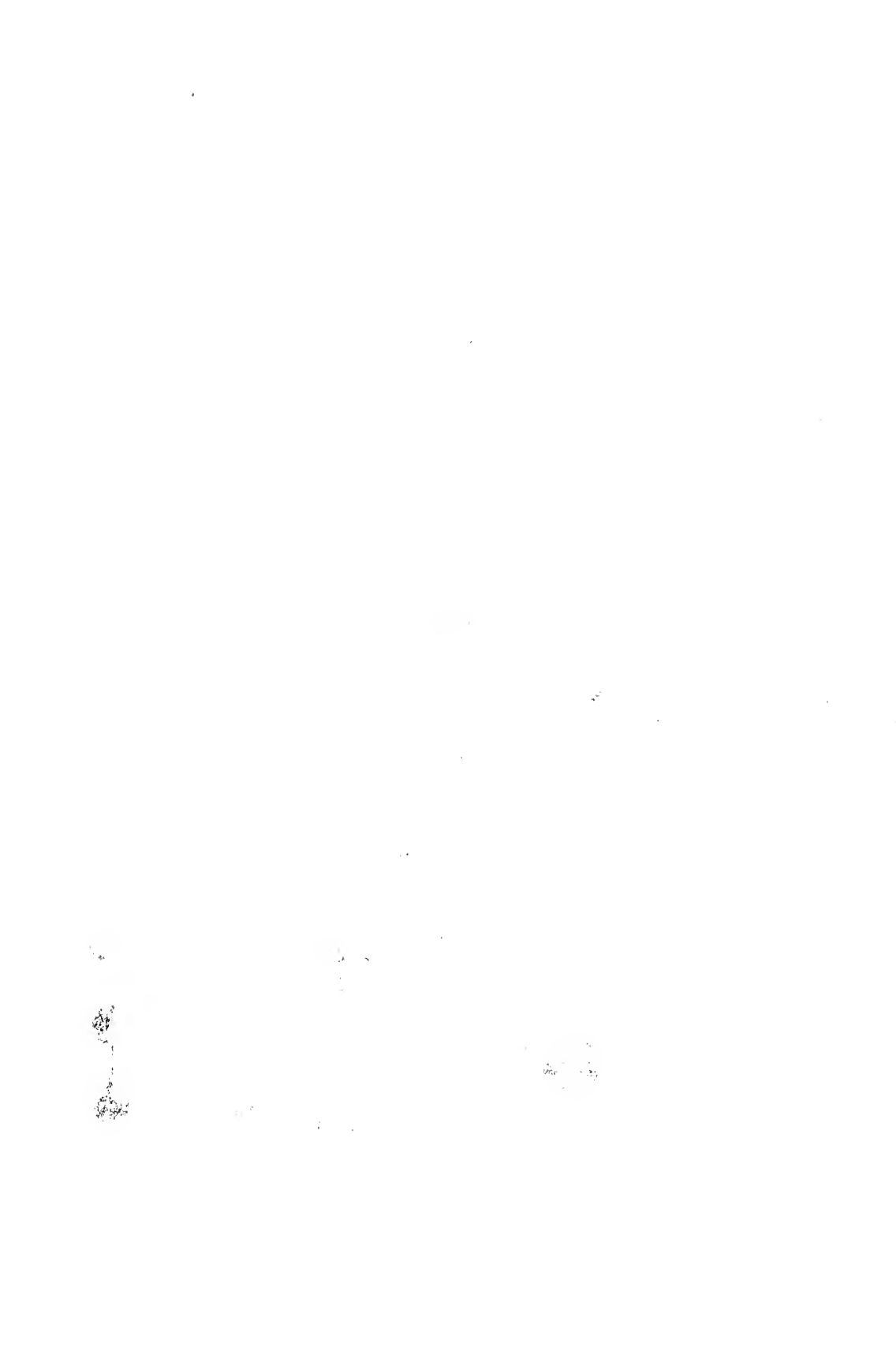
Thus far no formal declaration of candidacy for the congressional nomination of either party in either New Hampshire district has been announced, but there is a tacit understanding that the two present incumbents, each of whom has held his office as long as any other Congressman in the history of the state, and one some time longer, are to be candidates for another term. No other Republican in either district has manifested a purpose to run, and no Democrat has yet been heard from who deems it worth while to enter the field. Verily the situation is

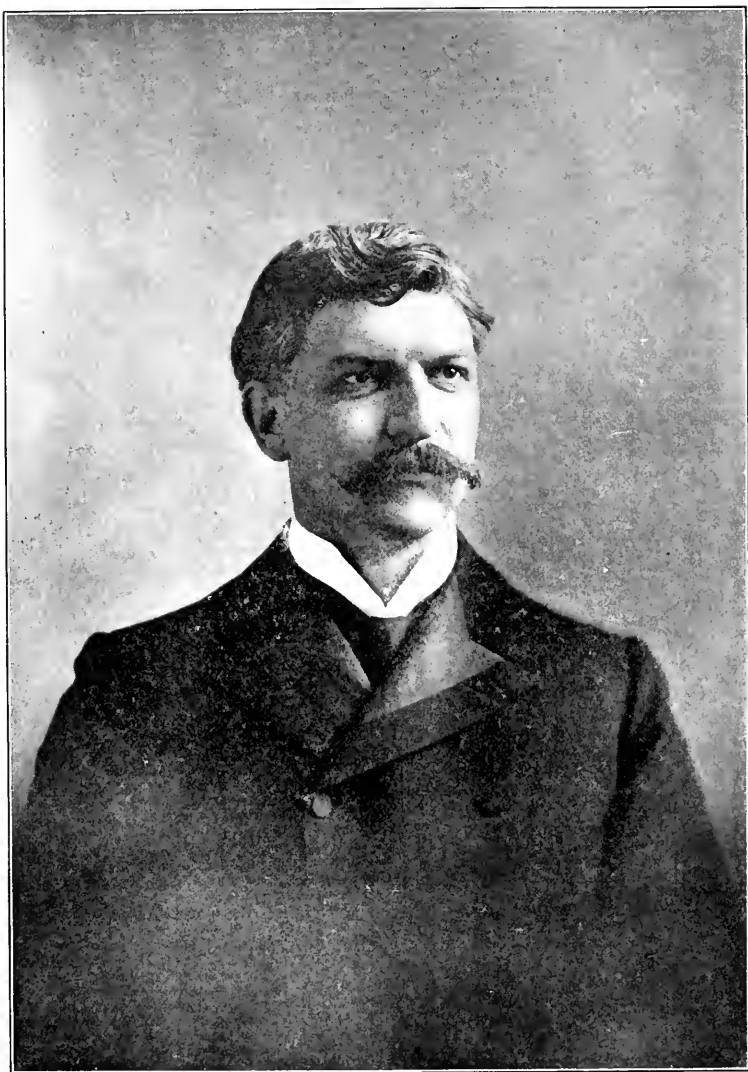
vastly different from what it was a few years ago, when two terms was all that the average New Hampshire Congressman could reasonably hope for, and some were cut off with one.

Preparations on an extensive scale are going forward for the grand home-coming of the absent sons and daughters of old Portsmouth during the week of July 4, when everybody in the seaport city will keep "open house." Boston and New York associations of Portsmouth people have been formed for the purpose of organizing excursions to the old home city, and several hundred are already enrolled to participate from the former place alone.

Among the subjects discussed at the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association at Milford, during the second week of the present month, was "The New Problem of the Country Minister," which was considered by Rev. S. L. Elberfeld of Charlestown and Rev. F. W. Holden of Milford, who spoke from personal experience as to the means which may successfully be resorted to by the country pastor to supplement the small salary afforded by the parish and insure comfort and independence. This is insured by a resort to agriculture, just as it was in the early history of the country, when the minister's farm was among the largest and best tilled in the community.

A close study of the time tables put out by the Boston & Maine Railroad, coincident with the changes made for the summer schedule, which went into effect generally on June 20, should convince everybody that all sections of the state are now getting as complete and extensive a service as their business can possibly warrant. That so many trains daily as are now in operation could ever be run would have been regarded as absolutely preposterous a dozen years ago.





HON. BERTRAM ELLIS

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLII, No. 7

JULY, 1910

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, No. 7

## The Gubernatorial Canvass

### Another Candidate for the Republican Nomination

Interest in the gubernatorial canvass in this state has been measurably enhanced by the recently announced candidacy of the Hon. Bertram Ellis of Keene for the Republican nomination for that office, thus insuring a genuine contest for the party leadership in the campaign, which for a time seemed likely to go by default to the Hon. Robert P. Bass of Peterboro, who was alone in the field, if no account be taken of the candidacy of Mrs. Ricker, which those in authority, at least, seem inclined to ignore on the ground that her name is not likely to be accorded a place on the official ballot.

It cannot be said, however, that the candidacy of Colonel Ellis occasions any surprise, since it will be recalled that he was a candidate before the Republican Convention of 1908, and received a handsome support on the first and second ballots, the latter resulting in the nomination of Henry B. Quinby, the present governor, who received the loyal and hearty support of Colonel Ellis in the subsequent campaign.

BERTRAM ELLIS was born in Boston, Mass., November 20, 1860, the son of Moses and Emily (Ferrin) Ellis, but comes of sturdy New Hampshire stock, on his mother's side, and has also been a resident of the state substantially all his life, his parents removing to Keene when he was but three years of age, where he has had his home nearly ever since.

He received his preparatory education in the public schools of his home city, graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1884, and from the Harvard Law School in 1887. He then entered the office of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, one of the most noted law firms of New York City, where, after a time, he was admitted to practice, but soon removed to Denver, Colorado, where he successfully pursued his profession for about two years; but was called home in 1890 by the serious illness of his father, whose disability and subsequent death rendered it necessary for him to give his attention, for some time, to family affairs.

Meanwhile he became interested in newspaper work, forming a connection with the Sentinel Company, and in 1893 became editor of the *Keene Evening Sentinel* and the *New Hampshire Sentinel*, weekly, which latter has long been known as one of the most reliable and conservative newspapers of the state. In this position he has continued to the present time; but has found time as well as inclination to give some measure of attention to public affairs and to the interests of the Republican party, of which he has always been an earnest adherent, though never to the extent of sacrificing his personal independence or his convictions of duty.

No man in Keene has taken a deeper interest in the welfare of the public schools than has Colonel Ellis,

who has served seventeen years as a member of the board of education, nine years of the time as president, which position he now occupies. His zeal and efforts have contributed largely to the high standard of excellence which the Keene school system has attained, and which, in turn, was not without influence in securing for that city the new State Normal School provided for by the last session of the Legislature, and now well established. He is also a warm friend of the Elliot City Hospital and has been an active member of the board of trustees since it was chartered, in 1896.

In 1897 he was chosen a representative in the State Legislature from his ward and was accorded the distinction of appointment as chairman of the important committee on appropriations, in which he rendered signal service to the state by his careful yet brilliant work. In 1899 he represented the Thirteenth Senatorial District in the upper branch of the Legislature, serving as chairman of the Committee on Finance and as a member of the Committees on Judiciary and Revision of the Laws. Re-elected to the next Senate he served efficiently as President of that body.

Returned to the House in 1905 he again headed the Appropriations Committee, and, re-elected two years later, he was made Speaker, filling that trying and responsible position with a measure of ability and impartiality which largely enhanced his reputation throughout the state.

Two years ago, as has been said, he was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination of his party, with the hearty and united support of his own county and many beyond its borders; but, upon the choice of Mr. Quinby, he loyally accepted the decision of the Convention; and now, under the new primary law, he again announces his candidacy and appeals to the voters of his party for their support.

Colonel Ellis was a member of the staff of Gov. Charles A. Busiel,—hence, the military title by which he is ordinarily addressed. He was a delegate from New Hampshire to the National Republican Convention in 1904 and voted for Theodore Roosevelt. He is a man of unimpeachable character, fine presence, dignified bearing and courteous manners—and a forceful and interesting speaker. He is a New Hampshire citizen of the best type.

## The Conflict of the Soul

*By Hiram Tuttle Folsom*

Adown a rough and rock-strewn way, a dark ravine,  
Gripping with tender hands the jagged flint,  
And pricked by cruel thorns, with bleeding feet,  
There, through the grewsome light, a soul is seen,  
Innocent, young, borne by a child,  
Who fearless treads the landscape wild.  
The soul is there to guide the flesh,  
Flesh animated by will other than its own,  
The soul called from its resting in the sky,  
To master and to rule wills yet unknown.  
So through the dark, tempestuous path of life,  
A deep ravine, the spirit leads the animated clay,  
Till on the field of the dividing strife  
They fight, and spirit conquers clay.

# An Historic Event

## One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Town of Amherst

*Historical address by Col. William B. Rotch.*

On the seventeenth day of June, last, just one hundred and thirty-five years from the day when the heroic sons of the town in goodly numbers shed their blood in the country's cause at Bunker Hill, the people of Amherst publicly celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporating of the town.

For many years, during the closing

If the town has failed to maintain its relative importance among the municipalities of the state, so far as the matters that make for material prosperity are concerned, it has a record of which it may well be proud, at all events, and its citizens are amply justified in celebrating the anniversary of its organization as an independent municipality.



Site of First Meeting House

part of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth, this town was one of the most prominent in the state, ranking as the fifth in point of population in 1800, and holding still higher rank in political importance since it had been for a time at least the seat of the state government, the state Legislature having held its session there in 1794, while it was for a long time the shire town of Hillsborough County, and an important center of business, public and political as well as mercantile.

Fifty years ago they celebrated in an appropriate manner the town's one hundredth anniversary, calling home its most distinguished native son, Horace Greeley, to deliver the oration, and, after the lapse of half a century, with another generation of men and women on the scene of action, they did well to arrange the elaborate program of celebration which was fully carried out on the day in question, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. It had been planned to hold the exercises on the



Col. William Boylston Rotch



common, but the rain, which fell without cessation, compelled a change, and the Congregational Church was occupied for the purpose, the crowd in attendance, notwithstanding the storm, filling the house to its utmost capacity.

Horace T. Harvell called the assembly to order at 10 o'clock, and presented the president of the day, Dr. George H. Wilkins of Newtonville, Mass., who, after appropriate remarks, introduced the historian—Col. William B. Rotch—a native of the town, coming of a long line of ancestry intimately associated with its history, whose able and comprehensive address is hereinafter presented.

Subsequent addresses of the forenoon included "Sentimental Reminiscences" by Gustavus G. Fletcher of Chattanooga, Tenn.; "Amherst Men and Amherst Affairs," by George W. Putnam of Lowell, Mass.; and "Home Life in Amherst Fifty Years Ago," by Dr. Warren Upham of St. Paul, Minn.

Following dinner, served by the Page Catering Company, of Lowell, the exercises were continued, including short addresses by ex-Mayor J. J. Doyle of Nashua, a native of the town; ex-Gov. John McLane of Milford, who spoke for that town as a daughter of Amherst; Rev. Henry P. Peck who performed a similar office for the town of Mont Vernon; Charles B. Spofford of Claremont and William H. David of Lyons, N. Y., descendants of old-time families. Following the addresses the ceremonies incident to the dedication of a marker indicating the site of the first meeting house were duly carried out.

Following is the Historical Address delivered by Colonel Rotch:

Fifty years ago, when Amherst observed with fitting exercises the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, among the speakers was Hon. John H. Wilkins of Boston. He began his address by saying: "The

history of Amherst appears to be remarkably void of interesting incidents. No Indian wars have occurred in its territory, no massacres saturated its soil with blood—both before and after its incorporation the ordinary course of events seem to have flowed on with scarcely a ripple to vex its quiet surface. The pursuit of peaceful and homely industry seems to have characterized the mass



First School House

of the people and the bread which has served for their nourishment has been earned by the sweat of the brow. In a field so little abounding in incidents, I have found it no easy task to select a topic which could profitably engage your attention, even for the brief time appropriated for a frugal entertainment."

That the committee of arrangements who drafted the program for that day took the same view as Mr. Wilkins is evidenced from their having selected no historian for the occasion and no historical address was prepared for the one hundredth anniversary of the town.

This apparent omission is easily accounted for. Fifty years ago the good people of Amherst were *making* history. The events following the Revolution (in which many then living had taken part) was hardly his-

tory; it was current events, and the people who were then living here were so familiar with Amherst and the part Amherst and its people had taken in Revolutionary times, as well as the days that followed the incorporation of the town, that a rehearsing of them seemed doubtless unnecessary.

We can only estimate the future by reviewing the past and can safely assume that the events of these days will be of equal interest to the citi-



Horace Greeley

zens interested in Amherst history fifty or one hundred years hence.

It is not easy to realize that two hundred years ago the pleasant fields and hillsides of this town were but one dense forest, through which roamed a race of men thoroughly distinct from our own. But so it was. Of these red men but little can be said. The first settlers had rather to contend with than to study them; to shun rather than to court their acquaintance. A howling wilderness it was, where no white man dwelt. The hideous yells of wolves, the shriek of owls, the gobbling of turkeys and the

barking of foxes was all the music the first settlers heard; all a dreary waste and exposed to a thousand difficulties. Against the monarchs of the forests the early settlers waged a war of extermination. Huge piles of logs were burned and the ashes manufactured into potash and sold.

As long as fifty years after the first settlers came wolves were so plenty that men and boys turned out in a body to hunt them, and finally succeeded in driving them into a small swamp, where hundreds were killed after being surrounded.

The tribe of the Pennacooks occupied the banks along the Merrimack River, Concord and Amoskeag being their chief places of resort. Below these were the Nattacooks in the vicinity of the mouths of the Nashua and Souhegan Rivers. They were confederated with the Pawtuckets and their Great Sachem was Passaconaway. They had planting ground and fishing grounds all along the Merrimack and its tributaries and upon the small lakes of the vicinity. Relics of these Indians have often been found along the banks of the rivers and upon the shores of Babboosic Lake and upon the highlands at the west of the town. There are traditions extant of engagements between the Indians and the early settlers, but they lack substantiation.

That the red men gave the early settlers much trouble and alarm is evidenced from the fact that several garrison or block houses were provided, into which the settlers gathered at night for safety. These have all passed away, although the location of some is well known. It is also reasonably certain that the first settlers carried their firearms to church, lest they should be surprised while unprotected.

In 1686 these tribes disposed of all their lands to Jonathan Tyng and others, for what they considered a fair and just compensation, and near-

ly all removed from this neighborhood.

As we recall the oft-repeated story of injustice done the red men, it is a fact of much interest, that needs no verification, that the territory we occupy as a town was mostly, if not wholly, honorably purchased, which is of more value from a moral point than the grant any English prince could convey. It is also pleasant to recall that possibly Elliott, the great apostle to the Indians, may have stood upon the banks of our river and upon the shore of our beautiful lake and

was signed by Benning Wentworth, governor of the province of New Hampshire, the 18th of January, 1760.

The first meeting under the charter was called by Col. John Goffe of Bedford, and without a contrary vote being cast, Col. John Goffe was chosen moderator of the first town meeting and Solomon Hutchinson was chosen town clerk, and the charter accepted.

The following town officers were elected (in this connection the retention of the family names through the successive generations to the present



Greeley's Birthplace

dispensed the Word of Life to a people now almost extinct.

The close of the French War in 1760 filled the hearts of the people with joy, for they saw ahead of them a period of peace and prosperity. The apprehensions from the French and Indians were much greater on the frontier than on the towns bordering the seacoast. Hence the joy of the frontier settlements. Greater attention was paid to agriculture; manufactures in many places received new impetus; commerce again revived and new settlements were multiplied. In this and the following year twenty-three townships were incorporated in New Hampshire and among these was Amherst. The charter of the town

time is interesting): Solomon Hutchinson, William Bradford, Reuben Mussey, Joseph Gould and Thomas Clark were elected selectmen; Ebenezer Weston and Joseph Abbott, constables; David Hartshorn and Nathan Kendall, tythingmen; Benjamin Taylor, William Lancey, assessors; Thomas Wakefield as clerk of the market; Nathan Fuller, Ebenezer Weston, Jr., James Seeton, James Rollins, as field drivers; Joseph Steele, Joseph Prince, William Lancey, deer keepers; James Seetown, Ephraim Abbott, Samuel Starrett, William Lancey, Andrew Bradford, surveyors of highways; John Shepard, surveyor of lumber.

How many of the descendants of these men have held town offices since?



Congregational Church, and the First Town House

The town records will show a very frequent recurrence of the same family names.

Several of these offices are unknown to the people of the present day. Tythingmen were officers annually elected by the town to preserve good order in the church during divine service and to make complaints against any persons who were there found disorderly. Deer keepers were officers whose duties were to see that the laws of the province for the preservation of deer were duly observed and executed. The right to hold a market or fair on certain days of the week and year was included although not specified in the town charter. We can find no record that such fairs as were privileged were held, although Thomas Wakefield was annually elected "clerk of the market" until 1774.

A first consideration in the establishment of a town privilege was to provide for the preaching of the gospel. Amherst people assumed their responsibility at once and the early ecclesiastical and municipal history of this locality so commingle as to render it most convenient and pleasant to give them in their connection.

Previous to the incorporation of the town the Rev. Daniel Wilkins had been established as pastor of the church for a period of more than ten years. April 2, 1760, a town meeting was called, to see if the town would make choice of the Rev. Daniel Wilkins as town pastor and see if they would vote to settle him as pastor, the salary to be based upon the price of corn and pork, corn to be two shillings a bushel and pork at two pence a pound, sterling money of Great Britain. This meeting, the first town meeting after the incorporation and acceptance of the charter, was warned by a constable going from house to house. At this meeting Joseph Gould was moderator, and it was voted to give Rev. Daniel Wilkins forty-seven

pounds and ten shillings, sterling money, based upon the current price of corn and pork, so long as he shall remain a pastor of the church. The provision regulating the amount of salary according to the fluctuations of the price of corn and pork occasioned Pastor Wilkins so much annoyance that at a subsequent meeting of



Richard Boylston

the town that part of the vote was rescinded.

At this time, the time of the incorporation of the town, Amherst had a population of about eight hundred people. The number of dwelling houses was a little less than a hundred. It had a meeting house, although a crude affair, possessing little of the comforts that the present houses possess, yet it was better filled each Sunday than now. The early settlers of Amherst were a God-fearing people and they were very loyal to their first pastor, the Rev. Daniel Wilkins.

The first meeting house was built by the proprietors of Souhegan West. The frame was probably raised May

16, 1739, twenty-one years before the incorporation of the town. The building was not completed, however, until 1753. It was 45 x 22 feet and 22 feet posts. It stood at the junction of the roads, a short distance to the east of the Peter Jones residence in "Upper Flanders." It became town property and so continued until 1771, when the town having voted to build a new meeting house upon the training field, it was quit-claimed to the county and became the first county court house. It was afterwards removed to the site

high above the pulpit was a massive sounding board. Running south from each entrance was a paved walk of some twenty feet and near its termination stood a rock for the purpose of mounting. Nearly everyone came to church at that time upon horseback. It remained town property until 1832, when, because of denominational strife for its occupancy, it was sold at public auction and purchased by the Congregational Society. The town reserved the right to its use for town purposes and also re-



**The Brick School House**

near the new meeting house and was burned by an incendiary in 1788.

In 1771 the town voted to build a new place of worship upon the training field. It was carried into effect and an enthusiastic people, made more so by eight barrels of New England rum, provided for the occasion, raised the massive timbers which constitute the framework of the present Congregational Church, the heavy oaks of which they were framed growing in the immediate vicinity. It stood a few rods southeast of its present location, with the steeple at the west end, a porch at the east end, the pulpit upon the north side, singing gallery upon the north side over the main entrance, men's gallery on the west and women's on the east and

served the clock bell and steeple which they still own. In 1836 it was removed to its present site, refitted with a new basement for a town hall and vestry. The June session of the Legislature in 1794 met in the meeting house, and Governor Gilman here took the oath of office for the first time. An ample provision seems to have been made for the members, for no less than twenty-two taverners' licenses were granted by the selectmen that year.

The present Baptist meeting house was built by the Unitarians and Universalists, raised June 9, 1835, without accident and without rum. In 1844 it passed into the hands of the Baptist denomination.

The churches contained little of the

comforts of modern churches. The pews were large box affairs, with high backs. There were no heating arrangements and in winter those attending church often brought boxes of hot coals with them.

In the town warrant of 1767, a special meeting of the town was called for the purpose to see if the town would vote the whole of the front gallery in the meeting house for the men to sit in and see if the town would appoint a seat for the chorister to sit in, in order to improve psalmody and

courts had been held and the public offices kept at Portsmouth. The labor and expense of resorting thither bore hard on the people of the central and western towns and had long been a matter of complaint in the western and northern sections of the province. The rapid increase of population in the western and northern sections of the province called loudly for redress of grievance. After many delays and difficulties, the Assembly passed an act dividing the territory into five counties and establishing the neces-



Old Turnpike Inn

religious singing. We do not find that they voted this distinction. We do find recorded a request to the town that men might be accorded the privilege of sitting upon the beams of the church and also upon the benches placed in the aisles, which indicates that the churches were overcrowded in those days.

In 1768 the New Hampshire Assembly consisted of thirty-one members, representing about thirty towns. Some of the new towns were unrepresented. The province contained about sixty settled ministers, eight attorneys-at-law, eight justices of the peace, and ten regiments of militia. Down to this period all the judicial

sary courts. Four of the counties, Rockingham, Strafford, Hillsborough and Grafton, were thus named by Governor Wentworth after English noblemen to whom he was attached; Cheshire after the county of that name in England. Then, as now, great importance was attached to the privilege of the shire of the county and in the struggle for that of Hillsborough County Amherst came off the winner—an event which added more to the importance and popularity of the town than any event that preceded it. The act of the Assembly, having to receive the approval of the king, did not go into effect until 1771. The principal offices of the county were

afterwards kept at Amherst and six sessions of the court during the year gave it an importance not before known.

Here was the first public administration of justice in the county. Before this every cause, even from the remotest part of the province, was carried to Portsmouth, where the public offices were filled principally by the friends of the governor or those personally related to him. Frequent complaints were made of partiality in the administration of law. Parties were sometimes heard out of court and the practice of "watering the jury" was familiar with all who had business in the law.

In addition to easing the people of their burdens, this division of the province into counties was productive of other important advantages. Men of energy, talent and means moved into the shire towns and other towns eligibly situated, and thus enterprise, business and wealth became diffused throughout the province instead of concentrating at the capital and becoming attached to the trappings of the royal governor. The power of the governor over the people was also largely impaired. These counties became so many little republics, each with its capital at its shire, where the people could meet, and when they were often brought together by their court and other occasions for convocation, giving them ample opportunity to learn each other's views and feelings and to be influenced by each other's principles and wishes.

The people of the different sections of the state being of dissimilar origin and quite different in their habits of thinking and action, this commingling which resulted from division of counties was happy and opportune as paving the way for more harmonious and united action of the people in the great trials and struggles which awaited them in the Revolution, "the times which tried the souls of the

friends of liberty and revealed the hearts of those who were not loyal to the cause of freedom."

Hitherto, Amherst, although possessing some of the most gifted men in the Province had been classed in its representation in its general assembly. Many of the larger towns were then wholly unrepresented. No uniform system of representation had been adopted. None could be established by law, because it was claimed by the governor as part of the royal prerogative to call representation from new towns.

It is regretted that there remains to us so imperfect a record of the Revolutionary history of this locality, but enough is known to forever establish the character of our ancestors for patriotism, courage and self denial. It appears from authentic documents that prior to the first of April, 1777, one hundred and twenty persons from this place were engaged in the war, among whom were two colonels, one major, five captains and nine subaltern officers. This was a larger number than was furnished by any other town in the state. It need scarcely be added that the inhabitants encountered a full share of the hardships and difficulties which were endured by the people generally in New Hampshire.

The citizens of Amherst were ardent and alive in the popular cause. When the first gun was heard at Lexington an Amherst company instantly mustered under Josiah Crosby and proceeded to the scene of action, reaching there the following day. Within two years from this time, with a population of but 1,428, Amherst had furnished 120 fighting men. Within the first four years from the opening of the grand drama, more than one in seventy of the inhabitants, being twenty-two of its citizens, had either been killed in battle or died in service. And in this way she went on during that seven years' contest. During its



continuance the selectmen paid out from the treasury nearly \$18,000 to our own soldiers. The brave Crosby with his company fought and died at Bunker Hill. Nichols commanded a regiment at Bennington and there Bradford led his company and rendered signal service upon that memorable field. That Amherst did her duty nobly throughout all this eventful struggle that resulted in American independence is fully attested by the records. Bunker Hill, Charlestown Neck, Bennington, Fort Cedar and other battle grounds were enriched and are still fragrant with the life blood of her noble sons. Three hundred and twenty-one men were upon her enrollment, which was over fifty per cent. of the male inhabitants of the town.

So long as adherence was a virtue, no people were truer and firmer than those who preceded us, but when submission was no longer a virtue, and duty called them to throw off the oppressive, galling yoke of tyranny, and to stand up boldly for their rights, none were more firm, patriotic and self denying. All honor to the brave men, and their equally brave and self-denying consorts, who secured the high and distinguished privileges which they have bequeathed to us.

The conditions under which the early inhabitants of Amherst lived, one hundred and fifty years ago, at the time of the incorporation of the town, concern us today as we gather here to commemorate this anniversary.

The town was fortunate in the selections of its first minister, the Rev. Daniel Wilkins. He was a man of strong character, a patriot and a gentleman. He was a wise counsellor and his spirit was a vital force in the community. The people of his parish looked to him not only for spiritual guidance, but for help and assistance in their business dealings. He was

the arbiter of the grievances of all the people in his parish.

The early struggles of the people were like those endured by all of the old settlements around us. The hardships of those days can hardly be appreciated now. It required strong arms and stout hearts to extract from the soil the sustenance of life and



E. D. Boylston

there were little of the comforts of life as we know them now, and yet the days had their compensations. There was more of the spirit of brotherly love than now. There was more real neighborly feeling. They took great interest in each other and when trouble or disease entered a family all would cheerfully help, one family supplying a portion of corn, another fuel, another rum and so many a hard winter season was relieved of its fearsome results in a mutual sharing of the general supplies. They were without their men's club, and their women's club; about the only club they were familiar with was the Indian war club.

The first houses of which record is known in Amherst were built of logs. Log houses offered better protection than any other kind.

The first settlers were named Lamson and Walton and they came here from the Massachusetts Colony, and built a house near where the house of the late Bryant Melendy now is. It is said, but we doubt if it can be authenticated, that the first frame house built in Amherst was the Rhoades house, built, perhaps, upon the same spot as one of the first log houses. It was about 1775 when frame houses first became common.

An employment of the early settlers was the "boxing of pine trees" to get turpentine, which they transported to the Merrimack River and carried to Boston, where it was sold and shipped to England. It was a large source of revenue to the early settlers. The cutting of pine trees was forbidden except by order of the governor of the Province, pine trees being reserved for the use of the Royal Navy. This restriction incited much opposition to the royal government and helped to incite the people toward a feeling of injustice. The "boxing of trees" did not injure the tree and was not objected to.

Game and fish contributed much toward the support of the early settlers. The Souhegan River, at times, it is recorded, was alive with shad, salmon, alewives, and lamper eels. As late as 1821, an article was inserted in the town warrant to see if the town would prohibit the boys setting eel pots in the brooks as eels were then becoming scarce as a commercial food. The woods were full of game; wild pigeons were very plenty; wild turkey, deer and all kinds of smaller game abounded. The catching of pigeons for the market was a large source of revenue. Many now living can remember the pigeon stands, which resembled a tennis court, over which nets were thrown

and the birds caught by the hundreds, till they became almost extinct.

There was no such thing as a cook stove in town. This was so even in the memory of living people. The advent of the first cook stove was a great event and regarded as an invention of enormous value, as indeed it was.

Sheep raising was a source of much revenue and a large number of sheep were kept by almost every farmer. Hop fields were in abundance and profitable. There was a carding mill at Wilton where the wool was carded and fitted for the spinning wheels found in every household and the winters were spent by many a thrifty housewife in spinning and mending and making articles for the family use.

The shoemaker and the tailor went from house to house doing the work of the family. Who cut and made the clothing of the good people of Amherst before the last century is and probably will ever remain unknown. Garments in those days were mainly home made and lasted a lifetime. No great attention was paid to dress either by the men or the women. We have records, however, of some exceptions. Soon after the establishment of the Third Parish a lady and gentleman were married, and it is doubtful if another suit of clothes of any bridegroom since has cost as much as his.

We are also astonished at the specimens of needlework that are now and then brought forth, almost sacred, from family archives.

At the time of the incorporation of Amherst there was a population of eight hundred people, living in one hundred dwelling houses, or an average of eight people to a family. They had fewer comforts but more children.

The only instruction enjoyed by the inhabitants of the town previous to its incorporation was from private

instructors. Little attention was paid to other than private instruction, till after the close of the war. In 1781, we find recorded a vote of the town appropriating 10,000 pounds for the

emy. The institution soon went into operation. The enterprise was short lived and closed its existence for want of financial support.

Rapid progress in educational mat-



The first court-house was the meeting-house; in 1788, this, the second, was built. Here Daniel Webster made his maiden plea. The new court-house was erected about 1825. County courts were held here until 1866, a total of 108 years.



Second and Third Court-Houses

support of schools, the town being divided into "squadrons." Ten thousand pounds represented \$50,000, but in the depreciated money of the Province was only about \$300.

How near Amherst came to being an educational centre may be judged from the spirit of a vote in 1791, when a charter was granted for the establishment of the Aurean Acad-

ters dated from 1800 and in 1817 there were about 500 attending the public schools in the town, nearly thirty per cent. of its population.

At the opening of the century, Amherst, in whatever light it is regarded, was emphatically the "Hub of Hillsborough County." It was the busy place of all towns in the interior of the state. It was more important

than Concord, and of larger mercantile business than of any other town of the state, saving perhaps Portsmouth and Exeter. Located at the terminus of the Second New Hampshire Turnpike, it was the most important business point between Windsor, Vermont, and the sea shore, and its traders did a thriving business, not only with the other towns of the county, but with the farmers from the north and from Vermont, many of whom exchanged their produce for their groceries and other needed family and farm supplies. It contained five stores, the most prominent of which was the "Old Read Store," located near where the soldiers' monument now stands. Two other prominent stores, both afterwards burned, were the "Means Store" and the "Lawrence Store." The only newspaper in the county, *The Farmers' Cabinet*, was also published here, having been established in 1798 as the *Village Messenger* and being one of only three papers published in the state.

In 1820 Amherst village contained a meeting house, court house, jail, school house, two taverns, card factory, three law offices, and fifty-eight dwelling houses, and for four score years it maintained its reputation as one of the busiest of towns.

In some respects Amherst has improved, for today it contains one hundred and twenty dwelling houses, hardly one vacant and none in other than a creditable condition.

A look into the Read store would have revealed an odd sight in contrast as stores are conducted today. It was without counters or counting room and yet supplied almost every known want of man, at that time, including rum and molasses in abundance. Every store in Amherst, and in fact in the country, and many private houses, made a business of selling rum. So common was the drinking habit that records are left of school

children saving their pennies and buying a portion of rum to bring to school, at the close of the session with which to celebrate the day, and teacher and all liberally partook. A notable occasion demonstrating the excess of drinking is recorded, when Representative Smith, returning from the General Assembly, the court, then in session, adjourned and the judge, the justices and all present became gloriously or ingloriously drunk. It was not till after three decades had passed that the temperance wave resulted in a change of this habit of rum drinking among the people of Amherst and the province in general.

#### COURTS.

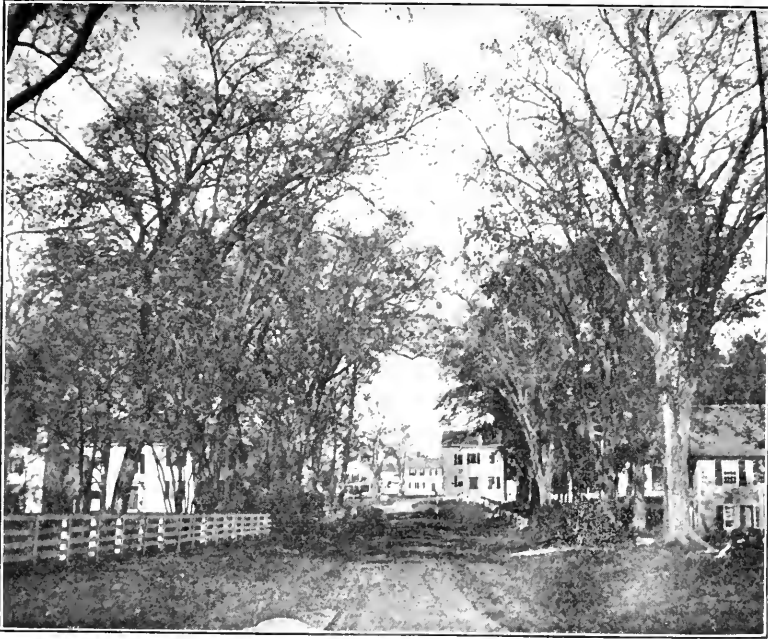
A most interesting chapter in the history of Amherst has been its connection with the courts of the county. Up to the year 1844 it was the only shire town and six sessions of the court were held here annually. The first court was held in a private house, said to be the same house as that now occupied by W. W. Sloan as a dwelling house; this was in 1771. The judge sitting at this court was Matthew Thornton, chief justice. The names of attorneys appearing upon that first docket were: Ebenezer Champney, New Ipswich; Joshua Atherton, Amherst; N. P. Sargent, Haverhill; John Prentice, Londonderry; Samuel Livermore and John Sullivan, Durham; Mr. Lowell of Boston; and Wiseman Claggett, of Litchfield. Mr. Atherton and Mr. Champney were the only attorneys then living in the county.

That same year, the town having completed a new house of worship, voted to give to the county the old meeting house, which was located near the Jones residence, for use as a court house. One provision, however, was incorporated in this deed of gift, which did not fully meet the desires of the justices of the county,—it was that the county should erect a jail

within one hundred and fifty feet of the court house, or old meeting house. The county so far accepted the gift as to occupy the house for court purposes, but did not immediately comply with conditions in erecting a jail.

In 1785 the court of general sessions finding the old building inconvenient, and the business of the town having centered around the new house

sity of doing something immediately for the courts called a special town meeting and voted eight pounds towards building the court house, and chose John Patterson, Capt. Josiah Crosby, Samuel Dana, Daniel Campbell and James Ray to plan and place the same. This building was located directly in front of the spot where the Russell house now stands. It was



Court House Road

of worship on the training field, proposed to build a new court house and suggested to the town that more would be expected from it than from other towns in the county. This the town declined to furnish and twice voted not to assist in larger share than was required of it by law. In 1787 the old building given by the town was taken down and removed to the common and put up again a few rods westerly of the new meeting house, where it was burned almost before it was completed.

The town then realizing the neces-

used as a court house until the completion of the present town house, when it was sold to the Congregational Society for a vestry and removed to its present site. In this old court house some of the first men of the state and the nation commenced their career of renown and usefulness. It is worthy of record as a relic of former generations redolent with the memory of the wisdom of such men as Timothy Farrah, William H. Richardson, Samuel Bell, Samuel Dana, Joshua Atherton, and the eloquence and learning of Ezekiel

and Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Woodbury, James Wilson, David Everett, Clifton Claggett, C. H. Atherton, Luther Lawrence, Franklin Pierce, Charles G. Atherton and their contemporaries, of the Hillsborough County bar.

It was in this second court house building that Daniel Webster made his maiden speech before Judge Farrah. He had finished his studies in the law office of Christopher Gore of Boston, and had been admitted to the Suffolk County bar. Judge Farrah, after listening to the young man, remarked: "That young man's statement is a most unanswerable argument," and at once granted the motion.

A noted trial in this court house was that of one Daniel Farmer of Goffstown and his subsequent execution by hanging attracted, perhaps, the largest concourse of people to Amherst that ever gathered here, estimated as high as ten thousand. The gallows was erected upon the spot now occupied by the house of the late B. B. David. The execution took place at two o'clock in the afternoon of January 3, 1822. It was intensely cold that day. Farmer made a confession upon the gallows and attributed his crime to the use of liquor and admonished his hearers to refrain from its use. It was doubtless the most forceful temperance lecture ever delivered in the county and its effect upon the then common drinking habit was said to have been very great.

In 1785 Amherst voted its unwillingness to divide the courts with the town of Concord which had petitioned to be annexed to the County of Hillsborough. Hopkinton afterwards received a portion of the courts held in Amherst and became a shire town and so continued until the formation of Merrimaek County in 1823.

Amherst had three court houses; the last and present court house building was built about the year 1824,

and it has had also an equal number of jails. The last jail was not used after the construction of the new jail at Manchester, which was for a long time known as "The Palace for Criminals."

The gathering of the judicial heads of the county in Amherst at the various sessions of the courts were events more or less surrounded with interest. As we remember them they were full of color and form a picturesque chapter in the town's history. As a boy I remember with what expectancy we looked forward to the May session, when the town would be full of strangers. When we boys would gather about the court house and watch with frightened interest the unloading of the criminals brought here for trial from Manchester. How we would line up at the court house and ask for the privilege of driving a stranger's horse to the stable, being fully compensated in the privilege of the ride and perhaps getting an additional dime for our own use. I wonder how many within the hearing of my voice remembers the song the church bell used to sing, that summoned the court into session each morning, when the bell ringer went into the church belfry and taking the tongue of the bell made it say:

Lawyer, lawyer, come to court,  
Take a piece of bread and pork;  
If the pork is not done  
Take a piece of bread and run.

This is not so much history, however, as reminiscence, and this is my friend Fletcher's prerogative today.

Amherst's part in the suppression of the Rebellion, in that memorable struggle from 1861 to 1865, is one that makes the heart of every lover of the old town swell with honest pride. Amherst was quick to respond to the call of the country for defenders of her cherished liberties. It is with grateful hearts we cherish the memory of

the brave deeds of those noble benefactors. A faithful historian has forever preserved the record of Amherst's part in those stirring yet sorrowful scenes.

The first call of the president for troops was responded to by volunteers, Sawtelle, George, Burdick, Moore, Peabody, Champney, Hall, David, Ober, Chickering, Russell, Hartshorn, Phelps, Fox and Griswold. Nearly all of these volunteers reënlisted for the full term of three years.

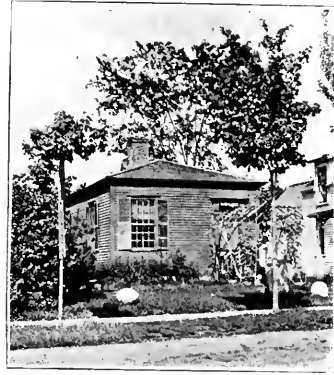
It was not alone those who went to the front upon whom the sorrows of war bore heavily. The widow and the orphan, the mother and the father of some beloved son bore equally, perhaps more heavily, the hardships that war entailed.

The cost of the war to this town was large but was cheerfully borne by her loyal and patriotic citizens. The aggregate expense was nearly \$50,000. It is none the less to the credit of the citizens that a large share of this expense was returned afterwards by a grateful country, for such was not expected during the dark days of its continuance.

The names of the martyred dead are readily recalled, and the names of Few, Phelps, Hapgood are but reminders of the many who sacrificed their all for the defence of the liberties of a nation.

Less than fifty years ago Amherst had a body of men loyal to the state, to the county, the town and to themselves. They represented a type, not entirely extinct by any means, but appearing to grow less and less in number each year. Not alone is this true with respect to Amherst. It is so in many another community. Think for a moment of the men of less than five decades ago who were then active in Amherst's affairs. Beginning at the west of the village there was Francis Peabody, white haired and a constant church attendant; then came Harrison Eaton, a type

of a successful business man, kindly, dignified and generous; Dr. J. G. Davis, scholarly and revered, a worthy shepherd of a loyal flock; Dr. William Clark, stern and severe in what he believed to be right; Deacon Boylston, active, kindly, generous in the extreme, ardent in his support of



Atherton Law Office

church and state; Charles Richardson, somewhat indolent, but a ready debater on political matters; Aaron Lawrence, aristocratic, erect, dignified and benevolent, and a friend to all and active in every good cause; Samuel B. Melendy, always industrious and desirous of serving the public; Perley Dodge, Esq., a town attorney and lawyer of the old school; B. B. David, always in his seat at church immaculately dressed, going down the decline of life, keeping his interest alive in all matters of local importance; Hiram Stearns, a hard-working farmer; David Stewart, Doctor Aiken and Doctor Bartlett, all types of men not so common today. Driving in from Moderator Hill were William A. Mack, Daniel Secomb and Charles H. Campbell, Mr. Hubbard and Aaron Wilkins, a coterie of men whose wisdom at the annual town meeting was indispensable. From Christian Hill came Jonathan Hartshorn and Deacon Elliott, men of sound judgment in business matters. These men were not all of the same

political belief nor did they always think the same upon matters of public concern, but their combined wisdom was hard to duplicate and they made few mistakes where matters concerning the public good were involved.

The high tide of Amherst's commercial prosperity, as well as the date of its largest population, was from 1790 to 1800. At this time there were 2,369 inhabitants. In the census of 1810 the population had fallen off nearly a thousand. This is accounted for by the severing of the second and third parishes incorpor-

tributed to Amherst's decline in the ratio of importance in the state and its inability to hold its own in the race for supremacy one man's opinion at this time is as good as another's. It did not lack in loyal and brilliant men, for no town had more. The tide of emigration had set towards localities favored with water privileges. Richer farming land was sought and found. The railroads came and followed the course of the river, for upon the rivers were the larger centers. And so in the strife for the survival of the fittest Amherst was dis-



Bridge over Souhegan Road

ated as the townships of Mont Vernon and Milford. The former in 1804 and the latter in 1798. Previous to these two dates Amherst also enjoyed its greatest building activity and the then palatial residences of Capt. Daniel Pryor, now the McKen homestead, the Means house, the Dana house and the Atherton mansions were built. It was in the latter house, now the summer home of Mrs. Spaulding of New York, that Benevolent Lodge of Masons, in the year 1797, was organized, with Mr. Dana as its first Worshipful Master.

In 1800, Portsmouth, Rochester, Londonderry, Barrington and Gilmanton were the only towns of the state having a larger population than Amherst. Of the causes that con-

tanced and left by the wayside, not, however, to be absorbed by other and larger towns or to disappear like its neighbor, the town of Monson, entirely from the face of the earth, but to continue as a useful and helpful community, always retaining the respect of its more thrifty neighbors and sending forth to enrich other states some of the brightest and brainiest men that the country has known.

A town that has produced a writer like Greeley, who was almost elected president of the United States; John Farmer, the historian; James Freeman Dana, a professor at Dartmouth; Dr. Samuel Dana, his brother, a noted scientist; Gen. Joseph Lowe, a military character of Revolutionary times and later mayor of Concord; Col.



Robert Means, treasurer of the county for many years; Isaac Spaulding and Joseph Reed, two business men, who if they had lived today, would have been classed with the Rockefellers as masters of finance. A town that has furnished a United States senator, a member of Congress, furnished a president to Dartmouth College and a pastor of the Park Street Church can hardly be said to have existed in vain.

Three sentiments are said to appeal most to men—retrospect, realization and anticipation. We stand today upon the threshold of the past and the future. The past with all its sacred memories is fragrant with

hopes realized. Of the future we cannot speak; it is an unwritten book and we shall turn its leaves one by one. We sons and daughters of old Amherst believe, however, that good things are yet in store for the children of so good a people as have gone before us, and we look to the future with hope and confidence.

It has been a real pleasure for me to review the past in this incomplete address and the compensation has been great in the satisfaction of a better acquaintance with my native town and an increased love for her "dells and hills, her rocks and rills."

## My Grandmother's Loom

*By Fred Myron Colby*

It stands in the attic chamber, where we children used to play,  
Half-veiled by dust and cobwebs in a shroud of misty gray;  
Its shuttles worn and silent, while upon its front of pine  
Some friendly hand has traced the date of "Seventeen ninety-nine."  
I can see it in the shadows of the dim, old-fashioned room,  
This precious relic of the past—my grandmother's old loom.

A thing of use and beauty in the years that now are dead,  
When grandmother paced beside it in gown of blue and red,  
And wove the family clothing as all housewives used to do,  
What happy fancies did she weave in stripes so broad and true,  
As in the gathering twilight of that poor furnished room  
She sang the old-time ditties and busily worked her loom.

No longer fabrics thick and warm in patterns quaint it weaves;  
We see a spider's web attached 'twixt frame and sloping eaves;  
Its work is done, and silently, it waits the passing years,  
Oblivious to aught of joy, of care, or hopes or fears.  
Yet useless as it is at last, to see it standing there  
Calls up a hundred pictures that are beautiful and rare.

Again the shuttles quiver, and again my eyes behold  
The warps and woofs of yesterday as bright as shining gold;  
I can hear the children's voices as they gather in the gloom,  
And all are hushed to silence in the haven of that room  
Where grandmother moves the treadles and sings so soft and low  
As the woolen web gains luster 'neath the flying shuttles show.

What busy, homely days they were, those days of long ago!  
The atmosphere of yesterday seems all a golden glow.  
Transfigured by that softened light, the old loom seems to stand  
A priceless ornament of state carved for a queen's own hand;

And in the silence of that room where broods the Sabbath's peace,  
Our souls from selfish, carping cares can find a sweet release.

Oh, dear old relic of the past, I wonder if you dream  
Of all those centuries of toil that now but memories seem!  
I wonder as you silent stand and watch the years go by  
If ere you miss the toilworn hands that made your shuttles fly!  
If ever in the silence of that dusty, raftered room  
You long for grandmother's presence beside her ancient loom!

## ○ Come Into My Garden

*By Moses Gage Shirley*

O, come into my garden,  
The garden of my dreams;  
'Tis full of buds and blossoms  
And many winding streams;  
Where long the daylight lingers  
And soft the moon-beams rest,  
O, come into my garden,  
If you would be my guest.

O, come into my garden,  
The garden of my heart,  
Where happy thoughts and tender  
I hold for you apart;  
Where love's sweet roses blossom,  
The fairest and the best.  
O, come into my garden,  
If you would be my guest.

## When Katy Plucked the Rose

*By Frank Monroe Beverly*

When Katy plucked the roses,  
And left the rose-stem bare,  
The winds heard it complaining,  
"She's naughty, I declare."

When Katy plucked the roses  
To weave them in her hair,  
The stem began to murmur,  
"Why she's already fair."

When Katy plucked the roses,  
The passing winds made known  
The stem's half-meaning protest,  
"She's roses of her own."

When Katy plucked the roses,  
Then said the rose-stem bare,  
"She's taken all my beauty,  
And she herself more fair!"

# Joseph Cilley, Soldier and Citizen

## Made a Mason Under Marching Order

By Gilbert Patten Brown

(Author of "*Memories of Martinique*," "*Boston of Colonial Days*," "*The Graveyard of Plymouth*," etc.)

The history of Nottingham, N. H., holds on its pages no name dearer to the good citizens of that famous town than that of Joseph Cilley, who was born there March 5, 1734. He was a son of Joseph and Alice (Rawlins) Cilley, his father having been one of the first settlers of the town. Young Joseph was educated in the district school, while his aged and honest father worked the farm as best he could in order that the son might drink from the local fountain of learning, and the good mother took no small amount of pride in her modest son.

In school he was rather a backward youth; but in the long winter evenings he read books of useful knowledge. He took much pleasure in the stories of contest between the early white settlers of New England and the native warlike Indians, and the old flint-lock musket of the Cilley family was carried by him on the way to and from the school house in that then wild and romantic region.

In 1758, loyal to the crown, Joseph enlisted as a private soldier in Captain Neal's Company of Major Rogers' Battalion of Rangers, for service in Canada. While there he was made a sergeant, remaining in service one year and was discharged with honor.

He again enlisted and rose to the rank of a captain. When war broke out with the mother country, Joseph Cilley was loyal to the American cause. He was commissioned captain of a company and, acting as major, marched to Cambridge, stopping at Portsmouth for equipments and clothing. There he was made a Mason and

the records of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. and A. M., read as follows: "June 15, 1775. On motion of Doctor Hall Jackson, Major Joseph Cilley was made a Mason 'gratis' 'for his good service in defence of his country.' "

On January 1, 1776, the name of Joseph Cilley was enrolled in the Continental Army and he was commissioned "Lieutenant-Colonel, First New Hampshire Regiment, Continental Troops." On February 22, 1777, he was commissioned colonel of said regiment, and served until January 1, 1781, when he was retired, during which time he participated in the many hard-fought battles of his regiment, including Bemis Heights, Stony Point and Monmouth. At the latter engagement he displayed such bravery as merited, and he received, the approbation and thanks of the commander-in-chief, General Washington. At Stony Point he also distinguished himself under General Anthony Wayne.

On March 20, 1779, the New Hampshire House of Representatives unanimously presented him with a choice pair of pistols for bravery on the field in defence of American homes. At the close of the war he was appointed a major general of New Hampshire militia. His first brigadier-general was Col. John Hale, M. D., (the narrator's maternal great-great-grandfather), who had served at Crown Point, Bunker Hill, and later as a surgeon of Colonel Cilley's old First New Hampshire Regiment. Doctor Hale was made a Mason at Crown Point in colonial

days, and was also present at several meetings of the army lodges during those most trying times.

At the battle of Monmouth the First New Hampshire Continental troops, then the "Fifth Continental Infantry," rendered invaluable service. Washington had asked for special troops, and, after a conference had been held Colonel Cilley sent his lieutenant-colonel, Henry Dearborn, to take position on the enemy's right wing. Washington, with field glasses in hand, closely watched Dearborn's movements. After the battle was over Colonels Cilley and Dearborn received warm commendation from the great commander.

General Cilley took an active part in public affairs after peace was established. As a politician he was strictly and literally a staunch Republican, as the name was then applied. As a farmer he was unsurpassed; while as a Free Mason his charity was unbounded. The celebrated "Crown Point Lodge" of colo-

nial times had been reopened at Nottingham through his agency, the sturdy old warrior having been chosen the first Worshipful Master. Under his watchful eye it flourished for several years.

General Cilley married Sarah, daughter of Jonathan Longfellow, born November 17, 1739. Their children were Sarah, Bradbury, Jonathan, Joseph, Greenleaf, Daniel, Elizabeth, Jacob, Anna, and Horatio Gates. He died in August, 1799, from a severe attack of colic, and was buried with full military and Masonic honors. His only creed was "Honesty and Patriotism."

New Hampshire never sent a braver soldier than Joseph Cilley to the field of battle. No costly monument marks his last resting place. No Masonic Lodge bears his name. The Hall of Fame contains not his statue or portrait. Modest were his ways; but may the day never come in this Republic when his name shall be spoken in words other than of praise.

## Lines at Sunset

*By Marguerite Borden*

The Sun—God's fiery beauty slowly waned,  
 Though still he wore his raiment crimson stained.  
 In majesty descending from the sky—  
 Yet loath to leave his golden throne on high,  
 He paused, and gazed upon the ocean clear  
 To view his brilliant image mirrored there;  
 Then seemingly he turned some magic key  
 And entered through the portals of the sea.  
 With Sol in Neptune's mansion safe concealed,  
 His rival, Luna, with her septre wield,  
 And for a time usurp the Sun-god's throne,  
 Until the monarch shall regain his own.  
 But ere night's queen in splendor holds her sway  
 The twilight spirit, Vesper, wends her way  
 To clothe the rosy clouds in mantles gray,  
 Like sombre heralds of a dying day.

# A Beautiful Career

*By C. Jennie Swaine*

Some people seem born to make a beautiful career, without great genius or effort. Their heritage may be a laurel wreath already partly woven. The picture that brought fame may have been outlined for them by some greater genius. The poem may have had its dream-tracery in the harp of some immortal singer. To such the heights of fame are of easy ascent and the gods seem to help them at every step. Such characters are not our best models or our truest ideals.

The brief and beautiful career of Miss Sarah Adams may be said to be almost pathetic in the lesson which it teaches. Holding distant ancestral relations in the Granite State, they no doubt aided in endowing her vigorous intellect in some telling measure. Her life was mostly spent in Vermont and her death occurred in Farmington, that state.

I seem to see a little child kneeling at the family altar, or lisping her evening prayers at bedtime, for she was a minister's daughter and hers was one of those beautiful homes that hold the influence of the Divine Guest. She was a precocious as well as a beautiful child. But, alas, for the little prattler! At the age of four years she was stricken with a malignant fever, and, after weeks of intense suffering, she recovered to be a deaf mute for the remainder of her life. For a short time she remembered her little prayers and the bits of song she had learned and then all was silence and forgetfulness. He who once took little children in His arms and blessed them must, in like manner, have blessed her, for the loss of one faculty

seemed to quicken those that remained.

Quick at learning, and of remarkable retentive memory, she soon outstripped all her mates at school. In those early days her love for pictures amounted to a passion. A bit of unusual coloring in the sky, a gleam of silver in the sunny river, or even the swaying shadow of a tree or a weed beside the road, caused her eyes to dilate with pleasure and called for some crude attempt at sketching. This was her talent, given her by the Master to be put to usury. Many having like abilities, and like obstacles in the path to success, would have settled down to a life of indolence and perhaps bitter repining. Not so had the minister's little daughter been taught in her brief life in the world of hearing and speech. Against adverse circumstances she placed the living embryo of a strong and determined will, and, although she died young she reached heights which few older people attain.

At an early age she was placed in the Asylum for Deaf Mutes at Rochester, N. H. She was there taught systematic drawing. Her teacher immediately recognized her talent and sent her to a more advanced school where she could make art a study. From drawing, she passed on to work in charcoal forecasts, and thence to the higher art of crayon drawing from life. Here her teachers brought her work more fully to public notice through the sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens. So pleased was he with his pupil that he took her under his care and gave her personal instructions in modeling in clay. She became so enamored that she dropped

her crayon work almost entirely, although before it had given her so much pleasure. Among the many pupils of this great sculptor none were more carefully instructed and more closely criticised, and certainly no one in the class gave a brighter promise of a brilliant art career.

She soon became so enthusiastic over her work that her health was suffering from the effects of close study, and it was thought best that she leave the city for change, and, if she could be persuaded, for rest. She had long before this lost the slow and measured speech of those who talk by sight, and her life had indeed become a long peaceful silence. Still she enjoyed her books, reading of course with her lips, with great accuracy and rapidity. The principal of a finishing school called on St. Gaudens for some one who could teach art thoroughly. Showing a figure in clay he said: "The artist who did that piece of work I can recommend above any one I ever knew."

A day was appointed for Miss Adams to meet the principal at his studio. Great was his surprise to find her a perfectly deaf mute.

"How can a person who can neither speak nor hear teach an art class?" asked the principal. "It seems quite impossible that she could fill the place."

"Very well," said the sculptor, "but I have brought you the most competent person I know. If you can get her and don't, you will make the greatest of mistakes."

On the strength of her teacher's recommendation she was given the position. After the first day there was no question as to her ability to fill the place with perfect acceptance. Beautiful in face and figure and extremely sweet in manners, she had the power to attract her pupils and hold their warmest affection. There was nothing of the sadness of the unfortunate about her to repress the mirth of the young people under her care,

or dampen any innocent enjoyment. On the contrary she entered with zest into any plan for pleasure which did not interfere with their work and she was able to sympathize with any sorrow more deeply from her own misfortune. Her young ladies loved her more deeply and made her slightest wish a rule of conduct, and the incentive to scholarly attainment. I believe they never thought of her as one of the unfortunates, so bright and happy was she, and so thoroughly girlish in all her ways and pursuits. She showed her artistic taste in a most pleasing manner in her carefully chosen, but inexpensive apparel. Indeed all work from her hand showed the fine touch of art.

While here she made the acquaintance of a young Western girl, who like herself, was richly endowed with great personal beauty. She, too, was a deaf mute. Their beauty was of decidedly opposite types; and two sweeter or more tastefully dressed girls were seldom seen on the streets of the city than these two silent friends. They attracted much attention; one was a royal rose with dark, bright coloring and graceful poise, the other was a sweet white rose with a soft flush of pink in her cheeks, and the blue of dewy violets in her eyes, eyes that seemed to look straight into heaven. Their innocent unconsciousness of attracting admiring attention made the picture of girlish loveliness quite complete. Neither courted admiration, and Miss Adams, at least, had little time for girlish frivolities. To be sure, her school hours left her some time for recreation, but her tireless ambition kept her very busy.

She was asked to paint a picture of the founder of the school in which she was employed and the picture proved a great success. Had it not been promised it would have netted her a liberal sum. Her talent as an artist from this time became widely known. Ambitious to fill the orders which poured in upon her she worked beyond

her strength and at the same time caught a severe cold which, in her low state of health, brought on pneumonia, which shortly resulted in death.

No career can be truly beautiful, however brilliant and successful it may seem, which does not hold its strongest motive in the spiritual ideals of a divine inspiration. Of this sweet young life it may be truly said, "She hast done what she could." A beautiful mosaic in the temple where you and I should be living

stones, though her work may not have been mine or yours, yet in diligence, in business and in fervency of spirit we should indeed hold some small part in a like beautiful career.

The transmittal of true talent and strong mental ability is taught in the beautiful career of Miss Sarah Adams. The old Granite State, and her sister of the Green Mountains, have each brought many sons and daughters to honor; the two combined have here made an honorable record.

## Orchid and Wild Rose

*By Harry B. Metcalf*

An orchid and a wild rose met,  
 (Just where I may not tell)—  
 The one a pampered, hot-house pet,  
 The other from the dell.  
 The orchid blushed that she should greet  
 Such lowly company,  
 She who "stood high" with the élite  
 Of proud society.  
 "Oh, what a country maid you are,  
 But I suppose," she said,  
 "The rusties seek you near and far  
 Because your cheeks are red.  
 Poor thing, if you could only know  
 The pleasures that are mine,  
 The lavishness that men bestow  
 My colors to refine,  
 The eagerness with which I'm sought  
 For every swell soirée,  
 The romances that I have wrought  
 In circles grand and gay,  
 The joys of music and of wine  
 As languidly I rest,  
 In satins and in laces fine,  
 Upon milady's breast!"

Thus spake the orchid haughtily  
 Unto the rose, whose red  
 Had deepened 'neath the sting, till she  
 Looked bravely up and said:

"I know I'm not so grand as you,  
 But mine's a happy life  
 Where birds are free and heavens are blue,  
 Far from the city's strife.  
 I am not sought by men for gold  
 To grace Dame Fashion's feast,  
 But I have joys to you untold—  
 The sunrise in the east,  
 The laughter of the mountain rills  
 And children at their play,  
 The beauty of the purple hills  
 As dusk succeeds the day;  
 And, though I bloom on humble sod  
 And frugal is my fare,  
 Unto my cheeks the kiss of God  
 The evening breezes bear!"

## A Dream

*By George Warren Parker*

One had a dream and by that dream  
 New worlds were found, fresh conquests made;  
 One had a dream of martial power,  
 All Europe shook 'neath hosts arrayed.

A dream made Pilgrims dare to cross  
 The trackless waste here to remain;  
 It was a dream that sent a word  
 Around the world and back again.

A dream bequeathes new faiths, new schools,  
 New arts, new customs and new laws;  
 A dream will make men dare the scorn  
 Of their compeers, e'en death for cause.

A dream, the most ethereal thing,  
 Has oft o'erturned the monarch's seat;  
 Brought in the reign of righteousness,  
 When good seemed doomed to sure defeat.

A vision cherished in the soul,  
 Its worth no seer can e'er foretell;  
 The dreamer scorned may turn the scale  
 And prove the doer praised so well.





# New Hampshire Necrology

## AUGUSTA HARVEY WORTHEN

Augusta Harvey Worthen, born in Sutton, N. H., September 27, 1823, died at Tewkesbury, Mass., April 4, 1910.

She was the daughter of Col. John and Sally (Greeley) Harvey, and a granddaughter of Matthew Harvey, one of the first settlers of the town. Matthew Harvey of Newport, for forty years one of the editors of the *Argus and Spectator*, was her brother, while Hons. Jonathan and Matthew Harvey, both of whom were congressmen and the latter governor of New Hampshire, were uncles. She attended Hopkinton Academy for several years and was later a student and then a teacher in Andover Academy. February 15, 1855, she married Charles F. Worthen of Candia, N. H., at Danvers, Mass., and in 1858 removed with him to Lynn, where he was engaged in manufacturing until his death in 1882, and where she continued to have her home nearly up to the time of her decease.

Mrs. Worthen was possessed of strong mental endowments and marked literary ability. She wrote quite extensively for newspapers and magazines, in both poetry and prose; but her great literary work, to which she devoted many years of her life, was the history of her native town, published in two volumes in 1890, and which ranks among the best town histories ever published in New England.

## HON. ROBERT H. TEWKSBURY

Hon. Robert Haskell Tewksbury, ex-mayor of Lawrence, Mass., died in that city July 18, 1910.

He was a native of the town of Hopkinton, born April 11, 1823, the son of Joseph and Eliza (Butler) Tewksbury. He was reared on a farm and secured such education as the common school afforded; but at the age of eighteen he left home for Lawrence, where he engaged as bookkeeper for Charles A. Brown, a coal dealer, continuing several years. For a time during the Civil War he filled an editorial position on the *Lawrence American* with marked success, but relinquished the same to become an assessor, which office he held two years, and then accepted that of city treasurer, in which position he continued ten years, till 1875, when he became mayor, serving his term in that office with more than ordinary distinction.

Mr. Tewksbury was a writer of more than ordinary ability, his researches being largely of a historical nature, covering the early days of Lawrence. He was often called into service as a lecturer and never failed to interest those who heard him.

He was twice married, November 23, 1859 to Miss Augusta C. Hawthorne, who died in 1893, and June 14, 1894, to Miss Amelia Burkinshaw.

## REV. SAMUEL P. LEEDS, D. D.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Penniman Leeds, for fifty years pastor of the College Church at Hanover, died in that town June 25, 1910, at the age of 86 years.

Doctor Leeds was born in New York, the son of Samuel and Mary (Warren) Leeds, November 15, 1824. He was educated at Anthon's College, the University of New York and the Union Theological Seminary, and served several years as a pastor in New York previous to his call to the Dartmouth pastorate, which he held until quite recently, when the infirmities of age compelled his resignation. He received the degree of D. D. from Dartmouth in 1870.

He was the author of "The Christian Philosophy of Life," and had been a frequent contributor to the press.

## REV. WILLIAM HURLIN

Rev. William Hurlin, long known as the oldest Baptist clergyman in the state, died at Antrim June 28, having reached the age of more than 97 years.

He was born in England while the War of 1812 was in progress, and entered the ministry at an early age, preaching his first sermon in London in 1835. He was engaged there as a city missionary for several years, but came to America in 1844. Since then he had been pastor of ten different churches, and also for nearly a quarter of a century secretary of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention.

## JOHN PAGE WOODBURY

John Page Woodbury, born in Atkinson, N. H., May 24, 1827, died in Boston, Mass., June 17, 1910.

He was the son of Rev. John and Myra

(Page) Woodbury and was educated at the Hancock Literary and Scientific Institute. In his youth he was for a time employed in the office of the *Keene Sentinel*. He was then for three years in the lumber business in Lynn, but left that for real estate, building up the largest business in that line in Essex County. Later he became president of the Exchange Insurance Co., in Boston, but had been retired for some time past, devoting his attention to the collection of rare books and prints, his library being one of the choicest in New England. He was one of the organizers of the Boston Art Club, a member of the *Bostonian* and the New England Historical and Genealogical Societies and a charter member of the Lynn Historical Society.

Mr. Woodbury was married in 1850 to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Silsbee of Lynn, who died in 1804. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. M. E. Parsons, a son, John Woodbury, Esq., a Boston lawyer, secretary of the Harvard class of 1880 and secretary of the Metropolitan Park Commission.

#### ARTHUR W. THOMPSON

Arthur W. Thompson, born in Concord, August 24, 1876, died at Suncook, July 4, 1910.

He was the son of William A. and Ella J. (Teele) Thompson, and was educated in the Concord schools. Entering upon the study of law after graduation from the high school, he attended the Boston University Law School, studied in the office of Hon. John M. Mitchell and was admitted to the bar in 1901, locating in practice in the village of Suncook, where he had established a good practice and taken a prominent part in public affairs, having been a representative in the Legislature from the town of Pembroke in 1905 and 1907, serving as chairman of the committee on revision of the laws the first session, and as a member of the judiciary committee in the last. With bright prospects of future success, he was cut down by untimely disease in the very morning of life. He is survived by a widow, the daughter of William R. Mooney, superintendent of the Worcester, Nashua and Portland division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, whom he married in June, 1902.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

Up to Monday, July 25, two Republicans and one Democrat had filed declarations of candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination of their party with the secretary of state. Seven Republicans, in like manner, had declared their candidacy for the office of councilor, each of the five districts being represented, two by two aspirants, but no Democratic candidate in either district had appeared. For the senatorial nominations thirty-one Republican candidacies had been filed and only six Democratic. As only seventeen days had elapsed since July 8—the first day when candidates could file their declarations under the law—and there were yet thirty days to come before the time limit is reached there is nothing in the record, thus far, to warrant the conclusion that there will be a lack of candidates anywhere on the part of either party. Nevertheless, the conviction seems to prevail quite generally that unless special effort is made to persuade men to come forward and announce their candidacies, as a matter of patriotic duty, there will be many vacancies on the ballot. It takes a good deal of the spirit of self-sacrifice in any man to declare himself a candidate for office and pay the required fee, when he knows his party is in a hope-

less minority. Under the old system candidates were always found, however, and perhaps there will be no final lack under the present arrangement.

It is reported that Governor Quinby recently called on President Taft at Beverly and urged him to visit New Hampshire next month, the hope being entertained that he might favor the Veterans' Reunion at The Weirs with his presence at some time during the encampment, the last week in August. The president expressed doubt of his ability to come into New Hampshire so early, but said he hoped to do so at a later date, when he contemplates a trip to the White Mountains. The suggestion has been made that if the state house is so far completed as to admit of the arrangement, it would be a very timely and fitting procedure to have the enlarged and remodeled structure dedicated by a grand legislative reunion some time in September, with the presence of the president of the United States as an added attraction. Work is going along well on the state house, but it is not yet certain that it will be completed in time for such arrangement.





SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS

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## Sherman E. Burroughs

### Enters the First District Congressional Field

The most interesting development in political life in New Hampshire since the announcement of the candidacy of Hon. Bertram Ellis for the Republican gubernatorial nomination is the recent formal statement by Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester, of the well known law firm of Taggart, Tuttle, Burroughs and Wyman, that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for representative in Congress from the First New Hampshire District, against Cyrus A. Sulloway, present incumbent, who was first chosen in 1894, and has been reëlected, without substantial opposition, at each subsequent biennial election since that date, making eight terms in all; while, previous to his time, no representative from this state, however able or eminent, had served over four terms, and none over three terms during the last hundred years.

Mr. Burroughs is one of the ablest and most popular representatives of the vigorous and progressive young element of the Republican party in the state, and, early in the season, was earnestly urged to become a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, as one upon whom the diverse elements of the party might readily unite; but his ambition, manifestly, did not lie in that direction. The congressional field, however, is, apparently, more tempting to his ambition, and, it may safely be said, he is amply qualified for efficient service therein if opportunity is presented.

SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS is a native of the old town of Dunbarton, wherein Gen. John Stark spent the years of his early manhood, and out from which have gone many men distinguished in public life, among whom may be named the late Carroll D. Wright, statistician and educator, and United States Senator Henry E. Burnham, with whom Mr. Burroughs himself served in the Legislature of 1901. He is the eldest son of John H. and Helen M. (Baker) Burroughs, born February 6, 1870. He comes of patriotic ancestry through many lines. He is a descendant in the fifth generation, on his father's side, from George Burroughs of Hudson, Mass., who served in Capt. John Hinkley's company, under Major General Heath at Boston; while on the maternal side he is a direct descendant of Capt. Joseph Baker of Pembroke, who served in the colonial wars, was a member of the Committee of Safety and of the Provincial Congress, and whose wife was Hannah, daughter of the famous Indian fighter, Capt. John Lovewell, from whom he is therefore also directly descended.

His father was a farmer and his early years were spent in farm labor in Dunbarton and in Bow, to which latter town the family removed when Sherman E. was fourteen years of age. He attended the district schools and ultimately secured the advantage of a course in the Concord High School, from which he graduated in 1890, being selected as class orator,

the subject of his oration being "Ballot Reform." Two years previous to his graduation from the high school he successfully passed a competitive examination for admission to West Point, winning the highest rank, and was given an appointment as cadet by Congressman Gallinger; but the prospect of a course at Dartmouth opening before him, he declined the same, and, after the completion of his high school course, he entered the latter institution, graduating with high honors in the class of 1894. He won various prizes and honors during his college course and became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He was editor of the *Aegis* in his junior year, and president of the Dartmouth Debating Society in his senior year. Upon graduation he was offered the position of instructor in logic and oratory in the college, but declined, preferring a professional career. He immediately entered upon the study of the law in the office of Sargent & Hollis, at Concord; but in December following he went to Washington, D. C., as private secretary to his kinsman, Gen. Henry M. Baker, representative in Congress from the Second New Hampshire District. He continued his legal studies in Washington, graduating, LL. B., from the Columbian (now George Washington) University in July, 1896, and receiving the degree of Master of Laws in 1897. He was admitted to the District of Columbia bar in 1896 and the New Hampshire bar in 1897, in August of which year he commenced the practice of law in Manchester continuing by himself until July 1, 1901, when he joined in partnership with Hon. David A. Taggart and Hon. James P. Tuttle, Mr. Louis E. Wyman being subsequently admitted to the firm, which has become one of the best known and most successful in the New Hampshire metropolis, and to whose success, by efficient service in the preparation and trial of many important cases, Mr. Burroughs has contributed his full share.

Although deeply interested in public and political affairs, and earnestly espousing the cause of the Republican party on the stump in every campaign since 1896, Mr. Burroughs has never before sought public office. He served a term in the Legislature in 1901, being elected from the town of Bow, where he then held voting residence. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and was prominent in debate on the floor of the House, his graceful and ready manner always commanding attention. Last year he was designated by the Supreme Court for membership on the State Board of Equalization, and to his interest and energy is due in no small measure the efficient and progressive work which the board has recently been performing. Mr. Burroughs has always been deeply interested in charitable work and has been an active member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections since 1901, and is also vice-president of the State Conference of Charities, in whose gatherings he has been heard with effect, his efforts contributing in no small degree to the legislation providing for the removal of the dependent insane from the county almshouses to the state hospital at Concord.

He is a member of the vestry and treasurer of Grace Episcopal Church of Manchester, and a trustee of the Orphans' Home at St. Paul's School, Concord. He has long been active in Y. M. C. A. work, is vice-president of the Manchester association and a member of the state executive committee. He was chairman of the committee which raised \$150,000 last winter for the new Y. M. C. A. building, now in process of construction in Manchester. He is a member of the Derryfield and Tippecanoe clubs and of Washington Lodge, No. 61, A. F. and A. M., of Manchester, in which he was initiated in 1898.

April 21, 1898, Mr. Burroughs was united in marriage with Helen S. Phillips, a native of Alexandria County, Va. They have four sons:

Robert Phillips, born January 13, 1900; John Hamilton, July 23, 1901; Sherman Everett, Jr., February 22, 1903, and Henry Baker, June 26, 1908.

In announcing his candidacy for Congress, on the 28th of July last, Mr. Burroughs gave out the following statement:

"I have decided to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress in the First District, at the primaries to be held on September 6.

I do this because I believe I can be of service in the House of Representatives, to the people of the district and the people of the state, where I was born and educated and have always lived. I do it also because I am asked to do it by very many friends and acquaintances in all parts of the district.

I am a firm believer in the great historic principles of the Republican party, which I have supported as well as I was able, both upon the platform and at the polls, at every election for the past fifteen years. Since this party was founded there have come great changes in our economic and industrial conditions and among them a high degree of organization, both of capital and of labor. The individual capitalist and the individual laborer are entirely insufficient to do the world's work today. They must combine. They must organize in order to be efficient. With organization have come, in some instances, perversions and abuses of power. Such encroachments should be restrained and the principle of competition preserved wherever possible. We should give ample protection to lawful and honest wealth; we should govern and control the wealth that is lawless and dishonest. Democracy has nothing to fear from the exercise of such power in legislation.

The American doctrine of protection is one of the cardinal principles of our party. I believe in this doctrine as defined in the last Republican national platform and as interpreted by President Taft. The so-called Payne-Aldrich tariff law passed at the special session of the pres-

ent Congress is, all things considered, probably a better tariff law than we have had before. The president should be endorsed and commended for having signed it. Some of its important schedules, however, are believed to be inequitable, and the measure of protection afforded by them not in accord with the rule laid down in the last Republican platform. No scientific tariff law can ever be framed according to that rule until the facts are known as to the relative costs of production in this country and abroad. These facts have never yet been ascertained. They cannot be ascertained by congressional committees, busied with other labors, in the few months given to the framing of a tariff bill; but they can be ascertained and they should be ascertained by a non-partisan commission of experts, for which some provision has already been made. When ascertained they should be available to the law-making body, so that any inequities in the schedules, if such are found to exist, may be adjusted and made fair alike to producer and consumer and an adequate wage at the same time secured to the American working man.

I believe in the doctrine of conservation of our natural resources, first enunciated and prominently advocated by ex-President Roosevelt and which President Taft is seeking to make effective in suitable legislation.

The so-called Appalachian White Mountain Forest Reserve bill ought to become a law at the earliest possible moment. Our people have been patiently waiting for years for Congress to pass it. It has had the endorsement of three presidents, including President Taft. It means for New Hampshire the protection of the great forests in the White Mountains from destruction. The navigability of the four great rivers of New England,—the Connecticut, the Merrimack, the Saco and the Androscoggin—are all vitally affected by the destruction of these forests at their head waters. New Hampshire is the one New England state directly concerned in this legislation. It is time for our people to inquire what effort has been made on

the part of our representative in Congress to secure it.

Under our form of government parties serve a necessary and useful purpose. They furnish a means by which questions that are vital may be separated from comparatively unimportant questions, and people who tend to think alike on these questions may have an opportunity to make their votes effective by voting alike. Of course, some reasonable form of organization is necessary in order that parties may be efficient. In a body as large as the House of Representatives there must be means, sometimes severe, perhaps, by which debate can be controlled and discussion abruptly closed. It is not, however, at all necessary, and in my opinion it is not desirable, even for the sake of efficiency, to lodge in the hands of the speaker of the House of Representatives arbitrary power sufficient, if he sees fit to exercise it, to postpone and even to prevent legislation demanded by the country, by Congress and by the president. No man who has shown a disposition to exercise such power should be reelected to

the speakership. I heartily approve of the action of the House at its recent session in making important modifications in the rules and placing some reasonable limits on the speaker's power.

I propose to go before the people of the district and discuss these questions and others of perhaps equal importance that may be of interest to the voters. I shall hope to make my position plain upon all questions, and I ask for the support at the primaries of all Republicans who can reasonably agree with me upon them and believe in my sincerity."

It is the purpose of Mr. Burroughs to make an active canvass of the district for support for his candidacy. That he will be able to present his cause in a forceful and effective manner is no more to be doubted than that if nominated and elected he will prove a brilliant representative of the progressive element of his party in the popular branch of the national Legislature.

## Pater

*By Stewart Everett Rowe*

Tonight I sit and hear the night wind murmur  
 The last grand song he sang to mine and me;  
 The song that makes our faith grow firm and firmer:  
 "Nearer My God to Thee, Nearer to Thee."  
 Yes, I am thinking of the one I cherished  
 Far more than glory grand and puny pelf,  
 Of him for whom I gladly would have perished  
 Without one single thought concerning self.  
 For to this heart he was life's eve and morning,  
 And likewise, too, he was life's day and night;  
 So thoughts of him will always give me warning  
 That I must do my best and love the right.  
 Amid the silence and amid the shouting  
 Which reign about me and my being shake,  
 Through all my hopes, my fears and through my doubting,  
 I hope to be a man just for his sake.  
 Although his dear old face from earth has vanished  
 Beyond the blue where many mansions be,  
 He has not in the least degree been banished  
 And he is "Papa"—"Papa"—still to me!



# The New Hampshire Brigade in the Sullivan Campaign

[Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the N. H. Society, Sons of the American Revolution]

*By William Elliott Griffiths, D. D., L. H. D.*

No one of the thirteen colonies exceeded New Hampshire in the number of men, proportionate to her population, which she put into the field during the Revolutionary War. Out of the total population of 82,000 she sent seventeen regiments into the national service. As the number of men enrolled in 1775 was but 16,710, she virtually called upon all her sons of military age to serve the cause of freedom.

On reading the king's proclamation forbidding the importation of munitions of war into the American colonies—which meant royal coercion and war—Sullivan and Langdon began hostilities December 13, 1774, before the men of any other colony, by seizing the powder at Fort William and Mary, in Portsmouth Harbor. This was the beginning. At the end of the war there were New Hampshire troops still in the Continental service. Besides this striking numerical superiority and early activities around Boston, New Hampshire was behind no other colony in sending her sons over a wide area of territory. To say nothing of those in the service on sea, in both men-of-war and privateers, New Hampshire men fought in Canada, under Arnold and Montgomery, and it was Gen. John Sullivan who so skilfully conducted the retreat. For his signal services in overcoming all difficulties he received appointment as major general. We find soldiers from the Granite State in Virginia and possibly further south, while on the western frontier, Bennington, which was

then in New York, was virtually New Hampshire's victory, for Stark held her commission. All this long and glorious record of New Hampshire is worth recalling. Like gold it does not dim, but a little burnishing in



William Elliott Griffiths, D. D., L. H. D.

memory keeps it in full splendor.

On the other hand, as compensation, New Hampshire was never, during the war, invaded by the foe. Her soil was untraversed by foreign enemies and her coast was virtually immune from naval aggression, while from her port went forth a succession of victorious men-of-war, under the thirteen-striped flag, the first of

the colonies. Then, with stars added to its blue field, they sailed under the stars and stripes of the United States of America. New Hampshire, in its legislative hall at Concord, possesses a portrait in oil of Johannes de Graeff, the Dutch governor of the island of St. Eustatius in the West Indies, who, on November 16, 1776, after reading the Declaration of Independence, ordered the first salute fired in honor of the American flag.

Nevertheless, to my mind, the crowning glory, above the many honors, won by the soldiers of New Hampshire was in the great march of 1779 through the western wilderness, which virtually destroyed the Iroquois Confederacy, opening the path of civilization westward, and, by putting an end to the flank and rear attacks by savages on our settlements along the long frontier, made Yorktown possible.

This expedition, for which Washington detached one third of the Continental army, had been made necessary by the formidable incursions of the red men along the whole frontier, from New Hampshire to Virginia. A special force of five thousand regulars, all picked and veteran, was to leave their bases of supplies, and, passing beyond the confines of civilization, was to disappear in the forest, floating, cutting and marching their way through the wilderness to the Genesee Valley. The goal was not the British fort at Niagara, but the capital town of the Seneca Indians, who were the scourge of three states. Such an expedition, with its need of elaborate and costly preparation and its vast risks, was decided upon only after full discussion and vote of Congress, and by arrangement with Washington. A mutual agreement between Congress and the commander-in-chief was then made, that during that year, 1779, or at least while this army of chastisement was abroad, no important military operations should be carried on by the main army; for, subtracting the four brigades and the

artillery and riflemen sent into the wilderness, our great Fabius had not left over ten thousand effective regulars, against a British army of over thirty thousand.

When it comes to the literary proofs and the written records of the witnesses, we are abundantly supplied with a correct knowledge of the great march. Of the extant journals of officers, numbering nearly fifty, New Jersey and New Hampshire furnished seven each, New York six, Pennsylvania four and Massachusetts one. That of Col. Adam Hubley of Pennsylvania, both for text and drawings, and for what a critical scholar wishes most to know, as to topography, Indian life, the details of the campaign, etc., is perhaps the best of all; but certainly next to Hubley's for exact information, vividness of presentation, elegant style, literary exactness and general value, I should award the prizes to Lieut.-Col. Henry Dearborn of the Third, and Maj. Jeremiah Fogg of the Second New Hampshire Regiments. In general it was the ministers' sons in the army that were the superior penmen.

The New Hampshire Continental Brigade, according to the roster made by Hon. Charles P. Greenough of Boston, consisted of the first, second and third New Hampshire regiments (Continental).

Enoch Poor was brigadier-general, Jeremiah Fogg aide-de-camp, Elihu Marshall brigade major, and Rev. Israel Evans the chaplain. The colonels in their order were Joseph Cilley of the First, Lieutenant-Colonel Reid of the Second, and Lieut.-Col. Henry Dearborn of the Third. In August, 1779, for the purpose of this single expedition, there were transferred to Poor's brigade Alden's Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, under Maj. Daniel Whiting, and the Second New York Regiment, under Philip Van Cortlandt. When orders came detailing the brigade for "the western expedition," they were in camp

at Redding, Conn., where they had wintered. Their first notable work was to be the arduous one of helping to build a road from Easton to Wyoming over the Pocono Plateau, now traversed by the Lackawanna Railroad. At Redding, Conn., they began to construct their winter huts, December 4, 1778. These they finished in a short time and tarried in them till the 10th of April, when they went to the highlands on the North River and stayed until May 9, 1779.

Two or three of the journals gave daily details of the march through New York and New Jersey to Easton. Ensign Daniel Gookin tells us that his regiment started from North Hampton, N. H., May 4, and after moving through the Massachusetts towns past Springfield, his dog Bark left him. Thence his route was through Connecticut to Salem, N. Y., to Fishkill, where he moved over the North River, lodging at Newburg, at which General Poor arrived to take command. The weather through New Jersey was very wet. Near Easton he was surprised at the fine mills built by the Moravians and, in the city, with the solidity of the stone dwellings and public buildings. He said he heard a sermon "in Dutch," which of course means German, and noticed the fine music of the organ. In the afternoon he went to church and heard a sermon preached by the chaplain of the New Jersey brigade. Each of the brigades had a spiritual adviser, who in every case was a man of ability and character who is remembered in history. One of these, the Rev. Israel Evans, who is commemorated by a bronze tablet on the walls of the First Congregational Church in this city, served during the whole Revolutionary War, first with New York regiments and then as chaplain of General Poor's New Hampshire brigade, acting for a time as aide-de-camp to Sullivan.

Some of the New Hampshire men made a pleasure ride up the Lehigh River to the bright, clean town of the

Moravians, Bethlehem, which, during the whole war, remained the chief place of hospitals for the Continental sick and wounded.

At Easton, where the artillery was parked and the troops assembled, they were obliged to wait until June 18. Sullivan was harassed by the delays and lack of provisions and supplies, and most of the meat was



Major-General John Sullivan

spoiled before it could be used. The excuse given was that the coopers were all away with the Continental army, and the old casks being all requisitioned, only green timber could be used, which, in summer especially, soured the brine and ruined the contents. Writers like Bancroft, who have not appreciated the purpose, the difficulties or the value of this expedition, even as at the time people did not understand its large proportions and true object, have blamed Sullivan, when the fault was not his. Happily, however, as the optimistic Major Fogg afterwards wrote, these very delays actually furthered the success of the expedition. The time lost in waiting was utilized by unhurried nature to ripen the corn, pump-

kins and other vegetable food for what the Continentals called "the Succotash Campaign," though the diet was occasionally varied with deer, turkey and rattlesnake meat.

Capt. Daniel Livermore of the Third New Hampshire Regiment gives the detail of the march from Newburg to New Windsor in New York, to Bethlehem, to Blooms Grove Church, Chester to Warwick, to Hardistan and through New Jersey to Sussex state house, to Easton.

At Easton the troops were several times reviewed by General Sullivan and were exercised in the manoeuvres of forming and displaying columns, crossing defiles, etc. They left Easton with regret, finding it a pleasant town, and on Saturday, June 19, started northward to pass through Wind Gap, this being the only opening for many miles in the long chain of the Appalachian Mountains. Thence their march was to be over the desolate Pocono plain, two thousand feet high, now traversed by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway. Far-seeing Washington's purpose was, not only to destroy savagery, but to open the pathway of civilization westward, and Sullivan did it. The road which he cut through the wilderness became afterward the pathway of the pioneers, who cut down the forests, built homes, seeded the new clearings and the old maize lands of the Iroquois, reared the church and schoolhouse and changed the wilderness into a garden. In the view of humanity this expedition was for the rescue of captives and the protection of homes on the border; in the eye of strategy, it was to ruin the enemy's granary, put to an end his flank and rear attacks, and prepare the way for Yorktown.

Let us pause here and take the point of view of a war correspondent on the ground, in the early summer of 1779.

The main army, making rendezvous at Easton, consisted of the Pennsylv-

vania, New Jersey and New Hampshire brigades, Proctor's regiment of artillery, with nine guns, two being heavy howitzers throwing shell, one hundred and fifty fifiers and drummers, three hundred and fifty riflemen, with pioneers and axemen, teamsters, surveyors and various assistants, numbering in all thirty-five hundred. The expedition is to have a total strength of probably six thousand men, of whom nearly five thousand are combatants. Seven hundred boats in all will be employed, and from Wyoming, one thousand, two hundred pack horses.

The wisdom of Washington is strikingly displayed at especially four points: First, in utilizing the waterways as far as possible; second, in insisting that the artillery, even the heavy guns, shall be taken along and carried as far as they may be floated on boats, leaving the lighter pieces to be drawn by horses and men to the goal of the expedition—the great Seneca town on the Genesee; third, in having every rod of the way measured by surveyors, for the great commander expects success and has an eye to the future; and lastly, in the selection of the personnel, on whom everything depended. Except the splendid body of New Jersey veterans, the men were drawn from the three states with the longest of exposed frontiers,—New Hampshire, New York and Pennsylvania. Endless jeering was made and fun poked at the idea of taking artillery into the wilderness; but Washington knew the Indian as few of his soldiers did, and he was convinced of the demoralizing effect of cannon upon the savage. Subsequent events fully justified his wisdom.

As to the commanding general, what we say on New Hampshire soil concerning him, to whom this great work and responsibility for five thousand men to be taken into the roadless forest country of a subtle enemy, we should say in every state of the Union

or beyond sea. No better man could have been chosen. Sullivan was to be pitted against able foes, white and red. The Iroquois and Butler's rangers from Canada were versed in all the lore of woodcraft. The march was to be for three hundred miles, much of the way through the twilight of dense woods. There were no bases of supplies, no hope of a retrieval in case of defeat, no hospitals, no cities, towns or villages at hand. Every pound of flour and ounce of meat had to be carried on the backs of horses, while no provender could be carried for these patient brutes. They must subsist as best they could. Even the military evolutions must be performed, as it were, in the twilight of the all-encompassing foliage. Washington chose the right man for the work when he selected Sullivan, the New Hampshire leader.

Apart from being inured to the hardships of the frontier, New Hampshire men knew how to handle the axe. Accustomed to hard work in the open, and good marchers, no obstacles of swamp, morass, hill, defile or rocky steep could daunt them. Van Cortlandt's and Spencer's New York regiments had been detailed to open a road through the forests of Pocono Plateau, and on the 7th of May Colonel Cilley's First New Hampshire regiment, was sent to assist in the arduous work of laying corduroy in the swamps. By June 14 they emerged from the shades of the forest. The sight of the lovely Wyoming Valley must have seemed like a garden of the Lord—a Promised Land beckoning them to victory.

Four days later the main army, with the artillery and wagon trains, started from Easton, soon leaving behind the magazine of supplies, ever since called "Sullivan's Stores," and the last human habitation—a log cabin sixteen miles from Wind Gap, the gateway out of civilization. Over stony ground and quaking bog-covering of logs laid on mire and marshes,

and through the gloomy swamp called "The Shades of Death," yet with occasional glorious mountain views of inspiring scenery, the terrible march of sixty-five miles was finished on June 23 at Wyoming.

We pass over disappointments, delays, and all things vexatious—only noting the cruelty of arm-chair crit-



Gen. Enoch Poor

ics and disparagers ignorant of the situation—and note that Sullivan, unappalled at the poor equipment and commissariat and the absence of promised reinforcements, gave the order to advance at 1 p. m. July 31, on the firing of a signal gun. With banners flying, drums beating, fifes screaming and Colonel Proctor's regimental band playing a lively air—probably the "White Cockade," or possibly "Yankee Doodle"—the whole army and fleet moved simultaneously forward, the entire force on land and water stretching out in two lines nearly a league.

Yet it was not all plain pushing, poling, sailing or marching. The boats must move upward against the current; and, between the difficulty of breasting the Susquehanna Rapids, surmounting the rifts and avoiding the shallows, and of getting on

with packhorses not over-skilfully loaded and given to stumbling, falling and losing their packs, the dignity of the array could not be maintained by either boats or animals, up to the same standard exhibited by disciplined and intelligent human beings. Indeed, along the whole route there were many things to tickle the risibilities of the general and officers, and sometimes a sense of humor prevailed over the theories of discipline. Passing the fort, they received a salute of thirteen guns, which was answered by an equal number of "honor shots" from the fleet. Naturally the marching men made more progress than the boats, for the latter were manned by crews not trained to their business. The down-rushing waters opposed the advancing scows, the channel was unknown, the current was swift and the shallows and risks were many. Above the boatmen, on the right and left, in the many gaps made by the great river, rose the cliffs, two or three hundred feet high. In many places the army had to climb the heights, following the great "Warrior Path." Over many a steep place tremendous difficulty was found in getting the heavily laden horses and the cattle forward. But day by day the men learned by experience in their new duties, though Cilley's regiment, on one occasion when on duty as rear guard, was all night long and until two hours after sunrise picking up the stragglers. The windings in the river made the distance for the boats greater than for the men. Besides, there were various streams to be forded and all along were indications of lurking savages. Sullivan, taking no risk, and determined above all, whatever else would happen, not to be "Braddocked," doubled his flanking guards when he came to Wyalusing and elaborated a rough system of signals, so that information could be communicated to all parts of the army.

Now began the casualties. A boat-

man fell overboard and was drowned. A New Jersey sergeant died suddenly, after marching all day. A cattle guardsman, temporarily left behind on account of sickness, was found dead. Each of these men was given an honorable burial. Despite the heavy rain, while the army rested, a New York sergeant with three men and a Stockbridge Indian were sent ahead as scouts and ordered to go as far as Tioga Point. Today along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railway, over and past places since made historic, the army pushed its way, passing Standing Stone, and moving over the precipitous ledge of rock, where, for more than four hundred feet, the path lies along the crest, two hundred feet above the level of the river. It is no wonder that on that hot day of August 9 some of the men gave out and had to be carried in the boats, while three of the cattle fell off and were killed. Among the rifts and shallows the boatmen were wearied almost to death, so that the fleet fell behind the army. On the other side of the river the first applications of Washington's torch—that flame-kindler which gave his name ever afterwards among the Iroquois, of the Town Destroyer, was made when Captain Gifford burned the Indian town of twenty-eight new long houses.

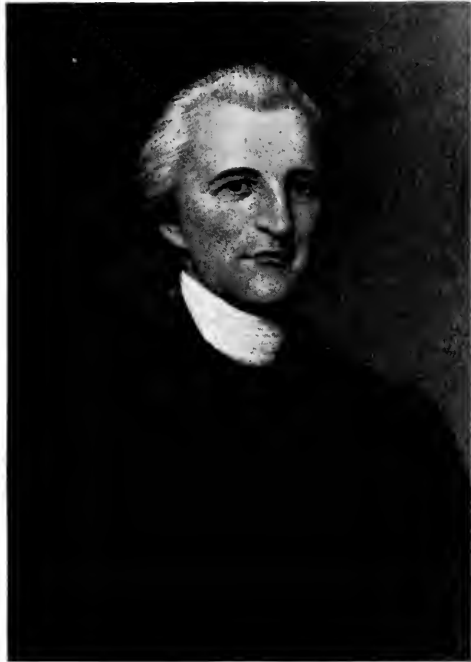
At the ford of Sugar Creek the wary Sullivan, fearing a possible attack, reinforced Gifford with Cilley's and Van Cortlandt's regiments. Nothing happened, however, and at the present village of Milan, a mile below the junction of the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers, the whole army forded the river, slinging their guns, powderhorns and cartridges over their shoulders. Holding each other by the hand, or linking arms, the men stepped in and waist-deep crossed through the swift current. After a mile's march they reached Tioga Point, where the whole army, including the right wing from Schenectady

and the left from Pittsburg, were expected to join forces and then attempt the wilderness by striking northward through the lake country and westward to the Genesee.

Before these New Yorkers came, and on the same night of his arrival at Tioga, August 11, Sullivan, having sent out a scouting party, received word that the enemy were near. This determined him at once upon a night attack at 8 p. m. on the 12th. Taking most of the New Hampshire men and Hand's light troops, he plunged through the forest, over rocky ledges, tangled thickets, miry swamps and deadly defiles.

When near the Indian town which had been reported Sullivan sent Hand with his Pennsylvanians to strike the rear, while Poor and his New Hampshire men of Cilley's First Regiment moved upon the front. Just before sunrise the two bodies of troops met, but the birds had flown. Having received word from their runners, the red men had utterly abandoned the place, so that nothing but the houses and hastily quitted debris were seen. The Pennsylvanians, eager to avenge Wyoming, pressed on with more zeal than caution and some of the New Hampshire men followed with them. While pursuing the Indians they came into a defile and ambuscade. From high ground they were fired upon and five men were killed and eight wounded, two being from Cilley's regiment. With a cheer, our men rushed up the hill and sent the Indians flying in a moment; but crossing the river, the savages again stealthily crept near, fired a volley and wounded four or five New Hampshire men. Sullivan's orders recalled the soldiers, and wisely, too, from further pursuit. Sixty of the hundred or more acres of corn were cut down and the rest left standing for the future use of the army, on their return march in September. The troops, wearied with fatigue and the great heat, returned to camp, reaching Tioga on the 13th.

The seven corpses put on horses were brought to Tioga Point and buried, with solemn ceremonies, in one grave, Proctor's band playing the dirge, Roslin Castle, and the chaplain, Rev. Dr. William Rogers of the Pennsylvania brigade, officiating with a few appropriate words. The fourteen wounded were found rough accommodation in the log hospital.



*Isaac Evans*

Chaplain and Aide

Somewhat over a hundred years later, in digging for the foundations of the Tioga Historical Society building, wherein may be found a large collection of Sullivan data and relics from the Newtown battlefield, these bones, known from the records and recognized by their Continental buttons, were thrown out and honorably reinterred. Several of the men, who then or later died at this place were

sons of New Hampshire and should be commemorated.

Meanwhile Sullivan was getting anxious about his right wing, consisting of the New York Brigade (which included the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth New York regiments); Alden's Sixth Massachusetts, Butler's Fourth Pennsylvania, Parr's riflemen and Lamb's artillery (two guns); in all about one thousand, eight hundred men and two hundred and fifty boats, under General Clinton, to whom he had sent orders to march and join him. Fearing that he might have been checked by Brant's movements, Sullivan determined to send a supporting column to meet him.

It is undeniable that Sullivan favored the New Hampshire brigade, made up of men from his own state, but in a manner not to be found fault with. The favor which he showed them meant always hard work, with fatigue and danger. Having given Cilley's men an opportunity to show their mettle in pioneer road-making and in the first aggressive movement, he now selected about five hundred New Hampshire soldiers and joining these with an equal number from the Pennsylvania Brigade, on the 16th of August sent Poor and Hand with picked men northeastwardly to meet Clinton. Happily they had not to go very far. Clinton had started on August 9 and Poor's advance messengers reached him on the 18th. The distance of the two corps apart was only nine miles, and General Poor heard with agreeable surprise Clinton's evening gun, which answered with a blast from the little coehorn mortar. The next morning, at a place, now on the Erie Railway, which took its name from the event, the two columns made Union. The united body, Clinton's brigade leading and the flotilla of boats (250) and Poor's reinforcements following, they reached Owego, and on Sunday, August 22, the whole force, on land and water, made a brilliant display, with

flags flying and artillery booming welcome, the main army saluting with ringing cheers. On the way down Clinton's men had devastated the Indian villages and cornfields.

Let us now glance at the activities of the left wing, whose place of gathering was four hundred miles from that of the right at Schenectady. This left wing, under Colonel Brodhead, had started from Pittsburg on the 11th of August with six hundred and fifty men, with one month's provisions loaded on boats and packhorses, destroying, as they advanced, many Indian towns.

Sullivan received news by two runners, who reached him at Tioga Point, but Brodhead's men, getting as far as Hornellsville, were obliged to return for want of provisions, though not until they had wasted much of the Seneca country and decidedly weakened the enemy by drawing off five hundred warriors—at least one fourth of the whole fighting strength of the Indian Confederacy. In rags and barefoot and their pay nine months in arrears, and no money and no paymasters at Fort Pitt, these brave fellows continued patriotic and in service.

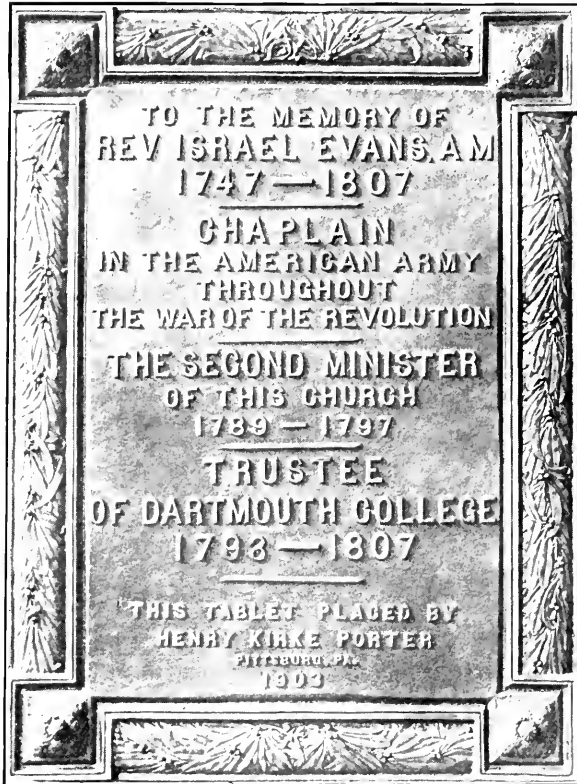
In camp, at Tioga Point, tents were cut up to make bags for the flour and these loaded on the horses and everything made ready. The whole army started on the 26th day of August up the Chemung Valley—men, boats, horses and cattle.

Sullivan had, from the first, determined not to be "Braddocked." Starting from Tioga Point up the Chemung River, amid mountains on every side and which sometimes came clear to the water's edge, where it seemed impossible to take an army and especially to move heavy guns, two days were consumed on the marches and fordings. He knew that from every hilltop savage scouts and Butler's rangers were watching his movements. With unsleeping vigilance he kept his riflemen ahead and



on the flanks. His alertness was well rewarded. On Sunday morning, August 29, Parr's riflemen, being in the advance, seeing signs of Indians, a scout was ordered to climb the highest tree he could find and report. A party of Indians had appeared ahead of them and, after firing their guns, had run off, expecting that these "Bos-

he discerned a long line of green running up the hill and most suspiciously regular. He was confirmed in his idea that here was art and not nature, when he noticed lines of young trees in the open space (where he knew had been an Indian village, named Newtown) that were set with a regularity unknown to nature.



Bronze Tablet on the wall of the First Congregational Church, Concord, in Memory of Rev. Israel Evans. Presented by Hon. Henry K. Porter, Pittsburg, Pa.

tonians'' would follow the example of most militia men, who, in pursuit, so often got into ambuscades. Parr's riflemen, of Morgan's regiment, however, were trained Indian fighters and used to stratagem. Instead of pursuit they waited for the report of the watcher in the tree-top, who, after long scrutiny discerned Indians in their war paint beyond Baldwin's Creek. Peering longer and further,

Major Parr reporting to General Sullivan, the general commanding at once made his plans. Keeping back the cattle and horses under a guard, he ordered the riflemen to lie hidden along the banks of the creek to keep the enemy busy and be useful whenever an arm, head or leg showed itself. On the little rising ground, where today stands the Methodist meeting house at Lohman, Proctor's artillery

was handsomely set in battery. Back of the riflemen, under cover of the cannon in the tall grass, Sullivan ordered the Pennsylvania light troops to lie down. He sent Maxwell's New Jersey Brigade out to the left, near the river, and in the defile, to be ready to act at the right moment. To Poor's New Hampshire Brigade he assigned the task of a flank attack on the right. The men were to go up along Baldwin's Creek about a mile and a half, climb the hill, reach the crest and then charge into the rear of the entrenchments. Clinton's New Yorkers were to follow and act as supports.

Now in an unsurveyed wilderness no commander can expect his subordinates to fulfill his expectation in point of time, especially when the general supposes the utterly unknown ground is to be ordinarily level, instead of being a morass. After marching over a mile, floundering through bog and mire, wading through Baldwin's Creek, it took some minutes for the regiments to re-form. Then began the climbing of that hill, which, if one attempts the task on a sultry day in late August he can appreciate what the New Hampshire men had to do — especially when it was, in 1779, overgrown with scrub oak and tall trees.

Down below, Sullivan, not hearing the expected musketry fire on his right, so long waited for, three o'clock having come, and all the other troops in position, ordered Proctor to open with all his guns. Out flew the round shot from the five-inch howitzers and six-pounders, knocking out and ripping up the logs in the line of fortification and making great gaps visible. Then followed the grape from the smaller guns, while the howitzers and coehorn threw shell. The bombs, falling over and behind the Indians, were more terrible in their moral effect than if exploded among them. Soon it became impossible longer for Brant to hold his tribesmen, especially as the riflemen and light troops had begun to utilize the breaches in the forti-

fications to pour in a deadly hail of bullets.

By this time, at the extreme right, the Indian watchers on the hilltops caught the gleam of bayonets and realizing the nearness of Poor's First New Hampshire Regiment, sent word to Brant, who rather welcomed the news. Leading off the main body of his savages from being targets for artillery into more congenial activities, this able chief prepared to envelop and destroy the Second New Hampshire Regiment, under Colonel Reid. In the movement Poor, with the First Regiment, was far away on the right, while Dearborn, on the extreme left, had hardly formed his men, so that Reid's Second Regiment was isolated and soon was enveloped by a semi-circle of red men yelling until hell seemed let loose, and firing as if they expected a quick harvest of scalps.

Happily Sullivan had ordered to go with each regiment a company of fifty of Parr's riflemen. It is my belief, though I may be wrong, that the New Hampshire men actually went into battle without their guns loaded. Some days before a messenger from Washington had reached the camp, bringing the news that Gen. Anthony Wayne, with his Pennsylvanians (after killing all the dogs in the whole region so that they could not bark) had actually taken Stony Point, without firing a shot, by the cold steel alone.

Now it would never do for men from the Granite State to believe, or have it even supposed, that Pennsylvanians — at that time Germans, Dutch, Irish and Scotch being in the majority — could ever beat New Hampshire men. Certainly the soldiers of Poor's brigade expected to repeat and excel Stony Point. They fixed bayonets before they climbed the hill. It was on record that not one of them at first fired a shot; but the riflemen, who had no bayonets, never let their guns be unloaded for a mo-

ment. They occupied the enemy with a smart fire until Reid's men could load; but for several minutes it looked pretty black, while a dozen or more of the Continentals lay dead or wounded on the ground. As matter of fact, most of the Americans killed or wounded in this decisive battle were New Hampshire men of Reid's regiment.

It may be safely said that Dearborn and the Third New Hampshire Regiment saved the day. Too far away from his commander, Poor, who was probably a mile distant, to get orders, Dearborn was yet near enough to Reid's regiment to see what the trouble was and to take in the situation. So, of his own initiative, he ordered his entire regiment "about face." Then, charging upon the Indians, he struck them in the rear. By that time Reid's men, covered by the riflemen, had loaded and seeing the help coming to them fired and then charged with the bayonet on the great body of Indians, first starting them on the run and then driving from tree to tree and cover to cover any of them who tried to make a stand.

Meanwhile, down below, Butler's Rangers, seeing inevitable destruction before them, began to retreat, some dashing across the river to save themselves. The moment Sullivan saw signs of wavering he ordered the Pennsylvania Light Troops to charge across Baldwin's Creek and over the entrenchments. Inside and beyond the lines there ensued a running fight with such brave Rangers or Indians who tried even for a moment to fire before their flight. As Maxwell's, Hand's, Poor's and Clinton's brigades, soon in sight of each other, realized their victory the whole host gave three ringing cheers. Although only twelve corpses and two prisoners were found on the battlefield—for the wounded had been quickly conveyed away in canoes up the river—the signs of the dreadful work done by the shot and the shell of the artil-

lery, to say nothing of the rifles and musketry, were abundantly manifest on the reddened grass, the torn and splintered trees, and the blood-bespattered packs and baggage. It is my own opinion that at least one hundred of that mixed host fighting for King George—Iroquois, Canadian Rangers, British Regulars, Tories and a few negroes, were put *hors du combat*.

The losses on our side were three killed on the field, Corporal Hunter and two privates, and thirty-three wounded, all but four of these latter being from Reid's Second New Hampshire Regiment. Among these were Maj. Benjamin Titeomb of Dover, N. H.; and Elijah Clayes, captain of the second company, both of the Second New Hampshire Regiment; Sergeant Lane and Sergeant Oliver Thurston; beside Nathaniel Macaulay of Litchfield, N. H., who died after an amputation, that night; while Abner Dearborn, a lad of eighteen and nephew of Colonel Dearborn, breathed his last a few days after in the rude hospital at Tioga Point. Sergeant Demeret, Josiah Mitchell and Sylvester Wilkins died before September 19, thus making a total of eight men, all from New Hampshire, who gave their lives in one of the most significant, important and decisive battles of the whole war. Those who died upon the field were buried in different places, each one near the spot where he fell. To conceal the fresh broken earth of the graves and prevent desecration of the remains, fires were built over them. From Tioga Point such of the wounded as could endure the journey were sent by boat in care of Doctor Kimball, down the river to Wyoming, which place they reached September 2.

One may reasonably ask why, with apparently so much firing by such large numbers, the casualties were so few, yet it must be remembered that on our side, both the riflemen and the Pennsylvania Brigade, invisible to the

enemy, were well protected by the banks of Baldwin's Creek on their front, and the enemy had no artillery; while in the real battle, on the upper heights to the right, our men had to charge up a steep incline, the savages probably firing over their heads. Down below the artillery did the main execution, both in taking life and by hastening demoralization, which in war is almost as important in effects as is carnage; indeed, it is often more. There was relatively also not a great use of musketry, for the only full regiments that actually faced a visible foe in force were the Second and Third New Hampshire. Then again, in the running fight through the woods, anything like a general slaughter was impossible.

On the British side, by their own statements, it was said: "Colonel Butler and all his people were surrounded and very near taken prisoners. The colonel lost four rangers killed, two taken prisoners and seven wounded," besides losing his commission, private baggage and money. The Indian record was found at the place called Catherine's Town, four days afterwards, where a tree, marked 1779, and signed with Brant's name, had a rude picture of twelve men, each with an arrow pierced through his body, signifying the number of his men killed in the action of the 29th. No wounded were found on the battlefield. As we all know, it was Indian custom to withdraw instantly the wounded and often the dead. This was done usually by attaching a "tumpline" to limb or trunk and drawing off the body; so that the curious sight of seeing an apparent corpse, or utterly disabled man, moving over the leaves and out of sight was often witnessed by the backwoods fighters in colonial and Revolutionary days. Each savage, before setting out on a raid, took an oath that he would perform this office for his fellow tribesman. It is known that several canoesful of wounded were carried up the river.

As late as 1903, Col. Ernest Cruikshank, in his "Story of Butler's Rangers," admits a loss of five white men killed or missing and three wounded and an Indian loss of five killed and nine wounded.

It is not necessary to detail further the story of this expedition. Indeed, for dramatic purposes, to set the event most effectively in historical perspective after one hundred and thirty-one years, we might profitably stop at this point. Here was one of the most decisive battles fought during the whole Revolutionary War, for neither numbers nor area are necessary to effect enduring results. The truth is that the tribes of the Long House had gathered for a supreme effort and that the result was a virtual destruction of the Iroquois Confederacy. Furthermore, it ended the flank attacks on the Continental army and destroyed the dearly cherished hope of the British government to create in central New York a granary for the feeding of its armies. To a great extent it weakened even the petty raids of the scalping parties, for the country was so absolutely devastated, that the Indians could not occupy the land either that season or, profitably, for several years. In the coming winter, too cold even for hunting, the discouraged horde huddled around Fort Niagara and were kept from starvation by salted provisions, imported mostly from Ireland. The Indians died like sheep in a blizzard. It is true that the very next year Brant led a large body of warriors as far as Tioga Point, but we never hear of their accomplishing anything important, while the injury done in the Mohawk Valley was very largely the work of Butler's Rangers, white men from Canada reinforced by British troops. This battle at Newtown on August 29, 1779, paralyzed the Indian Confederacy, so that it never was again what it had been since the advent of white men upon the continent, viz., a powerful factor in international politics and war.

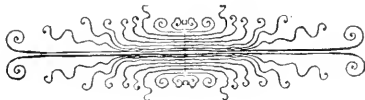
In a word, Sullivan carried out his orders given by Washington. He achieved the devastation of the Iroquois country. Striking northward, along Seneca Lake, to where Geneva now stands, he pushed forward to his goal—the great Seneca town in the Genesee Valley. Leaving the weak and lame at Honeoye, with a garrison and two field pieces, he made a forced march with two thousand, five hundred men, and at the outlet of Conesus Lake found Brant and Butler with reinforcements from Canada. These were all nicely hidden on the bluffs in ravines and at points of vantage, expecting this time, to a certainty, to “Braddock” Sullivan. The episode of Boyd’s scouting party disturbed the nice calculations of Indian and Tory, for, fearing, as at Newtown, the flanking tactics of the New Hampshire men, the enemy broke his formations and fled. This was on the 12th of September.

The next day was given to destroying the great town of one hundred and twenty-eight houses, with the cornfields, which stood about where Cuylerville is today. The produce of two hundred acres of corn in ear and the gardens was leveled or cut down, piled in the houses and given to the flames. Several days were occupied in this work. Then the word, given September 15 at 2 p. m., was the joyful one of return. At Geneva, September 20, Sullivan sent Colonel Gansevoort home by the way of the Mohawk Valley. Col. William Butler, with the Fourth Pennsylvania, was ordered to move down the east side and Colonel Dearborn, with the Third New Hampshire, down the west side of Cayuga Lake. All were kept busy for many days in the common work of the main army, in desolating with sword and fire the Indian villages, forty of which in all, during the cam-

paign, were given to the flames. It was this devastation, peremptorily ordered by Washington, that gave him in Iroquois tradition the permanent name of “Town Destroyer.” In this work Dearborn’s troops occupied from September 21st to the 26th. Among places passed through and later the site of towns was Ithaca. Of the Indian villages burned, the most famous was Coreorganel, near the future University City. Thence across the country to Camp Reid, near the later site of Elmira and “four miles from where we fought the enemy the 29th of August,” as Dearborn records, he joined the main body. The army had “a day of rejoicing” the day before, “in consequence of news from Spain,”—that is, recognition of the United States as an independent nation.

The return march, the destruction of Fort Sullivan at Tioga Point, the boat voyage down the Susquehanna, the traversing of Pocono Plateau and the arrival at Easton on the 15th of October followed in due course. On the 17th a solemn service of thanksgiving, with “A Discourse Delivered . . . to the Officers and Soldiers of the Western Army . . . by Chaplain Israel Evans to General Poor’s Brigade” (and later printed in pamphlet form by Thomas Bradford in Philadelphia) officially concluded “the Expedition against the Five Nations of Hostile Indians,” in which the men of New Hampshire made a vital factor.

In view of the historic facts, is it not the binding duty of the people of New Hampshire to rear on the Newtown battlefield some durable token of their appreciation of the services of their brave Continentals, who bore themselves so nobly in one of the most decisive battles of the American Revolution?



# Shiek Ilderim

*By Fred Myron Colby*

In the cool of the evening tide,  
He sits serenely grave and grim,  
His steaming Mocha by his side,  
Gazing out to the desert's rim,  
Shiek Ilderim, of the lightning's name,  
Chief of a thousand spears or more,  
Of warlike aspect and noble fame,  
Sits there within his curtained door,  
Dreaming of pillage and raid and fight,  
While the twilight drifts into night.

He sees the glow of the desert's sand,  
And the stately march of the caravan;  
Hears not a sound between sky and land  
Only the wails from plundered khan,  
As he counts the treasures he has won,—  
Slaves and horses, and silks and gold,  
Fruits that have ripened in tropic sun,  
All the spoils of his bandits bold,  
Spices and resins, and dancing girls  
With their supple limbs and glossy curls.

Outlined against the southern skies,  
Its spires ablaze in the setting sun,  
He sees the walls of a city rise,—  
Fair Jebel, by his Bedonins won,  
More than his horses, his slaves, his gold,  
More than his girls of winsome sight,  
More than twice all his treasures told,  
He values the prize he won that night,—  
The Persian princess who languid sighs,  
Moomtee Basho, the light of his eyes.

The desert sands grow duskier yet,  
The soft winds blow through his curtain folds;  
And the shiek still strokes his beard of jet,  
Dreaming of the prize his palace holds.  
Behind him there pauses the noiseless tread  
Of slippered feet. A dagger gleams  
Like a ray of light above his head.  
A sigh, a groan, and the red blood streams.  
Shiek Ilderim makes his raids no more,  
He lies there dead in his curtained door.

# The Ford Foundry Company

An Old Concord Industry in New Hampshire

*By H. H. Metcalf*

However much of progress may be made in the different lines and departments of human activity—though the means and methods of locomotion and transportation may be revolutionized, and men come to traverse the air instead of plodding

effected from time to time, as has recently been instanced by the advent of the “Modern Dartmouth” the *ne plus ultra* in the line of cooking ranges, the latest output of the Ford Foundry Company of Concord, successors to the old-time, long estab-



Ford Foundry Company--Offices and Warerooms

along on the face of the earth, in the daily transaction of business, the time is never likely to come when the kitchen and the kitchen range will not remain a prominent factor in household economy in our own and all other countries. Improvements in these, however, may be and will be

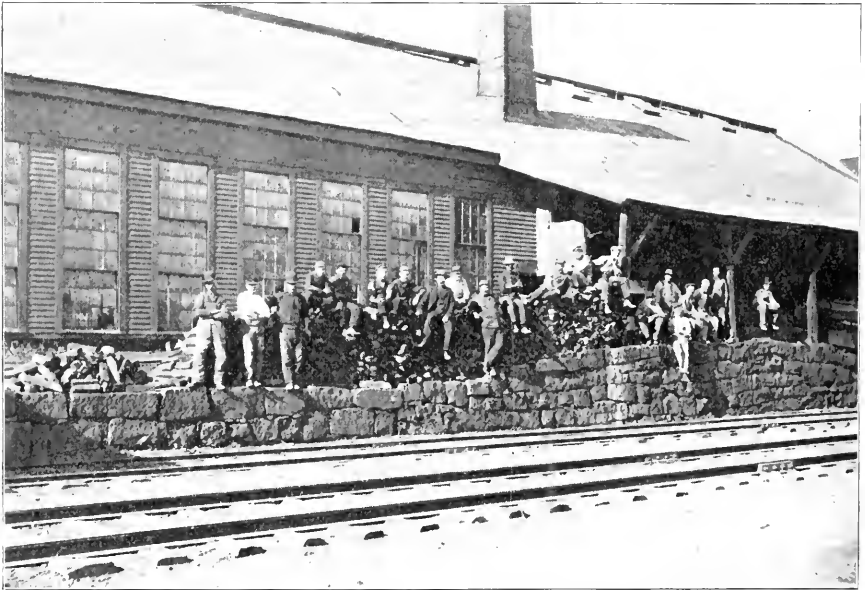
lished firm of William P. Ford & Co., iron founders and jobbers, manufacturers of stoves, sinks and agricultural implements, whose reputation for excellent work and business reliability, was established throughout New England more than half a cen-

tury ago, and has been fully maintained.

With only two foundries in the state engaged in the production of stoves and ranges, the attention of New Hampshire people in particular may well be directed to this noted establishment at the capital, which commenced operations seventy-three years ago, in the spring of 1837, when Reuben Martin, a native of the town of Sutton, who had learned the business in Franklin, started a

P., bought Pillsbury's interest and the firm of W. P. and T. H. Ford was established, continuing till 1865.

Meanwhile, in 1849, a new location was secured, at the North End, and the present buildings erected, near the Northern Railroad track. Later office and warerooms were established at 165 North Main Street. About 1860, another foundry, which had been started at the South End was bought by the firm and the two operated together; but five years later, the firm



Foundry--Rear View and Working Force

foundry in a small building on Warren Street, nearly opposite the present Central Fire Station, soon taking in a partner in the person of one Edmund Davis, and a few months later another—William P. Ford, a native of Sanbornton who had been employed in Lowell, and was thoroughly skilled in the work. In 1840 Davis withdrew and the firm continued as Martin & Ford till 1843, when Martin sold out to Thomas W. Pillsbury. Ford & Pillsbury carried on the business till 1846 when Theodore H. Ford, a young brother of William

dissolved, Theodore H. Ford uniting with B. A. Kimball in the proprietorship of the southern establishment, and engaging extensively in the manufacture of car wheels, and George H. Marston, son-in-law of William P. Ford, being admitted to partnership with the latter, in the operation of the North End concern, in the production of stoves, sinks and agricultural implements, under the name of Wm. P. Ford & Co., to which partnership in 1871, John W. Ford, a son of William P., was also admitted, and the firm continued till the



spring of 1909, when, after the death of Mr. Marston, William P. Ford having deceased in 1901, the business was disposed of to the present organization—the “Ford Foundry Company.”

While many lines of implements and stoves, produced by the old firm during its long continuance in business, gained high and wide reputation, the celebrated “Doe” plow and the “Eclipse” range, which found their way into use upon thousands of New England farms, and into thousands of homes, took the lead and long maintained their prestige; while the “Etna” cook stove and the “Empire State,” first put on the market some forty years ago, gained much popularity and are still called for to some extent. The “Sterling 17” and “Sterling 15”—parlor stoves—first put out 25 years since, noted for their wonderful economy in fuel, are still in great favor, as is evidenced by the fact that there are more than

which commenced business June 1, 1909, is a partnership in which John W. Storrs is the senior partner. Al-



Albert I. Foster--Manager and Treasurer



John W. Storrs

bert I. Foster, manager and treasurer; and Edward D. Storrs, superintendent. John W. Storrs, who is the well known bridge engineer in the employ of the Boston & Maine Railroad, is financially interested only, giving his entire time to his duties in the railroad service, and to the design of highway bridges throughout Northern New England. Examples of his work are seen in the magnificent bridges at Hooksett, Claremont and other points.

The business is in the hands of the younger members of the firm, who fully realize that push and determination, along with superiority of product, and absolute reliability are the essentials to success, and who are winning out on that line, having already materially increased the business, with bright prospects ahead.

Agricultural implements are not now produced at this establishment, although any desired repairs are made for all plows formerly made by

1,000 of them in present use in the city of Concord alone.

THE FORD FOUNDRY COMPANY,

W. P. Ford & Co. Ranges are the chief product, and special pride is taken in the "Modern Dartmouth" heretofore mentioned—the perfection of art in this direction, though the



Edward D. Storrs---Superintendent

"New Dartmouth B" and "Dartmouth C," whose merits have been widely recognized, are by no means neglected.

The company has the reputation of making the smoothest iron sinks pro-

duced in New England, and its output of the same is very large. These sinks are handled extensively by some of the largest Boston jobbers, including Joseph Huse & Son, V. S. M. Howes Company and Henry W. Clark Company; also by the John B. Varick Company of Manchester, which handles this sink exclusively. Aside from stoves and sinks, a variety of other articles, such as boiler mouths, ash mouths, etc., are produced and a general jobbing and repair business conducted.

The working force at the foundry numbers from twenty to twenty-five men, with a weekly pay roll of about \$350. The men are mainly long time employes, skilled and faithful, Joseph H. Ford, the foreman, having been many years in his position, and all cherishing due pride in the reputation of the establishment for the superior quality of its output.

The patronage of the concern extends throughout all Northern New England, and the selling agents of the firm embrace the most enterprising and reliable dealers in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. It is safe to say in any event, that this industry is entitled to a prominent position among the many which the capital city regards with honest pride.

## The Poet to Cupid

*By Harold David Carver*

Ah me! Methinks I hear a mystic voice!  
 Awake, O slumbering Muse,—  
 Throw off thy cloak of solitude; my choice,—  
 But lo! I can not choose!  
 Awake, O power of Love; sleep not again,  
 But speak—aye speak to me!  
 Bring forth the golden heart of Daphne; then  
 In hope reveal the Key.  
 It is not mystic, for it now is real;  
 Its vision, ere so dark,  
 Is bright! True love is love in changeless zeal,  
 Sincerity the spark.

# A Woman's Answer

*By Maude Gordon Roby*

You ask me if I'll be your wife;  
If I'll walk through the years with you?  
But the look on your face as you ask it  
Shows you know not how to woo.

You tell me I shall never want,  
There are jewels and fame beside.  
But a woman, true, craves more than gold,  
'Tis her heart must be satisfied.

You tell me I could sway the world  
With your wealth and your famous name.  
But I'd rather rule my husband's heart  
Than win worldly honor or fame.

You talk so much of beauty and wealth,  
Of title and high degree,  
I often think and ponder it well,  
Who would "cherish and love" little me?

The wealth I seek you cannot give;  
An honest and unstained life.  
You ask for my heart, and would give me gold?  
No, I never can be your wife.

I'd rather be a fisher's bride  
With my heart that poor man's shrine,  
Than marry a man who loves but his gold,  
His horses, his stocks, his wine!

And so I say, "Good-night, good-bye.  
You need no longer tarry.  
'Tis heart for heart; not heart for gold,—  
That's the only way I'll marry!"

# Be Kind

*By Georgiana Rogers*

That you will get what you give  
Is as true as you live,  
And if you are inclined to doubt it,  
Just try being kind  
And you will make up your mind  
That somebody knew all about it.



HARRY BURNS HUTCHINS, LL. D.  
President of the University of Michigan

[Courtesy of the Michigan Alumnus.]

# Michigan's New President

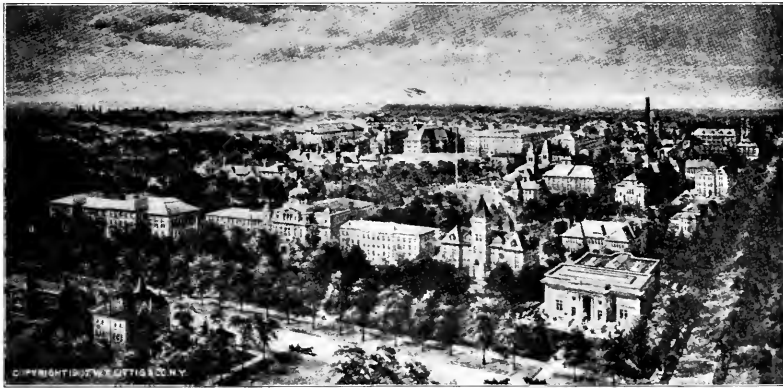
## The New Hampshire Head of a Great University

*By An Occasional Contributor*

Within a short time past new presidents have been called to assume the direction of many of our most important institutions of learning. At Harvard, the Boston Institute of Technology, Dartmouth and Wesleyan, new executive heads have been installed within a year; while at Boston University, the University of Maine and Wellesley, vacancies in this position now exist which the respective boards of trustees are seek-

the greatest of our American universities, is still looking for the right man to assume control of its affairs.

It is noted with no little satisfaction by the people of New Hampshire, that, while a native of the far West was called to the presidency of the honored and venerable institution at Hanover, in which they have so long taken pride, a native of the Granite State has finally been named as the successor of Tappan Haven and



Bird's Eye View of the University of Michigan

ing to fill, though liable to find difficulty in doing so satisfactorily. Similar experience in some measure is noted at the West, the regents of the University of Michigan having only a few weeks since, after long deliberation, made choice of a permanent successor to the distinguished educator James B. Angell, whose service as president was only equaled in distinction and length of years by that of President Eliot of Harvard; while the University of Minnesota, rapidly coming to the front among

Angell at the head of the great institution, which has long been known as the "Harvard of the West;" which has recently outranked the Cambridge institution in the total number of students in attendance and which, today, has a greater number of registered alumni than any other American university.

HARRY BURNS HUTCHINS who has just been elected president of the University of Michigan, was born in Lisbon, Grafton County, New Hampshire, April 8, 1847, the son of Carle-

ton B. and Nancy W. (Merrill) Hutchins. He received a college preparatory education at the Methodist Conference Seminaries in Tilton, N. H., and Newbury, Vt., and entered Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in 1866, but was compelled to leave within a year, on account of ill health. Subsequently he pursued special studies in anatomy, physiology and surgery at the University of Vermont, and at Dartmouth Medical Col-

position he filled for three years, when he resigned to enter the legal profession, for which he had for some time been fitting himself. He thereupon formed a partnership with his father-in-law, Thomas M. Crocker, under the firm name of Crocker & Hutchins, with offices in Mount Clemens and Detroit, continuing for eight years, with a large and growing business. In 1884 he was called to succeed the greatest of American jurists,



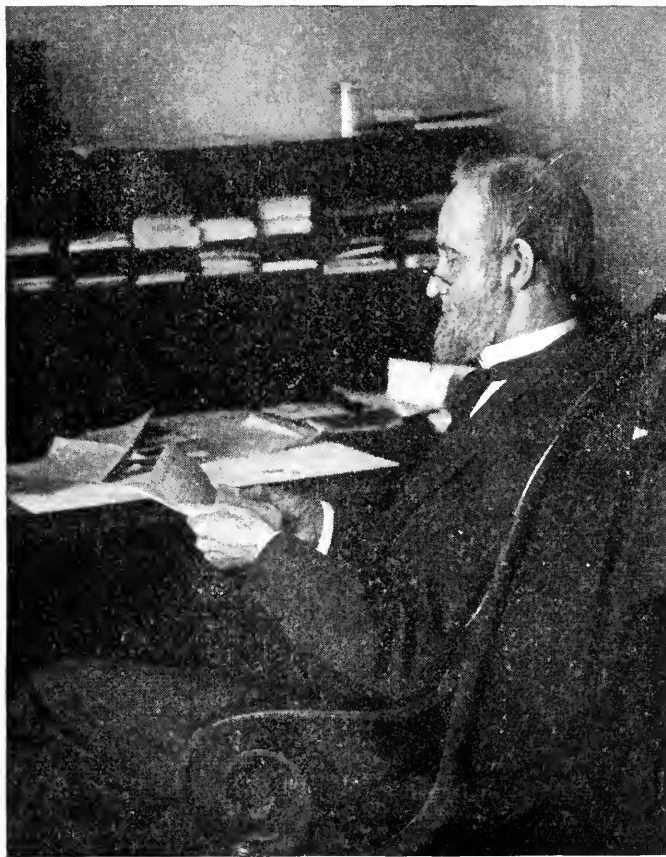
**The New Chemical Building--Center of the Campus**

lege under the direction of the late Dr. Alpheus B. Crosby; but, his family removing to Michigan about that time, he entered the State University in the fall of 1867, and was graduated Bachelor of Philosophy in 1871, taking high rank throughout, having been class orator in his senior year, and honored by selection as a commencement speaker. During the year following graduation he was superintendent of schools at Owosso, Mich., but the next year he returned to the university as instructor in history and rhetoric, being promoted to assistant professor a year later, which

Judge Thomas M. Cooley, as Jay Professor of Law at the university, continuing for three years, when he responded to an urgent call to Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., to organize a law department in connection with that institution. Here he remained eight years, establishing and building up a law school which compares favorably with many of the older institutions of the kind throughout the country, and in which he served as dean of the faculty; but in 1895 he responded to a call to return to Ann Arbor as head of the law department there, then, as now, the

largest institution of its class in America. Two years later, when President Angell was sent as United States minister to Turkey, in an important emergency in the relations between that government and ours, Mr. Hutchins was designated as acting president

til the regents should succeed in securing the right man for a permanent head of the institution; and so splendidly did he acquit himself during the following year, in which earnest search was made among the educators of the country, that the final conclu-



HON. THOMAS M. COOLEY, LL. D.

Former Chief Justice of Michigan and Dean of the Law School

of the university, during Doctor Angell's absence, performing the responsible duties of the position, in addition to his own immediate duties as dean of the law school, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Upon Doctor Angell's resignation of the presidency in June, 1909, after a service of nearly forty years, he was again named as acting president to serve un-

til the regents was that the right man for the place was already in it, and immediately following the recent commencement, his permanent appointment as president was formally announced.

President Hutchins has done much notable work outside his official and professional duties. Under appointment of the Michigan Supreme Court

he has revised and annotated several volumes of the Court Reports of that state. He has also issued "Hutchins' Equity Cases"—a standard legal work and has brought out an American edition of "Williams on Real Property," revised, annotated and adapted to American jurisdictions. He is a member of the American Historical Association, the Michigan Political Science Association, has given numerous addresses before learned societies, and has been a frequent contributor to law and educational reviews. The University of Wisconsin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1897. December 26, 1872, he married Mary Louise Crocker of Mount Clemens, Mich.

There are two or three long-established Eastern universities of greater prestige than the University of Michigan, and quite a number of greater wealth. There are several Western institutions, also, that are far more heavily endowed; but not all the wealth of a Leland Stanford or even a John D. Rockefeller, can buy for any university the standing in the educational world secured to the great institution of the Peninsula State by the presence on its faculty rolls in the

departments of science, language and literature of such names as Asa Gray, Louis Fasquelle, James R. Boise, Alexander Winehell, Henry S. Frieze, Andrew D. White, James C. Watson, Edward P. Evans, Edward Olney, Charles Kendall Adams and Moses Coit Tyler; in the medical department of Abram Sager, Silas H. Douglass, Moses Gunn, Zina Pitcher, Alonzo B. Palmer, Corydon L. Ford and Samuel G. Armor, and in law of James Valentine Campbell, Charles I. Walker, Thomas M. Cooley, Alpheus Felch, Henry B. Brown, Charles A. Kent, Henry Wade Rogers, Charles A. Knowlton and Harry B. Hutchins.

The graduates of this great institution are found in every state in the Union, and in many foreign lands, and its influence for good upon the national mind and character, is today unsurpassed by that of any of its competitors. Not only has it a larger enrollment of living alumni today than any other American university, but a larger representation therefrom in the Congress of the United States. Well indeed may New Hampshire take pride in the fact that one of her brilliant sons now stands at its head.

## The Dew

*By H. T. Folsom*

In the somber silence of deep night  
When weary mortals slept,  
A vision came from out a wood,  
A mournful vision as it stood,  
And wept—

—The Dew.





# Vacation Days

*By M. Bassett Rouke*

When the days grow gradually longer and the stamp of confirmed summer is evidenced upon every side, the city dweller, held per force of circumstances to the modern brick life of the period, displays a restless longing for the annual fitting time to arrive, and speed him far away from the scenes of daily humdrum activity that have well nigh become unbearable.

What, then, can equal the charm of the country,—a charm that appeals to tired humanity, and bids weary folks lay aside their various burdens and rest—just rest. Ears that have grown nerveless amid the thousand floating noises of a large town or city quickly respond to the deep call of beckoning hills, the cheery song of the woodland brook or gentle monotone of the friendly river; the silver flash of limpid streams, where trout lazily swim and tempt the patient angler to further effort, is a thing never to be forgotten.

The subtle joy of the country is all there, just as of old, before we left the home nest to struggle with the larger life the outer world afforded, and from which we now and then return, stamped with an irrepressible individuality that life brought us.

With mingled feelings of relief and gratitude we find ourselves in some quiet hamlet, high on the hills or low in the valley; it may be among scenes once dearly loved, or gazing with appreciative eyes upon entirely new scenery, but conscious only of the supreme "blessedness of the average excellence of life" in the homes whose hospitable doors open wide to receive us. There we find the real heart of the country folks, gentle, simple, sincere. With quiet dignity they utter the everyday commonplaces, do the everyday little acts of kindness and charity, often bravely suppressing the

vision of glorious possibilities that they may remain true to a circumscribed round of duty—duty gentle, mayhap, but inflexible withal. "Heroes of the average life" some one has called them, and we who know fully agree. The old faces, the old voices hold their distinctive place in our memories that even the rush of modern existence fails to eradicate, and their kindly words of greeting ring true as we meet them, here and there, in their favorite village haunts.

It is well if our first day of relaxation finds us up with the lark, ready and eager to travel far afield. The old porch supports a glistening drape of morning-glory vines, whose beautiful white and blue blossoms peep shyly out to bid us welcome; the clear air of early day is sweet with all the freshness of a new-born earth, offering its matin sacrifice to the jubilant sun, now rising beyond the eastern hills. All the remembered sights and sounds of summer break upon our quickened senses with the comforting conviction that within us yet wells the eternal fount of unquenchable youth, with all the receptive joy we once believed was forever lost.

The garden (for there is always room for a garden in the country) is surely a thing of joy in its pristine, dew-drenched loveliness, where cinnamon roses, mignonette, clover, pinks and honeysuckle are filling the morning air with matchless perfume; up in the old elm tree a golden robin is caroling forth his gay greeting in recognition of the swelling chorus pouring up from wooded dells or crested peaks.

Faring out along the roadside the happy loiterer finds much to speculate about in the wild riot of sweetbriar, mountain laurel and grape vines that outline and overgrow every

stone wall and fence corner, while up the hillsides and down the hollows the wild roses are reveling in fair June's honor. Humble descendants are they of that magnificent rose of Damascus, toast of ancient days, but oh, how lovely in their unostentatious beauty! And the grasses—how luxuriantly they grow! What child has not delighted in the beautiful quackegrass, and the tall spikes of timothy, head high along the stone walls? The lanes and by-ways are lined with wind-sown wild oats and darnels, the yellow rattle and lotus, the cocksfoot and foxtail, while all the meadow lands rejoice in their thick carpeting of purple burnet and lighter air-grass.

Across these meadows and gliding into the neighboring wood a little brook ripples and sings upon its lonely way; its banks are steep and grassy in some places and in others sink away into the quiet shelter of overhanging alders and silver birches. Here the children come for the earliest violets in the spring, and later reap rich harvests of wild parsnips and dog daisies. We fishermen know this brook well, and many an angler, proud possessor of a three-foot pole, with bent pin accompaniment, has solemnly fished for trout many weary hours,—weary, perhaps, but never to be forgotten.

As the noontide creeps on, the drowsy hum of the locusts beguiles the wayfarer into seeking the pleasant shelter of the trees at the edge of the pasture-land, where mild-eyed cattle are gently cropping the young clover-tops or standing knee-deep in the mirror-like pond, where white and yellow lilies grow. The distant hills, with their mantles of blue haze, seem dozing in the sunshine, and the dark pine trees stand like silent sentinels, straight and motionless under the bluest of June skies. Deepest peace reigns within and without us and the whole substance of the universe seems bound up in the myriad summer sounds floating 'twixt earth and sky; the little furry creatures of the wood

venture into our immediate neighborhood to curiously gaze upon us, but soon escape into the friendly undergrowth nearby; only the birds show any degree of fearlessness and from leafy retreats pour forth sweetest melodies for our enchantment.

Sunset now, and the hills are flushed a yellowish pink; the little clouds that cluster above the western horizon range in color from deepest violet and rose to old ivory; ripples of air begin to whisper among the maple leaves, and the haymakers are turning homeward. As we follow them down the dust-white road the long twilight of our New England summer softly enfolds us. Over in the thicket the katydids are voicing their monotonous assertions, provocative of much thought on the nature-lover's part, and nearer at hand bob-white is piping up his cheery note. Dear little feathered brothers, singing your mediocre lullaby, how speedily are you forgotten in the ecstacy that thrills us through and through when, out of the shadows, clear, unexpected, the liquid sweetness of the hermit thrush's song bursts upon our enraptured ears. Motionless we stand while that glorious tune shakes the silence and finally fades into the hush of the hour, and the memory alone is ours. Shall we ever hear anything again so sweet, so touched with the divine, so remote from the feverishness of our busy lives? Thoughtfully we pursue our way back to the farmhouse, from whose open door and windows the cheerful lamplight is streaming.

The purple shadows of night have fallen about the old buildings and covered with loving tenderness all the evidences of Time's harsh dealing, and a subdued and altogether mysterious loveliness transforms the erstwhile commonplace exterior.

But what pen can hope to portray the infinite glory and wonder of summer moonlight in the country? Like a silver tissue falling upon the

earth, it drapes with celestial beauty and grace every object it enfolds. Prince and peasant alike have been moved by its deathless splendor, and men of all climes and ages have sung its praises; dreams have invariably followed in its train and from time immemorial lovers have plighted their troth by its silvery light; and we, the busy, everyday toilers of the world,

have been soothed and comforted into temporary forgetfulness of much of life's disillusionment.

Back to the city we carry many happy remembrances of our country holidays, refreshed and strengthened, physically, mentally and morally, and in our hearts some of that wondrous "joy that shall accompany us to the gates of God."

## New Hampshire Necrology

### HON. CHARLES F. STONE

Hon. Charles F. Stone, associate justice of the Superior Court, died at his home in Laconia, after a long illness, July 25, 1910.

Judge Stone, like many other men who have gained prominence in the legal profession in this state, was a native of Vermont, born in the town of Cabot, May 21, 1843, the son of Levi H. and Mary C. (Osgood) Stone. His father was a farmer and he passed his early life in farm work when not attending the district school. He fitted for college at Barre, (Vt.) Academy and graduated at Middlebury in the class of 1869, having defrayed the expenses of his college course by teaching. He then entered the law office of Hon. J. W. Stewart at Middlebury, meanwhile filling the position of principal of the village graded school. A year later he removed to Laconia, N. H., and continued his legal studies in the office of Hon. Ellery A. Hibbard. Upon the completion of the same and his admission to the bar in 1872, he was associated in partnership for a time with the late George W. Stevens of Laconia, subsequently continuing in practice alone, and then, in 1880, forming a partnership with the late Erastus P. Jewell, which continued until 1894, when he was appointed Naval Officer at the port of Boston by President Cleveland, holding the office four years. In 1898 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of New Hampshire, and received the votes of the Democratic members for United States Senator at the next session of the Legislature. Originally a Republican, he had transferred his allegiance to the Democratic party in 1876, and served as a Democratic representative in the state Legislature of 1883, and again in 1887. He also served as chairman of the Democratic State Committee from 1882 to 1890, and was his party's candidate for Congress in the First District in 1892, com-

ing within 600 votes of an election. As a campaign speaker he was one of the most effective in the state, and took an active part on the stump for many years.

Upon the reorganization of the judiciary in 1901 and the adoption of the dual court system, he was named as one of the associate justices of the Superior Court, and continued in service in that capacity up to about a year ago, when he was incapacitated by the serious illness from which he never recovered.

Judge Stone became a member of the Masonic order while a student at Barre. In Laconia he was a member of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, Union Royal Arch Chapter and Pilgrim Commandery. He was also a member of Chocoma Lodge, I. O. O. F., and of Laconia Grange, P. of H. He was a public spirited citizen and actively identified with various enterprises for the advancement of the public welfare. He was counsel for the Laconia Street Railway, a director of the First National Bank of Laconia and a trustee of the Citizens' Savings Bank. Endowed with an attractive personality and a pleasing address, Judge Stone made many friends, and exerted a wide influence for good.

He married, first, July 27, 1870, Minnie A. Nichols, at Royalton, Vt., who died, September 22, 1875, leaving one daughter, Flora Minnie Stone. He married, second, September 12, 1896, Isabel M., widow of Benjamin Munsey, daughter of Col. Noah A. Smith of Laconia, who, with the daughter, survives.

### DR. WILLIAM G. PERRY

William G. Perry, M. D., long a leading citizen and noted physician of Exeter, born in that town July 21, 1823, the eldest son of Dr. William and Abigail (Gillman) Perry, died there, August 2, 1910.

Doctor Perry was a descendant, in the sixth generation, of Anthony Perry, one of the early settlers of Rehoboth, Mass. His mother was a daughter of Col.

Nathaniel Gilman, a younger brother of Governor John Taylor Gilman and United States Senator Nicholas Gilman. His grandfather, Nathan Perry, was a Revolutionary soldier, and his father, Dr. William Perry, was a Harvard graduate and the oldest alumnus of the institution when he died, in 1887, in his 99th year.

He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, Dartmouth College (class of 1842) and the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and, after a year's study abroad, commenced the practice of medicine in Exeter, in 1847, continuing actively for more than half a century. He was a trustee of the State Hospital for more than forty years, and was consulting surgeon and physician for the Exeter Cottage Hospital. He was much interested in educational work, and served upon the town school committee and as a trustee of Robinson Female Seminary.

He married, August 20, 1849, Lucretia Morse Fisk of Concord, a granddaughter of Rev. Timothy Walker, Concord's first settled minister, who died, September 4,

1896, leaving one daughter, Mrs. Albertus T. Dudley.

#### DR. IRVING O. CUMMINGS

Irving O. Cummings, M. D., son of the late Dr. Ebenezer G. Cummings, long the leading dentist of Concord, who was born in that city, February 22, 1864, died at Brewster, Mass., August 4, 1910.

Doctor Cummings was fitted for college at the Concord High School and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1887, subsequently pursuing the study of medicine. He graduated from the Harvard Medical School and pursued hospital work in Boston two years, ultimately locating in practice at Georgetown, Mass., whence he removed two years later to Brewster, where he practiced ten years, retiring five years since on account of ill-health. A year ago, accompanied by his wife, who was Miss Florence G. Hayes of Portsmouth, whom he married June 8, 1893, he made a journey around the world, but the improved health hoped for did not result, and the end came on the date above named. His wife survives him.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

"The Old Home Week" period is now "on" in New Hampshire, opening on Saturday, August 21, and continuing till Friday, the 27, inclusive. There has been apparently less attention paid to the festival this year than usual, though some towns that have never before observed it have fallen into line at this time. Among these is the town of Alstead in Cheshire County, from which invitations have been sent out to absent sons and daughters for a grand home-coming on Thursday, August 25, on which occasion, as a prominent feature of the day's program, will occur the dedication of an elegant new public library, donated to the town in memory of his parents, by John G. Shedd of Chicago, head of the Marshall Field Company, proprietors of the largest dry goods house in the world, who was a native of the place. In this case the donation of the library has resulted in the "Old Home Day" observance, reversing the order, which has been noted in more than one instance in the past, where the observance of "Old Home Day" has resulted in the donation of a public library to the town by some well-to-do native returning to visit the scenes and friends of his youth. The town of Hudson also dedicates a new public library and observes "Old Home Day," on Thursday, August 25; while in connection with a similar ob-

servance on the same day, in Pittsfield, a new memorial school building, presented the town by ex-Governor and Mrs. Hiram A. Tuttle, in memory of their daughter, the late Harriet Tuttle Folsom, will also be dedicated.

The elaborate paper by Doctor Griffin on the New Hampshire Brigade in Sullivan's Campaign, delivered before the New Hampshire Society Sons of the American Revolution, July 12, presented in this issue, the result of much careful research, will be found of special interest to all New Hampshire readers possessed of any degree of state pride. That New Hampshire struck the first aggressive blow of the Revolution at Fort William and Mary, furnished two thirds of the patriot forces at Bunker Hill, won the honors at Bennington, and furnished both the leader and a goodly share of the fighting force in this successful campaign against the Indians which destroyed a prominent base of supplies for the British in the Revolution, is, indeed, glory enough for one small state. The portrait cuts of Generals Sullivan and Poor, and Chaplain Evans, and of the Evans Memorial Tablet in the North Congregational Church, Concord, illustrating this article, are furnished through the courtesy of Dea. John C. Thorne.





HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin

*By H. H. Metcalf*

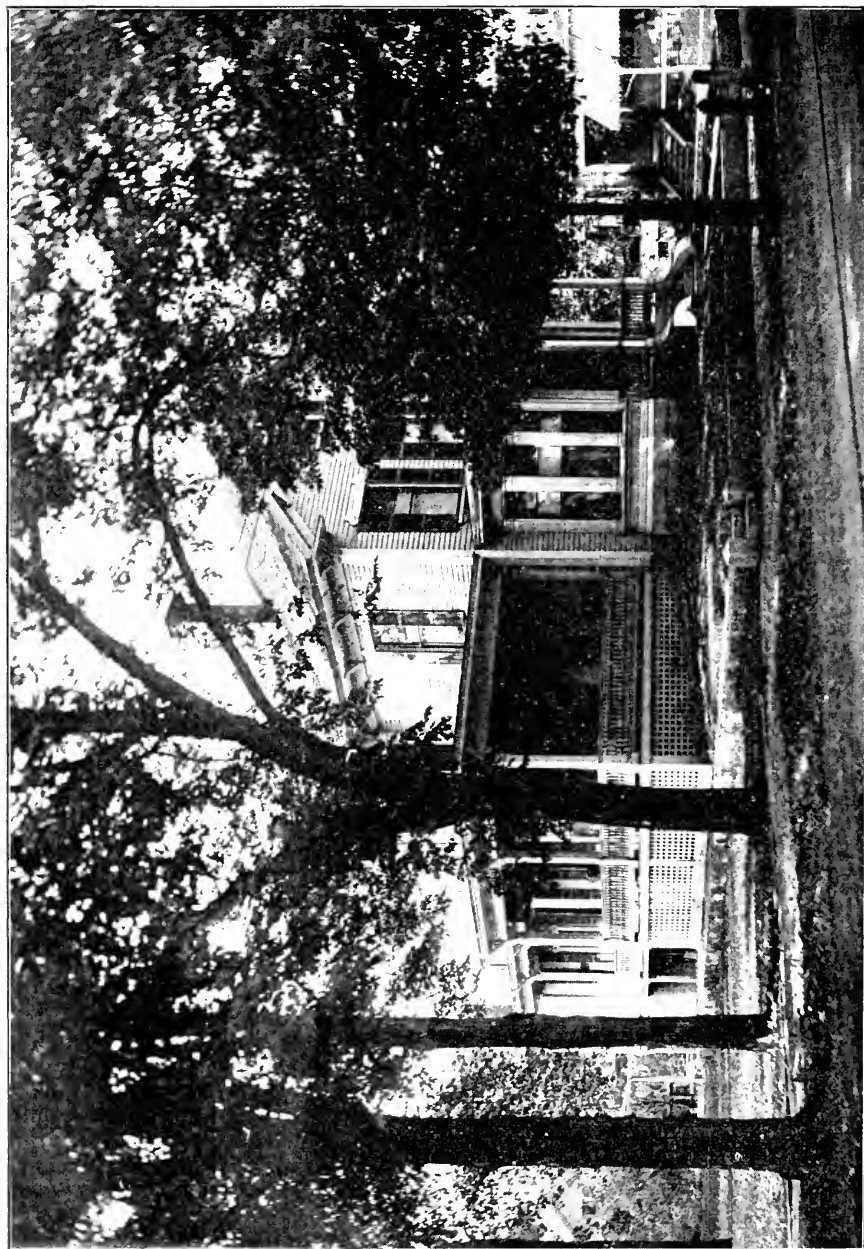
There was no surer test of the legal ability, the intellectual resources, the skill and judgment of the average lawyer of half a century ago, and more, than was involved in the conduct of a sharply contested jury trial; and, though under our modern practice such trials are becoming less frequent from year to year, the lawyer who is most successful in their conduct, is yet, as a rule, the one whose services are most extensively sought by litigants, and who is accorded highest rank in the profession in the general estimation.

While there are fewer men at the bar, at the present time, who are eminent as jury lawyers than was the case fifty years ago, there are still a goodly number in the state thus distinguished, of whom Merrimack County has its fair share, and among whom Nathaniel E. Martin, of the well-known firm of Martin & Howe, stands well at the front. There is no firm in the State, indeed, whose name appears more frequently on the trial dockets; and no lawyer in this or any other New Hampshire county, who has had greater success with juries, in the last fifteen years, than has Mr. Martin, who to a natural aptitude for this class of practice, adds a knowledge of men, and of human nature in general, which places him at an advantage with most of his associates. It is seldom, indeed, that he loses a cause before a jury in his own county, and his success elsewhere compares favorably with that of any of his associates.

Mr. Martin is a native of the town

of Loudon, born August 9, 1855. He is a son of the late Theophilus B. and Sarah L. (Rowell) Martin. His father, who died in December, 1883, was an industrious and successful farmer, and leading citizen, who represented his town in the legislature and was treasurer of Merrimack County at the time of the erection of the old courthouse in 1852. He was a justice of the peace and a trial justice for many years and his counsel was largely sought in the management of town affairs. In politics he was a Democrat of the stalwart type, which has been a proclivity of the family for generations. His father—Nathaniel Martin—grandfather of Nathaniel E., and for whom he was named, was a native of Pembroke, a son of James Martin, a revolutionary soldier of that town, and settled in Loudon in 1808, upon the farm which has ever since remained in the family possession. Nathaniel Martin, the grandfather, was also an active and influential citizen in his day—a trial justice and for many years a deputy sheriff for Rockingham County which then embraced a considerable portion of what is now Merrimack County. The late Governor Noah Martin, of Dover, a native of Epsom, came from the same ancestry, as did Abigail Martin, the mother of Judge William Martin Chase, former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, who is, therefore, a kinsman of the subject of this sketch.

Reared upon the farm and inured to manual labor, young Martin developed a physical vigor commensurate with the active mind with which



Residence of Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin, South Street, Concord, N. H.



he had been endowed, and which asserted itself in his determination to secure a better education than the country school afforded, and to fit himself for professional life. With this end in view he entered the Concord High School, graduating in June 1876. He pursued the study of law in the office of Sargent & Chase, was admitted to the bar August 14, 1879,

"strong team" in any legal contest; and which, as has been indicated, commands a clientage unsurpassed by that of any other firm, so far as ordinary litigation is concerned.

Mr. Martin has seldom been employed by corporations, but, on the other hand, is generally known as "the people's lawyer," and commands in wide measure the confidence



**Theophilus B. Martin**

and immediately commenced practice in Concord, where he has continued to the present time. He was alone for a time, but for the last fifteen years DeWitt C. Howe, one of the ablest young lawyers in the State, who was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House in the last legislature, has been associated with him, and the combination is an admirable one, making what is known as a

of the average citizen throughout a large section of the state.

Although a Democrat from birth and conviction, and earnestly devoted to the fundamental principles of the Democratic party, Mr. Martin has not sought leadership in party affairs; yet has never shirked his duty in that regard. He has served as chairman of the Democratic City Committee of Concord, and as a member, secretary

and chairman of the State Committee, holding the latter position in 1902. He has been several times a candidate of his party for representative, but the strong Republican majority in the ward naturally precluded his election. He was nominated as the Democratic candidate for solicitor of Merrimack County in the fall of 1886, and elected, assuming the office in July following. His administration, covering a period of two years, was characterized by a determined purpose to execute the laws of the State as they stood, including the then-existing prohibitory liquor law, which, in this as in all other counties of the State, had always

himself and his party, though, as has always happened when a Democrat has held the office of mayor in the Capital City, an adverse majority in the councils hampered his work and neutralized his efforts in the line of practical reform in many directions.

In 1904 he was a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the National Democratic Convention, at St. Louis.

Mr. Martin was one of the incorporators of the Concord Building & Loan Association, and has been treasurer of the same since its organization in September 1887, being the only survivor of the original official board.



Martin Farm Cottage

been, practically, a dead letter. That purpose was most effectually carried out, and the vigor and zeal which he manifested in the work won him reputation and approval, throughout the State and beyond its borders. It is proper to add that his course in this regard was inspired by no over-zealous devotion to the Prohibition cause, but by a feeling of obligation, as a sworn officer of the law, bound to secure its enforcement.

In November 1898, Mr. Martin was elected Mayor of Concord, and his administration of that office, covering a period of two years from January following, was eminently creditable to

This organization is one of the most substantial and successful of its kind in New England. With an aggregate investment now reaching \$350,000 it has not lost a dollar since the start; and the sagacity and good judgment of Mr. Martin has been a strong contributing factor in its success.

The old homestead in Loudon remains in Mr. Martin's possession, passing into his hands after his father's decease, and has been managed under his direction. The old house was removed some years since and a neat farm cottage substituted. For some years extensive dairying operations were carried on, a fine herd of cows

being maintained, but of late this has been abandoned, Mr. Martin having arrived at the conclusion that the sale of hay direct is more profitable than the feeding of the same to any kind of stock, the soil fertility being maintained by the liberal application of

tensively interested, in company with others, in lumbering operations, as a "side line," and a diversion from professional labor. He is also a great lover of fine horses and dogs, and has been the owner of some valuable specimens in the former line, among which



**Mrs. Nathaniel E. Martin**

chemicals. Seventy-five tons of hay per annum is the average crop. Aside from the home farm he owns a large amount of land in Loudon—some 700 acres in all—some of which is heavily timbered. And this recalls the fact that he has been for some years ex-

was the celebrated "Newflower" which once trotted on the Concord State Fair Grounds a quarter in 29 3-4 seconds, the fastest time on record.

Mr. Martin is a member of Rumford Lodge, No. 46, I. O. O. F., of

Concord, uniting with the same over 30 years ago, and passing the chairs in that organization. He is also a member of Canton Wildey, No. 1, Patriarchs Militant.

He was united in marriage, March 27, 1902, with Mrs. Jennie P. Lawrence, a daughter of the late Asahel Burnham, of Concord, a veteran of Co. F, 12th N. H. Regiment in the Civil War, and also a soldier of the Mexican War, under Gen. Franklin Pierce, who was a native of the town of Mont Vernon, and a kinsman of the famous Hutchinson family, singers, of Milford.

At the recent primary election, Mr. Martin was chosen as the Democratic

candidate for State Senator in District No. 10, generally known as the Concord district. This district is normally Republican by about 400 majority, but has been represented by Democrats in the last two legislatures, the last or present incumbent being Hon. William M. Chase. It is rarely that a man so well equipped for efficient service is named by either party, in any district as a candidate for senator, and it is safe to say should he be elected, he will give intelligent consideration to every measure coming before the upper branch of the legislature, and will see to it, so far as his influence goes, that the welfare of the State is properly conserved.

## Good Night

*By L. J. H. Frost*

'Tis vesper time; and flowers with folded petals  
Seem worshipping the Great Supreme;  
With heads bowed low, birds hush their soulful music,  
And wait the morn with folded wing.  
Good-night.

Hush! hear the murmur of the restless waters,  
They miss the sun's glad, warm embrace;  
Their voices sound like hearts complaining  
The absence of some cherished face.  
Good-night.

The evening star keeps calm and silent vigil  
O'er many a loved one's new-made grave;  
While ocean waves, cold and white-crested,  
Look up their dead within their hidden caves.  
Good-night.

A last good-night until the morning  
Shall break that brings eternal day;  
Then may we fold away our tear-stained raiment,  
And clothed in white walk up the shining way.

## Introspection

*By Maude Gordon Roby*

Across the sea of Time I ride,  
A single, radiant Star my guide.  
The night is dark, and swift the tide;  
The breakers roar, the world is wide;  
But neither sea nor Time nor tide  
Shall keep me from my love, my bride.

# The Settlement of Barnstead

*By J. M. Moses*

Barnstead was granted May 20, 1727, "unto sundry of our loving subjects . . . that inhabit or shall inhabit the said grant," namely, Rev. Joseph Adams of Newington and one hundred and five other people of that vicinity. Each was required, on pain of forfeiting his right to the others, to "build a dwelling house within three years and settle a family therein, and break up three acres of ground and plant or sow the same within three years, and pay his proportion of the town charges when and so often as occasion shall require the same." Apparently an early and numerous settlement had been provided for, but the result proved otherwise.

The danger of individual forfeiture was soon removed, as probably none of the grantees set foot in Barnstead within the three years. Any danger of forfeiting the charter as a whole was effectually provided against by giving the governor and lieutenant governor a grant of 500 acres each, and admitting the members of the council as associate proprietors. All felt very easy in their minds, and apparently about three years passed before any of them again thought of Barnstead.

I lately had a chance to examine their records for seventy years. They throw an interesting light on the old proprietary method of settling towns.

The first meeting, of which record has been preserved, was held at Newington March 31, 1730. They chose officers and voted that the selectmen "shall go and discourse the selectmen of Barrington whether they will join with Barnstead in laying out a high-way through Barrington to Barnstead."

The discourse was not effective, for three years later we find them choos-

ing a committee "to find out the most convenient way to Barnstead and to clear the same so as to be passable for man and horse."

It may be guessed that this bridle-path followed the central range-way of Barrington and Strafford. This lay in the direct line to Barnstead meeting house, and most of it is still used as a road. They had to climb the steep ridge at the north end of Packer's Mountain, as this is the only pass without going two miles north or south.

The charter required "that a meeting house be built for the public worship of God within the term of four years." A little after the four years had expired we find them voting "that a meeting house shall be built in Barnstead of two stories high, the lower story seven foot high, the upper story six foot high, to be built with good square timber eight inches thick, and the house to be thirty-two foot long, and twenty-six foot wide, and to jut over all around three inches clear of the lower story, the upper story six inches thick." Also "Voted that the aforesaid meeting house be built in the most convenient spot of the grounds between the lots 55 & 56 and 65 & 66, in the highway; to be built with square timber to the wall platts all round, and the gable ends to be clapboarded up, and the roof to be covered with long shingles and to have a door and hung on hinges."

John Nutter took the contract to build this for ninety pounds. July 24, 1733, it was referred to as built by John Trickey. September 20, 1733, a committee, having examined the building, reported "that the said house is built workmanlike manner according to the vote," and that they had accepted it for the town. The

Barnstead History has given this meeting house a later date.

It seems never to have been used for worship, but stood long enough to be remembered by Levi Clark (1773-1862), who used to tell his son, Samuel, of seeing "the log church with sides and ends upright, but roof fallen." It was evidently meant for a garrison house and general rendezvous, and doubtless served as a shelter for some of the earliest adventurers, being located at the center of the First Division lots.

These lots were one hundred and twenty in number, and occupied a tract about four and one-half miles long and two and one-half miles wide, on the southeast side of the town, coming within about three-fourths of a mile of Strafford. Its southwesterly end was about fifty rods north of the Province Road, its westerly corner coming near the Bickford place. The lots were each one hundred and twenty rods by eighty rods, and laid out in ranges running southeast and northwest. The numbering began at the south corner, running up and down the ranges, ending with No. 120 at the east corner. They were laid out in 1731.

As for the highways, let our present enthusiasts take notice that the city of Barnstead was planned to have streets of a spaciousness suggestive of the New Jerusalem. There was to be a central boulevard, lengthwise, fifteen rods wide, a central one, crosswise, twenty rods wide, and other highways five rods wide at intervals of two hundred and forty rods from these. The record does not state what these streets were to be surfaced with. Probably auto travel was not contemplated. But the Barnstead proprietors were famous for brave plans on paper.

They did not all go up to settle. October 11, 1733, a meeting was held in Greenland "at the sign of the Bare," at which it was voted, Lemuel Bickford dissenting, "that twenty-five families, proprietors of the town-

ship of Barnstead, do forthwith settle in said township, and for their encouragement, the rest of the proprietors shall pay four pounds per annum, each proprietor, for the space of three years, to be paid at two payments in the year, to supply those proprietors that goes to settle with provisions &c, whilst they are settling and clearing their own lands."

Besides this, each non-settler was to pay a pound a year for the second and third years, and then two pounds a year for ten years, or till he settled himself, "to procure a young minister to preach the gospel to them that are settling."

A committee was chosen to find the twenty-five first settlers, and empowered to lease the rest of the land to them for three years.

They evidently thought they were making a generous offer, though the colonial money was then of only one-third the value of English money, and was rapidly depreciating. It failed to induce settlers.

Probably settlement could have been effected by giving farms, and throwing the town open to outsiders. Massachusetts, with ten times New Hampshire's population, was pushing settlements up the Merrimack. New Hampshire, jealous of the encroachment, was trying to settle what land she could with her own people. But the Piscataqua settlements were not badly crowded. If any were willing to pioneer, there were Barrington and Nottingham trying to settle two hundred square miles of vacant land. None of the proprietors of Barnstead felt poor enough to need to emigrate twenty miles by a bridge path over a mountain into the wilderness beyond Barrington. It was easier to stay at home and vote for others to bell the cat.

It was voted, October 7, 1753, to tax each non-settler thirty shillings for the benefit of such as would settle before the end of the next March.

The next on the subject in the records is under date of March 28, 1738, when it was voted to tax each

proprietor three pounds, "to be distributed amongst fifteen persons that shall first go up to settle."

A year later a committee was chosen "to draw up a scheme, or an obligatory prescription" to promote settlement. This they seem to have done, but at the meeting following, June 29, 1739, another plan was substituted. All plans failed, and the records have nothing more on the subject for ten years.

The Massachusetts boundary was settled in 1741, and then New Hampshire was less in haste about occupying her western lands. Moreover, war was impending, and it was no time to push frontier settlements.

A committee was chosen, October 17, 1749, to revisit the city of Barnstead and see if its one building was standing, also to remark the bounds, and the way up through Barrington.

It was voted, January 2, 1749 (Old Style), "that there be a new book for the township of Barnstead purchased at the charge of the propriety, and that the charter and schedule be entered in said book." This is the book that is preserved. Down to 1784, it is all in the excellent handwriting of Richard Downing, who was clerk for forty years. He copied into it all the records of the earlier book. Charles Hodgdon of Barnstead succeeded him as clerk. The rest of the records are in his handwriting, and end April 20, 1802.

During the few years of peace there were renewed efforts to settle the town—especially to find fifteen first settlers. There were committees, conferences with proposing settlers, and special inducements offered; but all the negotiations fell through, and the last French war came and went, leaving Barnstead, thirty-three years after its charter, still unoccupied.

Why the spacious-streeted city of Barnstead, with its two-storied city hall, could not get a single inhabitant, is a question I leave to deeper philosophers. The present day farmer would naturally say it was from fear of the highway taxes. But this would

be wrong. Because old towns are now being crushed out to surface roads for autos to tear up, it is not to be inferred that new ones were then kept from starting from the same cause. It was not then the policy to force city standards on little towns that were unable to support them.

The proprietors concluded their failure was due to Barrington's lack of roads, rather than to Barnstead's excess of them. June 25, 1760, they chose a committee to "cut and complete a road to Barnstead in the most convenient place, through Barrington, or elsewhere." October 28, 1760, the committee reported that they "have found a way through Barrington, very commodious, and have made or cut a wheel-way through said Barrington between Bow Pond (so called), and the Long Blue Hill, up to said Barnstead, excepting about two miles."

This is supposed to have been the route soon after taken by the Province Road. Its extreme commodiousness has not been perceived by later travelers. A feasible route for a railroad exists from Bow Lake through Barnstead to Gilmanton Iron Works, which would be followed if a new road were now to be laid out. The pioneers found it easier to make their roads over the smooth hills, where the first farms were cleared, than through rocky and marshy valleys. Even then the expense was a serious burden.

The new road reached Barnstead near its southern corner. The proprietors now decided to lay out a new division of lots, of one hundred acres each, beginning at this corner. This was voted June 14, 1763. November 26, 1765, the committee reported that they "have effected the same, agreeable to the vote of the propriety, and have exhibited a plan of the same, and said plan was accepted by the proprietors."

The Second Division contained one hundred and twenty lots, laid out in nine ranges. The first range consisted of lots Nos. 1-23, numbered northwesterly along the southwest

side of the town. The second range was numbered southeasterly, and contained lots 24-30, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-54. The third range was also numbered southeasterly, and ended at the west corner of the First Division. It contained lots 64, 65 31-35, 37, 39, 41 and 43. The fourth range was numbered northwesterly, having lots 120, 45, 47 and 55-63. The other five ranges were numbered back and forth in regular order, ending with No. 119, near the north corner of the First Division.

Considerable land was still left undivided, which was intended for a final third division. There was a tract of several square miles on the northeast side of the town, a strip, perhaps fifty rods wide, southwest of the First Division, a common of perhaps half a square mile midway the second range, and smaller lots in different places.

The failure of Barrington to maintain a suitable road through its thirteen miles of length was a great hindrance to the towns above. At last the General Court took notice of the situation, and ordered the construction of the Province Road, as it has been called, though it had to be paid for by the towns through which it passed. Barrington let out the building in sections, at a vendue held September 18, 1766.

Barnstead was apparently eager to do its part promptly, and as early as March 25, 1766, voted Deacon Francis Jenness, Capt. Edward Emerson and Capt. Benjamin Adams a committee to build the road from Barrington to Gilmanton, "said road to be bridged, causwayed and done to the acceptation or liking of the committee appointed by the General Court," "to be finished by the first of September next," "the bridge over the Suncook river to be built and completed in the best manner," etc. All this the committee agreed to do within the time, for ninety pounds.

By this time we are used to Barnstead's brave votes, and are not surprised to find that the performance

fell short of the promise. May 21, 1771, a committee was chosen "to inspect the accounts of Capt. Benjamin Adams and Deacon Jenness relative to labor done by them in *assisting to help clear*" the Province Road.

How the road had been built is shown by the records. Before November 27, 1770, a bill had been presented to the proprietors, which, after several adjournments, they acted on May 20, 1771. They were as cautious about paying bills as valorous in incurring them. They concluded, however, that "since the 18th of December, 1777, abovesaid, a committee of the General Court or Assembly have inspected the accounts of Richard Jenness and John McDuffee Esqs., the committee appointed by the General Court for making a road through said Barnstead, [and] have ordered that the proprietors of said Barnstead pay to Richard Jenness and John McDuffee Esqs. 178 pounds 12 shillings and 11 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pence lawful money in four months from the 13th of April last, and there is an Act passed for the payment of the above sum,—after deliberation and consideration of the above Act of the General Assembly, it was thought advisable and best for the interest of the propriety, to sell the common and undivided land on the north side of Barnstead, estimated to be 1658 acres, to pay the charge of cutting said road." They also authorized the sale of other common lands, if necessary, and some of them were sold.

The vote ordering the Second Division had also required "that there be forty acres of land laid out for a mill privilege at the most convenient place." A record of September 24, 1765, refers to "the mill erected;" another, of May 26, 1767, to "the mill lately built by Sinclair and others." Settlement, if not begun, was now bound to come so soon that a sawmill was a safe investment.

Barnstead History says that Eben-



ezer Adams was the first settler, Richard Sinclair, the second, James Dealing, the third, and that John Bickford was there in 1765; all of which may have been, though the proprietary records give no evidence of any settlement prior to 1766.\* None of the Second Division lots were drawn till November 26, 1765.

On that date Capt. Edward Emerson, who had come to own five shares, was allowed to choose where he pleased five of the Second Division lots, on condition that he settle five families, each family to clear five acres within two years from April next, he binding himself to forfeit twenty pounds for each failure to settle and clear as agreed.

Following him, on the same date, the same privilege, on the same terms, was extended to Lemuel Chesley, for two lots, and to Thomas Edgerly, Francis Drew, J. Hutchinson, Solomon Emerson, John Tasker and Richard Sinclair for one lot each. Hutchinson probably withdrew, as his lot is marked "not drawn." Permission to draw Second Division lots was then extended to other proprietors who had paid all arrearages.

It was voted, March 25, 1766, that three other proprietors might draw lots on the same terms as Emerson. This would make the fifteen first families, so long sought for. Col. Peter Gilman chose a lot the next June, and Benjamin Colbath another in March 1768, he agreeing to settle within a year.

By October 24, 1769, town meetings had come to be considered as a possibility, and a call for a proprietor's meeting on that date had an article "To agree upon a method of calling proprietors' meetings in the future, and to distinguish them from town meetings, as established by the charter." It does not appear, however, that any town meetings were held before 1774. In October, 1773,

there were one hundred and fifty-two people, including twenty-nine married women. In 1775 there were two hundred and fifty-two people.

Barnstead was now well started, and I leave it to its historians, who have not yet done their whole duty by it. It remains to follow a little farther the fortunes of those interesting characters, the proprietors.

It has already become apparent how wretchedly the colonial method of settling towns compares with our government's later method of settling the western states, by which the land was freely given in small farms to permanent settlers and improvers. Those colonial proprietors were speculators, standing between the people and the land, and hindered more than they helped. Still, they did some things, made the surveys and allotments, built the first roads, mills and meeting houses, which the government being weak, was glad to devolve upon others. It should, however, have surveyed the boundaries, as was done later for the Connecticut River towns. Leaving this to the towns caused immense trouble.

Barrington, one of the first towns to be granted, was by charter thirteen miles long and six miles wide. It had its lines run February 16, 1724-25. Its surveyors laid out a tract nearer fourteen miles long than thirteen, and nearer seven miles wide than six. Barnstead was to extend eight miles beyond Barrington, and to be also six miles wide. Chichester was to be eight miles square, measured from the southwest side of Barnstead; but twenty-four square miles of this tract it found it could not hold, because they had been granted two days earlier to Epsom. Chichester was left feeling pinched, and not inclined to concede more than was necessary to its neighbors. It measured the east and west lines of Epsom, and kept that town to an actual six miles of length; although

\* Richard Sinclair was "of Barnstead" by a deed June 2, 1767.

Daniel Dealan was "of Barnstead" by a deed April 30, 1771.

John Tasker was "of Madbury" by a deed September 11, 1766, of Barnstead a year or two later.

it had at first run its north line as far north as Jenness Pond, and it somehow managed to get and keep four and one-half miles of width.

Chichester also measured Barnstead, and insisted that that town keep to an actual six miles of width. But Barnstead was determined to be as wide as Barrington, and even had the foolhardiness to begin its Second Division lots on the disputed strip of land. After long negotiations Chichester went to law, with the inevitable result of making Barnstead sadder and wiser. The proprietors had now to pay out those of their number who had drawn lots on the lost land.

The meetings, which, with one exception, had thus far been held in Newington, were at this time thinly attended, and the few that did attend needed considerable refreshment to keep up their spirits. "Six bowls" was the quantity required May 30, 1780, at the first meeting after the lawsuit. It enabled those present, "upon hearing, considering and weighing the matter," to vote "that the consideration of this matter, or Article, [about the costs and consequences of the lawsuit,] lay till the adjournment of this meeting." The expenses of the meeting were charged to the "Propriety."

The adjourned meeting also adjourned without action, as did its

successor, the last adjournment being to November 28, 1780. Then, says the record, "The Clerk and Collector appeared, and no other person. This is the true state of the case. World judge who are faulty. Expenses paid by Ephraim Pickering, collector." Were two bowls enough? Barnstead has not built any monuments to the proprietors.

A year and a half more passed with nothing done. By that time the proprietors living in Barnstead, some of whom had lost lands, concluded they could transact the business better up there. At a special meeting, called June 25, 1792, they appeared in force, chose John Tasker moderator, and adjourned the meeting to Barnstead. All future meetings, except three, were held there.

The strip lost to Chichester (now Pittsfield) was some two thirds of a mile wide, including the whole of the first range of lots, and a little of the second, about five square miles. Barnstead now faced the problem bravely, appointed a committee to appraise the land, and assessed a tax to raise the money to pay for it. The settlement of all claims took considerable time, but at last it was accomplished, and, with all common lands disposed of, occasions for further meetings ceased, and the record comes to an end.

## Courage

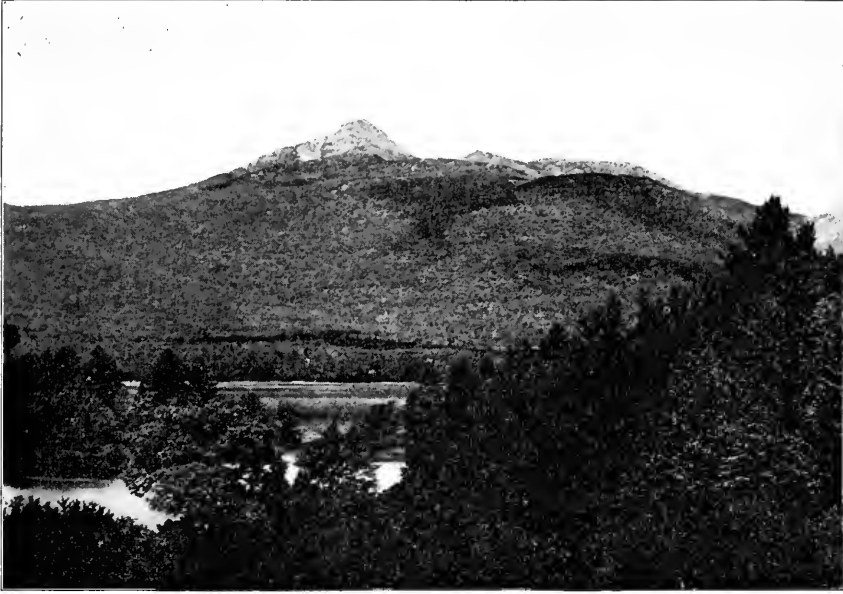
*By Georgiana Rogers*

If days were always dawning,  
 And hearts would cease their longing—  
 You say you could be happy, you are sure.  
 Just count your blessings often,  
 It will help you care to soften  
 And make it much more easy to endure.  
 There are those whose daily crosses  
 Are much heavier than your losses,  
 All the years you have been passing through this life.  
 Then let us never weaken,  
 But smile and help to strengthen  
 Others growing weary in the strife.

# Chocorua

*By Francis H. Goodall*

(An Autumn Ramble in the Granite Hills of Carroll County, New Hampshire, the former home of the Pequakets, Ossipees and Passaconaways.)



Chocorua Lake and Mountain

It is related by one of the early settlers of New Hampshire that when the Lord made the earth and had nearly finished his task he had a lot of large rocks, big trees and other debris remaining which he did not know just what to do with, so he dumped it in a vacant niche which was afterwards named New Hampshire, and this accounts for the great number of mountains, boulders, trees, etc., which are now seen there.

It required God-appointed and most resolute men to settle this ice and granite bound region, which was inhabited only by hostile Indians when settlements were first made.

In 1622 Sir Fernando Gorges and Capt. John Mason obtained a grant of a tract of land, between the

Merrimack and Kennebec Rivers, extending back to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, and called it Laconia. In 1629 this tract was divided, Mason naming his part of the grant, New Hampshire, in honor of his former residence, Hampshire, England.

One portion of the beautiful tract of mountains, valleys, glens, lakes and streams, situated at or near Chocorua, Carroll County, New Hampshire, is especially worthy of description.

Mount Chocorua is a very rugged peak, with a great dome of bare rocks way above the timber line. It is one of the five peaks which compose the Sandwich Range. To the west and south sides are Mounts Paugas, Passaconaway, White Face and the

Sandwich Dome, with the Ossipee Range and Lakes still further south.

At the foot of Mount Chocorua, on the southeast side, is Lake Chocorua, formed by a chain of three connecting lakes, the largest one being nearest the mountain. This lake is surrounded by dense forests of pine, spruce, white and yellow birch and maples, and has a very good and picturesque road all around it. On its shores are many beautiful residences and the Chocorua Hotel. There are many

titled, "At the North of Bear Camp Water," which describes this region very fully, including the birds and other animals and also the wild flowers. We had some fine trout fishing in the brooks in this locality and also caught many perch, sunfish, pickerel, hornpout and a few dace. We also hauled in two small turtles who insisted on biting.

Deer, bears, partridges, woodcock, gray squirrels, foxes, hawks and owls abound here, providing ideal sport



Narrows Bridge, Chocorua, N. H.

fine boats and canoes on the lake, and rowing, sailing, paddling, bathing, fishing and canoeing form the principal amusements. Perch, sunfish and pickerel abound in the lake and there are also trout, black bass and hornpout. The water is dark and clear. There is a beautiful rustic bridge, which connects the big lake with one of the smaller ones.

On the north side of the big lake is the cottage of Mr. Frank Bolles, deceased, the author of a most delightful and instructive book en-

for the hunter. On the hills and mountains are many beautiful wild flowers, mosses and berries. The blackberries and blueberries are especially fine and abundant. The Chocorua River adds very much to the beauty of the landscape. The village of Chocorua has a good town library which is well patronized by summer visitors, many of whom remain through September and even to October 15. The adjoining towns of Madison, West Ossipee and Tam-

worth also have fine scenery and many summer guests.

There are many most beautiful and interesting walks and drives in this locality. One to Stevenson's Hill, six and one-half miles, passes over Page's Hill and through Tamworth Village, by Ordination Rock, where Rev. Samuel Hidden, the first minister of Tamworth, New Hampshire, was ordained, September 12, 1792. Here is located the summer home of the late ex-President Grover Cleveland.

From this hill may be had a very

ing cascades, and, when the water is high, are very beautiful and grand, and form one of the leading attractions of the Bear Camp Valley, where the beautiful closed gentian grows in great profusion. The great Indian chieftains, Sachem Wonolancet and Passaconaway made their homes in this region.

John G. Whittier spent several summers here and wrote his book "Among the Hills," where he invites us

"To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bear Camp water."



Summer Home of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Tamworth, N. H.

extensive view, with the great dome of Chocorua looming up majestically in the northeast, the beautiful Swift River and Bear Camp River valleys on the west and south, with the Sandwich Dome and the Ossipee Range and many more mountains in the same direction. It is an ideal place for a summer home and it must have so impressed President Cleveland whose fondness for beautiful scenery is well known.

Another beautiful walk or drive is to Wonolancet Falls, which are in a dense, wild forest. These falls constitute a foaming cataract with leap-

Another beautiful drive is to Gline's Mountain, nine miles, where you pass through the villages of Silver Lake and Madison and by "the Lake in the Clouds," to Gline's Mountain and Madison Boulder, and here you have a very extensive view of many mountains, lakes and ponds, some of which are in Maine.

We spent a pleasant morning on a visit to Mrs. Helen M. Albee, who lives in a beautiful and primitive way in a little hill farm in Pequaket, and who has introduced a new industry in this neighborhood which gives employment to a large number of women. It

is the making of rugs by hand, with a small crochet needle of steel. She makes her own dyes and designs her own patterns, which are very unique and different from what is ordinarily seen, and resemble somewhat Japanese, Chinese and Indian designs. She is a very resolute and energetic woman and also an authoress of some note. She has a beautiful garden of old fashioned flowers, and her house is also very attractive and artistic within and without. Her husband, Mr.

grows close to the rock. It is said to be the largest boulder in New Hampshire, and one of the largest in the world.

But by far the most interesting trip of all is to ascend Mount Chocorua by one of the numerous trails, see the glorious sunset, stay over night at the Peak House, and see the sunrise next morning, and then descend by another trail.

We were so fortunate as to have two very bright, clear days for this



Chocorua Peak and the Peak House

John Albee, is also an author and magazine writer of well-known reputation.

A drive to the Madison Boulder is of great interest. It is located at the foot of Mount Chocorua, on the east-side, in a dense forest. It is one immense, solid rock of Conway granite, about one hundred feet long, forty feet wide and forty feet high, and is ascended by means of a rude ladder constructed with a long pole and attached to a maple tree which

trip. On September 4, we started about 7.30 a. m., and were driven to the foot of the mountain, where the Brook Trail begins, in the Swift River Valley on the west side of the mountain. It is about four and one-half miles from here to the top of the mountain. The trail follows the mountain brook for about two miles through a dense forest of spruce, pine, white and yellow birch, beech and other trees. Here you reach the bare rocks. The first part of the trail you

have blazed trees to show the way and when you get above the timber line there are little piles of stones, or cairns, to indicate the path. The last part of the climb is quite difficult in some places.

We arrived at the Peak House at 1.20 p. m., rested half an hour, had a very good lunch with some fine blueberries and coffee, and then began the climb on the dome to see the sunset and the very extensive view obtained from this point. It is really not much over half a mile from the Peak House, but it seems to be several miles, it is such difficult climbing. One is well repaid however for it when you reach the tip-top. The rock on which you stand or sit is probably not more than twelve feet square and on three sides of it are rugged cliffs, going down almost perpendicularly for many hundred feet, affording an almost unobstructed and a very extensive view in all directions.

Looking off to the north and north-east can be seen mountains and lakes in Maine, and, on a very clear day, the city of Portland and the Atlantic Ocean, about sixty miles distant. About eighteen miles to the North-west can be seen North Conway and the Franconia and Presidential Range of the White Mountains and numerous other peaks. On the west, south and east are the Sandwich and Ossipee Ranges and lakes, including Lake Winnepesaukee, Lake Chocorua and also many smaller lakes and ponds as enduring monuments of the creative power. It was one of the most extensive and beautiful views we

have ever seen. After sunset we descended to the Peak House where we remained over night. This house has been open for summer guests for sixteen years and from the rooms on the east side can be seen the beautiful sunrise. It is one of the greatest events of a whole lifetime to see it.

On September 5, at 4.30 a. m., we could see the first glow and tints of the rising sun reflected on the horizon and clouds above. Then at 5.10 Old Sol began to show the top of his great round head, a pale yellow at first, without any dazzling brightness. The sun did not appear to be more than ten miles away. The great dark mountains looked like immense ocean waves, rolling in towards you, and the lakes were all covered with a beautiful white fog which contrasted finely with the dark mountains. The most striking thing, however, was the foreshortening of the landscape, so that all the mountains, lakes and ponds, some of which were over thirty miles away, appeared to be very near, and between you and the sun. But very soon the scene changed, as the sun came up over the horizon, and began to dart forth his brilliant, dazzling smiles and glances. This caused the fog to disappear rapidly and the whole landscape stood out clearly and beautifully. "Transported with the view, I'm lost in wonder and praise."

"Far, high; splendid the view,  
Around into life!  
From mountain to mountain,  
Soars the eternal spirit,  
Presaging endless life."

## The Brook of the Dreamer

*By Hiram Tuttle Folsom*

A brook flowed through his life,  
A treacherous brook.  
It idly turned and twisted to a nook,  
A dreamy nook,  
Where, close by its mirrored shade,  
A dreary shade,  
An old man, once a dreamer,  
Sees his fancies fade, and fade.

# An Army With Banners

*By Fred Myron Colby*

An army brilliant with banners,  
Crimson and purple and gold—  
The creeping frost tints of Autumn  
Orchards and forests enfold.

Gaily the fluttering pennons  
In the mellow sunshine fly;  
They show where the glittering squadrons  
Go wheeling and flashing by.

Ruddy and amber in orchards,  
Where the ripening apples fall;  
Scarlet in flames of the sumac,  
Beside the old pasture wall.

Brown in the sunny uplands  
Where the harvests have been shorn;  
Yellow in silken tassels  
Of meadows of rustling corn.

Russet and gold in the maples,  
Crimson along country ways;  
These are the banners of Autumn  
That blazon these shortening days.

The conquering army advances;  
'Tis glorious, and yet we sigh;  
For we bid farewell to Summer  
When the Autumn flags march by.

# The Chimes

*By George Warren Parker*

On a clear and starlit evening,  
Love I well to hear the chime  
Of the church bells gently pealing,  
Telling all 'tis God's own time.  
How they seem to joy in singing  
Of the love the Master feels,  
Of the glad news of salvation,—  
Wondrous things their chime reveals!  
In notes rhythmical and pleasing,  
Voice they tunes my heart loves dear;  
All the hallowed hymns of childhood,  
Some that bring new hope and cheer.  
In my walks I pause and listen  
To the notes so clear and sweet,  
Till it seems the angels bending  
In refrain the sounds repeat.



## Rev. Edward L. Parker

### Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of His Settlement at East Derry



Old Presbyterian Church, East Derry

In the stately old Presbyterian Church at East Derry, one of the most notable houses of worship in New Hampshire or New England, wherein a God-fearing people have rendered service of devotion to the Most High from generation to generation for a century and a half, there was holden on Sunday, September 11, a service of more than ordinary interest, in that it commemorated the 100th. anniversary of the pastoral settlement over the parish, which then included the present towns of Derry and Londonderry, of the Rev. Edward L. Parker, whose ministry there covered a period of forty years, and was characterized by a measure of success, as determined by all gen-

uine tests, unsurpassed in the religious history of the state.

The spacious church, whose handsome interior had been fittingly decorated for the occasion, was filled to its entire capacity by the great audience in attendance, which included not only the regular congregation, but those of the Central Congregational Church of Derry Village and the Presbyterian Church of Londonderry, together with large delegations from various other churches that had been invited to be present.

The exercises included: Organ prelude, Miss Montgomery, organist; invocation, Rev. J. H. Knott; "Rejoice, the Lord is King," choir; Responsive reading, Ninety-first

Psalm; singing, Congregation; scripture reading, Prof. George W. Bingham; Te Deum, choir; Prayer, Rev. C. L. Merriam; response, solo, "Face to Face," Mr. Robert C. Gilbert; Offertory, Cello solo, Bartlett Shepard; address, the pastor, Rev. Frederick I. Kelley; biographical sketch, Mr. Clifton W. Tyson; Singing; Benediction, Rev. L. H. Adams.

The choir for the occasion was a double quartet consisting of Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard, and Miss Edith Clark, sopranos; Mrs. Clifton W. Tyson and Miss Mabel Berry, contraltos; Frederick J. Shepard, Jr. and Allan Bartlett Shepard, tenors and Frederick C. Saure and Robert C. Gilbert, basses.

Among those present was the only living descendant of the Rev. Edward L. Parker, bearing the family name, Charles Gorham Parker, a great-grandson, now a member of the U. S. Coast survey, attached to the U. S. S. Eagle, soon to go on a winter cruise among the Carribean islands, who was granted special leave of absence for the occasion.

Following are the essential portions of the biographical sketch of Rev. Edward L. Parker, presented by Clifton W. Tyson:

Our simple purpose in assembling here today is to pay tribute to the memory of a man whose existence and good works began, continued and terminated within the space of two generations, or just before he had completed the 65th year of his age. Born within a few miles of this spot, approximately forty years of the period named were devoted to spiritual ministrations in this parish and the preaching of the divine gospel from this pulpit. His influence was so pronounced and his merits so conspicuous that the people of this community, sixty years after his death feel justified in joining in a reverential service in commemoration of his installation as pastor 100 years ago tomorrow. In doing this we feel that we properly assign to him the place to which he is en-

titled on the rolls of noble men, the memory of whose good works is destined to extend far beyond the century limit.

Edward Lutwyche Parker was born in Litchfield, N. H., July 28, 1785. His father, Jonathan Parker, was a medical practitioner of that place; and his grandfather, Thomas Parker, was a minister at Dracut, Mass., both being graduates of Harvard college. Dr. Parker died in September, 1791, leaving a widow and ten children, and of this group, Edward was the youngest son, the infant being a daughter. Thus at 6 years of age, with only a childish memory of his father, his moral training was wholly subject to maternal care. His biographers describe him as an active, energetic boy, inherently possessed of which caused him to become the family favorite. The educational opportunities in this section of New England were at that time quite limited and the course of studies meagre. But he acquired with aptness all that was available in rudimentary knowledge, and when 12 years old entered the store of an older brother at Bedford, N. H., as a clerk.

Even at this early period he revealed by his conduct, under peculiarly trying conditions, evidences of extraordinary strength of character. The locality was the home and meeting place of numbers of persons employed in boating and rafting lumber on the Merrimack river. Their manner of living was coarse, and their language vulgar and profane. Ardent spirits of the most intoxicating quality were freely used and prepared in various seductive forms, and Mr. Parker subsequently admitted that during the period of his service there he was required to dispense hogsheds of these concoctions. Meanwhile, however, he firmly guarded himself against personal indulgence, the contraction of any vicious habits and any acts of impiety. On the contrary his young mind was deeply impressed by the brutalizing and revolting scenes of which he was a daily

witness, and as a result of these experiences, though never a fanatical reformer, he came to be a zealous advocate of any practical means calculated to remedy the evils of intemperance.

After three years spent in these surroundings his brother failed in business, and the youth of 15 removed to the home of another brother at Topsham, Me., where he was employed as a clerk in an apothecary shop. Here again he encountered the vice of intemperance, on perhaps a more refined scale, but accompanied by that of gambling. But his will had gained tensity from his previous experience. He sternly resisted every temptation, and at last disgusted by the daily and nightly scenes of debauchery and immorality of his abiding place, he surrendered his position and returned to his home in New Hampshire, walking the entire distance of 150 miles in the month of March.

Finding no employment available he started forth into the world once more with the consent of his friends, but without any particular destination in mind. Arriving at Billerica, Mass., he apprenticed himself to a shoemaker, but the occupation proved ill-suited to his active temperament and once more he returned to his home discouraged but not despairing. Shortly thereafter, he and a brother purchased a wood lot, removed the lumber to the river and marketed it by rafting.

He was now 17 years old, and although his education in the school room was very limited, he had found time to acquire general knowledge sufficient to enable him to accept a position as a teacher in a district school at Derryfield, now the city of Manchester, where he served throughout two winter seasons. By industry and thrift he had accumulated a small fund, and being determined to acquire a more complete education he entered what was then known as the academy at Londonderry, presided

over by Samuel Burnham, M. A., distinguished both as a gentleman and teacher. At that time the Rev. Jonathan Brown occupied this pulpit, and the youth boarded in the family of the preacher. Here his receptive mind yielded readily to the religious influences of the home and the church. But it was a period of discord in the parish, and finally he withdrew from both the academy and the home of Dr. Brown and passed under the



Late Rev. Edward L. Parker

instruction of the Rev. Dr. Wood of Boscawen, N. H. with a view to preparing for a course in college. He originally had contemplated the adoption of the medical profession, but while under the care of Dr. Wood he united himself with the church, and shortly thereafter his serious mind seemed directed more and more towards the ministry. His only means of support in the interim were derived from teaching school. He made additions to his savings, however, and two years and three months after beginning his studies at the Londonderry academy, he entered the junior class in Dartmouth college, making the journey to Hanover on foot, and carrying his personal belongings with

him. In college he ranked high as a scholar, and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. It is recorded of him by a classmate, that "he possessed a mind of a high order, strong and quick of apprehension; but his piety gave luster to his character. He was exemplary, devout, humble and cheerful, and in conversation and demeanor, pleasant and courteous."

While pursuing the regular college course he took advantage of the opportunities afforded to study the principles of theology. Meanwhile supported himself by teaching both in the district schools and as a private family instructor. At times he endured much privation, but his persistence triumphed and he graduated in 1807 near the close of his 21st. year. His choice of a life occupation was now to be made, and having determined to follow the ministry as a profession, he continued his theological studies at Hanover until Oct. 29, 1807, when he was licensed to preach, by a committee of the Grafton Presbytery.

He was essentially systematic and methodical in his habits from the days of his youth to the time of his death. While his chief object in these early days was the study of theology he devoted three hours a day to mathematics and languages. He began his intellectual culture at 5:30 o'clock every morning and 11:30 at night was the regular hour established for retirement and rest. Intervening hours were allotted to labor for his support. Among other difficulties which he set out to overcome was an impediment in his speech. One hour each day was devoted to the subjugation of this physical obstacle to his success as a preacher, and the affection was finally overcome.

In the spring of 1808 and before the completion of his 23d year, we find him incidentally in charge of an academy at Salisbury, N. H., where he remained six months, residing in the home of the Rev. Thomas Worcester, pastor of the church there.

Thence he removed to Columbia, Conn., where he began his career as preacher. After an experimental service of several months he was invited to remain as pastor, but he decided upon a further course of study and declined the call. He removed to Salem, Mass., and placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Worcester, the first secretary of the American board, whom he assisted in ministerial and parochial work, at the same time teaching a school connected with the society. He remained there one year, boarding in the family of his preceptor. During that period he frequently passed through this parish, then known as the East parish of Londonderry, on visits to friends in his early home in Litchfield, and on some of these occasions he was invited to supply this pulpit. Finally he received a call to become the regular pastor, and on Sept. 12, 1810, just a century ago, he was ordained. His friend and former instructor, Dr. Worcester of Salem, Mass., preached the sermon. Among other things he said: "We have the pleasing confidence that our young brother will prove to be an ascension-gift, a good man and full of the Holy Ghost, an able and faithful minister of the New Testament. This confidence we have not taken up lightly; it has resulted from what we have seen and known, and with respect to some of us, at least, it has been strengthened and confirmed by intimate and endearing acquaintance."

His entire life was intimately welded with every home in this parish which for thirty years of his ministry comprised four hundred families and nearly 2000 souls, and it was said of and confirmed by him that he knew the name of every child in the parish. He was constant and methodical in visits among the people even those most distant from the church. His interest in the young was marked as well as in the higher educational institutions in the town. He was a trustee in the Pinkerton academy

and the Adams Female academy from the date of their establishment and the president of both boards at the time of his death.

As to his characteristics he is described as a man of sound judgment who planned all things intelligently and judicially. He was neither radical nor conservative, but always practical and being an exceptionally good judge of human nature his estimates of character were ordinarily correct. Naturally tactful and prudent, though never timid he was resourceful in foiling prejudice and quieting discord. His piety was uniform and unemotional, his manners were gentle and sympathetic without effusiveness. He strove by kindness to win the affections of his people and thus prepare their minds for the truth as he accepted and administered it. He was not a theological controversialist or disputant over creeds. His aim was not so much to make theologians as Christians, not so much to give theoretical as practical instruction. It is said that he was not an eloquent but an earnest preacher. Many of his sermons were printed and a review of them justifies this criticism. But their earnestness was of a quality that carried conviction.

On April 22, 1819, he preached what was styled a "century sermon" in commemoration of the settlement of Londonderry. The preparation of the manuscript required much research and its publication excited general interest. Though frequently urged to amplify this address into a complete history, he did not undertake the task until about five years before his death. He had substantially completed four of the six chapters and arranged the material for the remaining two chapters and the appendix when he died. The work was edited by his son, Edward P. Parker, and his son-in-law, Samuel H. Taylor, principal of Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., and published in 1851.

It was just after the beginning of

this that he had forewarnings of an organic ailment. Cautioned by his physicians against over-exertion, he nevertheless pursued unremittingly his pastoral and literary work, though conscious of the possibility of the sudden termination of his life. He continued cheerful, however, and frequently conferred with those nearest to him respecting the carrying forward of plans in the event of his death.

On Sunday, July 14, 1850, he exchanged with the pastor in the lower village, preaching both in the morning and the afternoon. Returning home at the close of the second service he later attended a religious meeting in a distant schoolhouse, going thither alone by horse and carriage. When about a mile and a half from home on his way back the horse suddenly fell. Recognizing in his dilemma the impossibility of raising the horse to his feet unaided he hurriedly ran down the road to a nearby house to find someone to assist him. Mr. Clark, a neighbor and friend, responded, hastening to the scene of the accident in advance of Mr. Parker. The latter returned slowly, after explaining to Mr. Clark that a severe pain in the region of the heart had resulted from his over-exertion. He finally reached the place where the horse lay and had just begun to render what aid he could when he uttered a groan and fell forward, being caught in the arms of Mr. Clark before reaching the ground. He drew a single breath and was dead, and in the Sabbath twilight his body was borne to his home on the bosom of his youngest son. His sudden death was a shock to the community in which he was so highly esteemed, and the funeral ceremonies on the following Wednesday were characterized by evidences of the most profound grief. A modest monument of granite bearing an appropriate inscription was shortly thereafter erected by his parishioners on the spot in the leafy shadows of the solitude where their beloved pastor had fallen

by the wayside, in the service of and wearing the peaceful armor of his Master.

Thus lived and died the Rev. Edward L. Parker, whose life work in

this parish we are here assembled to commemorate, leaving behind him with his people, to quote a single line from Shakespeare.

"A testament of noble-ending love."

## In an Art Gallery

*By Mary Currier Rolofson*

### I

Before me is a lady with a fan,  
 In evening dress of soft and filmy white;  
 Above, a child's round face, with joy alight;  
 And near I see, with puffed-out cheek of tan,  
 Playing upon a reed, the wood-god, Pan;  
 A mountain stream that dashes from the height;  
 A stormy coast with seagulls far in flight;  
 A portrait of a military man.  
 And more I see—fair scenes from many lands,  
 Sunrise, and sunset, moonlight on the falls,  
 A gipsy girl, a beach with shining sands,  
 And ivy growing on the castle walls.  
 Beauty is here, of color, form, and thought  
 With wondrous skill upon the canvas wrought.

### II

I cross the gallery with footstep light,  
 New scenes of beauty eagerly to scan.  
 A rustic bridge that doth a streamlet span,  
 A maiden and an armed and mounted knight;  
 But none of these, nor autumn's glory bright,  
 Nor hurried gathering of the highland clan,  
 Doth hold me like the lady with the fan  
 In evening dress of soft and filmy white.  
 How sad thou art, with all thy gems and lace!  
 Thou hast no tears, thy sorrow lies too deep.  
 'Twas long ago those lovely eyes did weep,  
 But still thy hopeless longing haunts thy face.  
 Would I could bring thy heart's desire to thee!  
 How radiant then thy transformed face would be!

Seaborn Cotton  
John Cotton  
Nathaniel Gookin

Address at the Dedication of a Memorial Stone to the  
Above, by the New Hampshire Society of Colonial  
Dames, at Hampton, September 8, 1910

*By Alfred Gooding, Minister of the South Parish, Portsmouth, N. H.\**

These are three interesting figures out of the early history of New England whose memory is celebrated here today by the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames, through the dedication of a monument bearing their names. They were all ministers of the Gospel in a time when the minister was the most learned person in the community and his opinion upon almost all subjects was considered authoritative—a time when there were no lectures, no literary clubs, no reading rooms, no public libraries, when newspapers and books were few, and the Sunday service offered the only opportunity of the week for intellectual exercise and was the only source of important and enlightening ideas. I trust that the minister is still an important and useful member of society, but he does not hold the unique position which he held in those early days; he is no longer the sole repository of knowledge; with the widespread diffusion of learning his sort of monopoly has ceased to be.

With all these great responsibilities resting upon him how important it was that the old time minister should

be a man of education as well as of natural ability. The early settlers of New England realized this, and in 1636 Harvard College was founded by them for the express purpose of providing for the churches a learned ministry. They said "After God had carried us safe to New England and wee had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government; one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity: dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." (New England's First Fruits, 1643.) Even in the smallest and remotest towns the preacher was sure to be a graduate of Harvard College. With a single exception every one of my predecessors in Portsmouth was a Harvard or Yale graduate; and these three ministers in Hampton, whom we commemorate today, had taken the degree at Harvard when they were settled here.

The first of these admirable examples of the Puritan minister was

\*The occasion of this address was the dedication of a memorial stone, erected by the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames, in Pine Grove Cemetery, in the town of Hampton, in commemoration of the three ministers above named. The stone is a handsome tablet, recumbent upon three granite supports, and engraved with the names of the ministers, dates of their births and deaths, of their graduation from Harvard College and of their ministries in Hampton, with the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The dedicatory exercises were held in the Hampton church, and included the following: Singing of ode; prayer, Rev. Mr. Parkington; address, Rev. Alfred Gooding; hymn; presentation of tablet to town of Hampton by Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke, president of the Society of Colonial Dames; acceptance by Mr. Lewis Perkins for the town; remarks by Hon. Henry M. Baker of Bow, president of the Society of Colonial Wars; benediction.

Seaborn Cotton, son of a famous father, John Cotton, of the First Church in Boston. He was born at sea, August 12, 1633, on the ship *Griffin* which brought his parents to America. In a list of Harvard graduates of the year 1651, given in Cotton Mather's "*Magnalia*," his name appears ingeniously Latinized as "*Marigena Cottonus*." I like the name both in its English and its Latin form. In an age when the Bible was the chief source of personal names so that the Historian Cleveland could say of Cromwell, only a few years later, that "he hath beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament—you may know the genealogy of our Saviour by the names of his regiment. The muster-master hath no other list than the first chapter of St. Matthew." In such an age what originality, what a sense of the poetic and the fitting, was shown by the parents who named their child, born at sea, "Seaborn."

I wish that we knew the details of his ministerial life. He was settled in Hampton in 1657 at a salary of sixty-five pounds (afterwards increased to eighty pounds), a parsonage and the use of a farm of two hundred acres. No sermon by him exists in print. He apparently kept no record of church affairs or statistics; only a few memoranda of events, a membership list and the like, were found among his papers. What a pity that a ministry of thirty-one years should have been so scantily recorded. The only contemporary mention of him that we have is a brief word by his nephew, the famous Cotton Mather, who says in his "*Magnalia*" that he "was esteemed a thorough scholar and an able preacher," and that he especially abominated the Pelagian heresy. He married twice and had a noble family of eleven children.

At the death of Seaborn Cotton, in 1686, his oldest son, John Cotton, was invited to take his father's place as minister in Hampton. He did so temporarily but could not be per-

suaded to become permanent pastor until ten years later. Perhaps he objected to the idea of hereditary office in the ministry, but after the lapse of ten years he yielded to the urgent wishes of the people and entered upon a happy and successful ministry of thirteen years, terminated by his sudden death caused by apoplexy in 1710. It was said of him by a writer in the *Boston News Letter* that "he was very much and deservedly beloved and esteemed . . . for his eminent piety and great learning, his excellent preaching, his Catholic principles and universal charity, his profitable, pleasant, virtuous and delightful conversation, and for his generous hospitality to strangers. . . . He was an honor to his country where he was born and the college where he was bred and the family from whence he came." He married Anne Lake and brought up a family of eight children. Unlike his father he could not bequeath his ministry at Hampton to a son, but he did the next best thing—he provided his successor with a wife in the person of his oldest daughter, Dorothy. Nathaniel Gookin who became the minister in Hampton in 1710, married Dorothy Cotton, and of their thirteen children Nathaniel, Jr., was subsequently settled over the church at North Hampton—a curious instance of the transmission of the pastoral office in the same community from one generation to another of the same family for nearly a hundred years.

Nathaniel Gookin was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1703, and was ordained at Hampton, November 15, 1710. One of my predecessors, Rev. William Emerson, then settled at Newcastle, gave the right hand of fellowship on that occasion. We have a portrait of him by which he appears to have been a man of remarkably noble and dignified bearing, qualities characteristic also, it is said, of Mr. Gookin, of whom the governor of the Province once declared that he had never met a man



of such extraordinary dignity. There are extant printed copies of the sermons which he wrote on the occasion of the great earthquake in 1727, the first of which he delivered only a few hours prior to the event, from the text, "The day of trouble is near." In this sermon he expresses a foreboding that something terrible is about to happen. In the evening came the violent shock which threw the people of the town into the utmost terror. Afterwards recalling the sermon of their minister they felt that he was possessed of the gift of true prophecy, and, though not to his own liking, he became commonly known as "the prophet." On his tombstone we read that "he was a judicious divine, a celebrated preacher, a most vigilant and faithful pastor, a bright ornament of learning and religion, an excellent pattern of piety, charity and hospitality." He died in 1734 at the age of forty-eight.

To the memory of these three excellent ministers it is truly fitting that a stone should be erected by a society many of whose members trace their ancestry back to men like the Cottons who represented in those early days the cause of learning and

piety. To them and their people religion was the supreme interest of life. No theme was so absorbing as the profound problems of theology. Hour after hour the people sat upon backless benches in the icy atmosphere of a New England winter and the unshaded glare of a New England summer, while the preacher discussed the obscure intricacies of the freedom of the will, or set forth the remote purposes of the Almighty. We view with amazement their powers of physical and mental endurance. Who of us could stand through a prayer lasting from two to three hours in a temperature so low that the bread upon the Communion Table froze solid? Fortunately conditions have changed and we are no longer required to worship God in such discomfort and danger. But we cannot refuse our tribute of respect and admiration to those who endured the hardships of a primitive life and never faltered in their faithfulness and piety; and we do well to celebrate the memory of their spiritual leaders, such men of learning and character as they whose useful lives we have briefly recalled here this morning.

## The Streamlet v. the Stream of Life

*By H. A. B.*

Look yonder at that silver stream;  
See how it ripples on its way,  
'Mid banks that with flowerets teem,  
Down rugged steeps, o'er mounds of clay.

Methinks I hear its murmurs low,  
As through the sunny vale it glides,  
Exclaim: "Here let me cease to flow;  
"Here let repose my ebbing tides."

But no; right on it still must pass,  
Through valley green and mossy mead,  
By hillocks and by lawns of grass—  
Its final rest in ocean's bed.

Thus down the stream of life we glide,  
From youth to manhood, age and pain;  
We cannot check the ceaseless tide,  
That bears us onward to the main.

Then with resolve to nobly do  
Life's mission here, wher'er we roam,  
Let us prepare ourselves to pass  
The portal of that blissful home.

## The Old Hill-Path

*By Alice D. O. Greenwood*

Through fields and wooded pasture,  
By a noisy water fall,  
Where moss grew rank on the boulders,  
And vines on the old stone wall,  
The path led down to the meadow,  
Where the brook went winding through,  
Then wandered away to the old mill-dam,  
Where the sweet pond lilies grew.

There hemlock, birch and alder,  
Stood close along the brink,  
And just beyond was a shady pool  
Where the cattle came to drink.  
Oft I recall the picture;  
It haunts my memory still,  
The winding path, the meadow brook,  
And the old house on the hill.

Dusk—and dew—and twilight—  
Myriads of twinkling stars—  
And the patient cows still waiting,  
Down by the pasture bars.  
Dusk—and dew—and twilight  
Scent of a rose in bloom—  
Moonlight gilding the old hill-path,  
And flooding my attic room!



# New Hampshire Necrology

## HON. NATHAN C. JAMESON

Hon. Nathan Cleaves Jameson of Antrim, one of the most prominent citizens of that town, long known as an active leader in the councils of the Democratic party of the State, and particularly notable because of his brilliant leadership in the memorable campaign of 1906, when the Republican party failed to elect its gubernatorial candidate by popular vote, died at his residence in that town, after a long illness covering practically the entire period from the campaign in question up to the date of his decease, on the morning of August 27, 1910.

Mr. Jameson was the eldest son of the late Nathan C. W. and Caroline E. (Mixer) Jameson. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., May 4, 1849, but was brought by his parents to Antrim, his father's native town, when two years of age. He attended the public schools and Henniker and Phillips Exeter Academies, and at seventeen years of age went to Boston and entered business in the hat, cap and fur trade, where he continued until 1879, when he removed to New York City and engaged in the straw goods commission business, which he pursued for twenty years, until compelled to retire on account of impaired health, returning to his home in Antrim, where he had retained his legal residence during his entire business career.

A Democrat of strong convictions and earnest devotion to his party's welfare, he has been active in political affairs from early life. He attended the State Conventions, and was frequently a member of the State Committee, participating actively in the conduct of campaigns. He served as moderator of town and school meetings in Antrim, and was chosen to the legislature in 1875 and 1876. During his service in that body, being obliged to be absent on account of business duties for seventeen days of the session, he returned to the State treasury \$51, being the amount of his pay for the time covered by his absence, at the then established compensation of \$3 per day—a demonstration of honesty that may well be commended to delinquent legislators of the present day, but an example that has never been followed. He was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1876, and represented his district in the State Senate in 1887, receiving the votes of his Democratic associates for President against Frank D. Currier, who was elected by the Republican majority. It was during his service in the Senate at this time that he introduced a bill prohibiting free passes on railroads, long before any public agitation in regard to the "free pass evil," strongly urging its passage,

though but a single Senator aside from himself supported the measure on the final vote. He also introduced the bill at this session which passed both branches and became a law, making election day a legal holiday.

Mr. Jameson was an alternate delegate in the Democratic National Convention of 1892, and a nominee of his party for presidential elector in 1896 and 1900. His remarkable campaign as the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1906, against Charles M. Floyd, when he defeated a choice by the people, notwithstanding a Republican majority of some ten thousand on the general ticket, is still fresh in the minds of the people.

In his religious affiliation Mr. Jameson was a member of the Presbyterian church at Antrim, and was deeply interested in its welfare and the general interests of the denomination, giving liberally of his time, strength and money in support of the same. As a citizen he was public spirited and commanded the confidence and respect of his townsmen, regardless of party or sect. He married, March 15, Idabel Butler, a daughter of John D. Butler of Bennington, who survives him, with three sons and a daughter, —John B., of Antrim, present chairman of the Democratic State Committee; Robert W. and Dr. James W., of New York, and Isabel B. An extended biographical sketch of Mr. Jameson, with portrait, appeared in the Granite Monthly for November 1906.

## FREDERICK H. DANIELL

Frederick H. Daniell, eldest son of City Clerk Frank H. Daniell of Franklin, born May 4, 1862, died July 28, 1910.

Mr. Daniell was educated at the Franklin High School, and on completing his studies entered the office of the Sulloway Mills in that city, continuing through life in the employ of the company, and serving for nearly twenty-five years as manager and superintendent. He was also a member of the board of directors. He was a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank, and had also served many years as treasurer of the Franklin Free Public Library Association. He was a director of the Peterboro & Hillsboro Railroad, and of the Dominion Chemical Co., and a member of the Franklin Board of Trade. He was active in the affairs of the Unitarian Church at Franklin, and a member of its finance committee. Fraternally he was connected with the Masons and United Workmen. Politically he was a consistent Democrat. He is survived by a wife, one son, William Barnard, and one daughter, Marguerite.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

An executive appointment which has commanded public approval more generally than any other made in the State for many years is that, recently announced, of Hon. John M. Mitchell of Concord, to the vacancy on the bench of the Superior Court caused by the death of Associate Justice Charles F. Stone of Laconia. Mr. Mitchell is a native of the town of Plymouth, 61 years of age. He studied law with the late Hon. Harry Bingham of Littleton, and was associated with him in practice for many years. He has won an enviable reputation in his profession and the confidence of his fellow citizens of all parties in the State, in the highest measure. His appointment to the bench comes as a well-merited honor for himself, and a happy surprise to the people, by whom it had not generally been supposed he would make the financial sacrifice involved in the acceptance of the position.

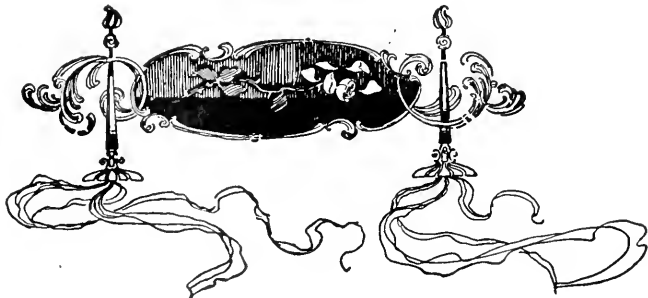
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There has just been issued from the Rumford Press, in a handsome octavo volume of over 500 pages, a memorial to the late Hon. Harry Bingham of Littleton, for the preparation and publication of which provision was made in his will, Judge Edgar Aldrich and Hon. A. S. Batchellor of Littleton

and Hon. John M. Mitchell of Concord, being named as literary executors. The primary purpose of the publication was the collection and presentation, in compact form, of the occasional addresses, essays and arguments of the deceased. Along with these have been included a biographical sketch, press tributes, bar eulogies, and comprehensive chapters upon his political writings and legislative service, the latter being more extended than that of any other man in the State. The editorial work has been done by H. H. Metcalf, under the direction of the executors. The volume is intended for gratuitous distribution among the personal friends and political and professional associates of Mr. Bingham and the leading public libraries.

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The candidates for both great parties are now in the field; the state conventions have been held, the platforms adopted and the state committees chosen. These latter will soon be fully organized, and the political campaign fully under way. It is fortunate that it cannot be long continued, and the indications are that it will not be particularly exciting. Most men have fully made up their minds how they will vote, if at all; but not all are talking about it.







CLARENCE E. CARR  
of Andover.

Democratic Candidate for Governor of New Hampshire

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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OCTOBER, 1910 NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, No. 10

## Clarence E. Carr

### Democratic Candidate for Governor of New Hampshire—His View of the Issues

An extended sketch of Hon. Clarence E. Carr, candidate of the Democratic party for governor of New Hampshire, is unnecessary at this time, since one was presented two years ago. Suffice it to say for the present purpose, that, Mr. Carr is thoroughly and distinctively a New Hampshire man. He was born in Enfield, January 31, 1853. His home has been in Andover since 1863. He was educated in the schools and academies in Andover, New London and Meriden, and Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1875.

He read law in the office of the Hon. John M. Shirley at Andover. For a year before his admission to the bar in 1878 he had been admitted to partnership with Mr. Shirley.

In 1882, owing to impaired health, he retired from the practice of the law, and entered the home manufacturing business, which had been established by his family at Andover, and in the following year he was admitted to the firm of Baker, Carr & Co. For years he has been the manager of the factory.

There has never been a strike at the factory. Its force numbers men who have worked there thirty, thirty-five and forty-five years. Mr. Carr's firm voluntarily placed its men on a fifty-eight-hour schedule many years before the present fifty-eight-hour law was enacted. Accidents to employes have been few; when they have occurred, the injured men have

been put to work without loss of pay. The question of employers' liability has been solved practically, on lines of common sense and mutual good will and good faith.

From his youth Mr. Carr has been interested in public affairs. At the age of 23 he was elected from Andover to the state House of Representatives. He served in the sessions of 1878-'79, in the first year on the committee on normal school, in the latter year as a member of the judiciary committee and as chairman of the special railway committee.

In 1902 he was president of the Democratic state convention, his speech on that occasion being one of the most forceful political addresses delivered in New Hampshire in many years. Another noteworthy address was that in which he presented the name of the Hon. Nathan C. Jameson to the convention of 1906. He has long been a member of the executive committee of the Democratic state committee, and in 1908, previous to his first nomination for governor, he served as chairman of the state committee.

Two years ago, when Associate Justice George H. Bingham of the Supreme Court had declined the nomination for governor, tendered

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NOTE. The GRANITE MONTHLY is a non-partisan publication. It advocates the cause of no party and no candidate; but its pages are open for the publication of biographical sketches of candidates of all parties, and their own statements of position upon public questions. Mr. Bass had the same opportunity as Mr. Carr, in this regard, but has not seen fit to avail himself thereof.

him by the Democratic state convention, the choice of the executive committee, upon whom devolved the duty of selecting the head of the ticket, fell upon Mr. Carr. A busy man, of many and important interests, at great personal sacrifice he heeded the call and accepted a nomination he had not sought.

Necessarily the campaign was short, but it was clean cut and effective. Against the traditional odds of a presidential year in New Hampshire he cut the plurality of Henry B. Quinby, Republican candidate for governor, to 3,244, and his lead over all other candidates to 711. Taft for president had a plurality of 19,494.

In the work of reform in New Hampshire, Mr. Carr has borne an important part. He was active in the winter of 1907-'08, in the fight before the State Board of Equalization for an adequate railroad tax.

He is a trustee of the half-million dollar John H. Pearson fund, devoted to charitable and educational purposes. Though most of the fund is invested in Concord and Montreal Railroad stock, Mr. Carr has never swerved from his position that the railroads should bear their just share of the public burden. He is also a trustee of the Proctor fund for cemetery, educational and charitable purposes in the town of Andover.

Mr. Carr's position upon the issues of the day are succinctly and forcibly set forth in his address at East Jaffrey, on Monday, September 12, immediately after his unanimous nomination at the primaries, in the following terms:

#### MR. CARR'S ADDRESS.

In the political campaign of 1910 we have before us questions which challenge our courage, our patience and our patriotism.

In the solution of those relative to taxation it will be necessary for us to decide whether by amendment to existing laws or otherwise we will continue our present course, or whether we will recognize changed conditions, and in accordance with economic truth provide a reasonable remedy. Our manner of taxation is worn and inadequate.

It admirably fitted tax conditions when adopted, when agriculture was our chief and almost only industry, and the question was not how to conserve our forests and natural resources, but how to get rid of our forests, and when our weak and individual manufacturing industries were the objects of our solicitude and protection. These conditions have changed and we now need constitutional changes and laws that will enable us to get the most revenue from intangibles, will better protect our forests and natural resources, and will equalize tax burdens. We must eliminate corporate domination from our political system, and so far as humanly possible conserve and protect all our industries alike, and all our people.

Let me call attention to some of these questions which have been and are living vital issues—issues for which we have stood, and stand; issues we have written into our platforms; issues for which we have fought; issues which we have compelled our adversaries in a measure to adopt; issues which it is our purpose to still contend for and press home, and which have partially won and will completely win the confidence and support of the people of this state.

(1) We have largely abolished the baneful free-pass system by prohibiting the distribution and use of free passes in certain instances (and must complete our work by going farther, even into the directorate of leased roads which are padded with attorneys and political workers, nominally officers of them, but really put there for another purpose).

In cases where the law has apparently been violated has any one thus far heard of the punishment of the offenders?

No corporation has any right to take a franchise with which to break the law. We can practically solve the trust question by enacting and enforcing a statute providing individual liability for corporate violation of law.

(2) A strict enforcement of the anti-lobby laws and their amendment if found inadequate.

(3) Amendment to the primary law limiting the expenses of candidates for the various offices, so that vast wealth alone cannot put true merit to such a disadvantage as to render its success well-nigh impossible. The expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars in a mayoralty election contest, or ten thousand dollars in a gubernatorial primary contest in New Hampshire, is not in accord with the spirit of republican institutions, will not in the end give the best executive or legislative ability, is repugnant to the people, and is in effect the transfer of the expenditure of large sums of money used in the past to influence conventions to its legalized use in exploiting candidates under the present law. There will be found little to choose between these methods. Hence, the need of the restriction of expenses to reasonable



amounts, whether paid be the individual or the state, and the supervision and regulation of them.

#### *Equalization of Taxation.*

(4) This is one of the most important questions, upon which our policy thus far has been clear, progressive, safe, equitable and fair, having for its object a "square deal" for everybody and all kinds of property, and an abolition of special favors which have long obtained in New Hampshire. This is a subject for much candid discussion. It is not expected that an ideal result will be reached, but conditions which have obtained and now exist will be largely remedied.

#### *Employers' Liability Law.*

(5) A fair law which will be immediate and so far as possible automatic in its action, to the end that the laws' delays may be avoided and the money paid by the employer go directly to the injured party.

(6) Compulsory and detailed reports of the public utility corporations to the board of equalization, and their publicity, and publicity of proceedings of the board and their conclusions in fixing valuations and rates of taxation. It is not only essential that the valuation and methods of fixing it be fair and just, but that all have the opportunity to know what it is because of the public nature of such corporations and the public rights and interests in them.

If the public reports yearly made by them to their stockholders and to the railroad and other commissions are harmless, the above required publicity of these reports will be likewise harmless; if truthful in one case no harm can come from the publication in another. Moreover, the people have the right, in exchange for valuable franchises granted, to know and compare them with other valuations which are public.

(7) A halt should be made in the construction of state boulevards until an investigation can be made of our methods of construction and the reported appalling cost for necessary repairs to which we shall be subjected. Half a million dollars have been spent upon them. Men from all over the state should come to the state conventions prepared to report conditions in their respective localities, so as to have the benefit of wide knowledge and united wisdom. Judging from reports of the bad condition of some of them, the almost complete destruction of others, the burden of keeping them in repair will be so great that the state will have to assume it, as no rural community at least will be able to meet it. Moreover, unless this class of roads is to be extended by cross connections, so as practically to reach and benefit a large majority of our towns—in short, if they are for pleasure automobiling mainly—it may be a grave question whether they are to be a benefit or a burden, an asset

or a liability. At least we should learn how to best construct them, and should learn the probable cost of their maintenance before plunging ahead and spending the rest of the money appropriated under the law.

Forty-two thousand dollars received this year from automobile license fees, in addition to taxes placed on them in towns, is a goodly sum, which may be materially increased; but even if we assume that these roads are mainly for automobiling parties, it will not do to make the license on them prohibitory if we expect therefrom to get any considerable sum toward maintenance of boulevards.

#### *Conservation of Our Natural Forces and Political Rights.*

(8) The question—not new, but in recent years brought forcibly to our attention both in state and nation—is one of conservation. We are confining our attention somewhat to material things. It is generally agreed that we should do what we can for the conservation of New Hampshire forests and natural resources. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that the accomplishment of this object will require individual, town, state and national coöperation. It must be done by reforestation and the establishment of state nurseries for that purpose; tax regulation; united and desperate work against gypsy and brown-tail moths, and systematic work against pests generally; perhaps public ownership of large and probably scattered tracts of land; individual cultivation and harvestation of the tree crop, like any other; and protection against forest fires.

Forest fires the country over are nearly if not quite as destructive to our lumber as the cutting of it. This is a needless waste. No time should be lost in the enactment of a law making it obligatory to burn the brush as fast as timber is cut—possibly as fast as every tree is cut. This will add to the price of lumber today, but it will make it cheaper and the supply greater for the consumer in twenty years from today. This is not my thought, but the wisdom of a man who has probably cut as much lumber, if not more, than any man in the state of New Hampshire.

We should conserve the productiveness of our farms and the value of their products by adopting means for the spread of agricultural knowledge and such instruction in agricultural methods as will bring home to every farmer on his farm the advantage and necessity therefor. This will cost money but will pay. The beauty of New Hampshire is no less an asset than her material wealth, a fact that should not be forgotten in the conservation of her forests and natural resources.

No less important is the conservation of our popular rights. We must conserve the rights of the state in transportation facilities with just compensation to stockholders. We

must conserve that republican form of government guaranteed to the states by our fundamental law, the right of the people to regulate their own affairs which have been arrogated by other forces and interests. One system of conservation conduces to human happiness and the other to human freedom, and one is useless without the other.

(9) So far as it has not been done we should divorce corporate domination from our political system.

The results of the recent corporate campaign in the city of Manchester against Doctor Chalmers and others is certainly illuminating.

(10) A halt in public expenses, or new sources of revenue to meet the increased expenses for debts already incurred and to be incurred under existing laws.

(11) The separation so far as possible of the state tax from all other taxes.

I have not the time to discuss now the other important questions awaiting a wise solution, either by amendment to the laws we have, the enactment of new laws, or otherwise, among which are:

(12) The publication of campaign contributions and expenses.

(13) Educational questions—more important than highways.

(14) Enforcement of labor laws (reasonable for employees and employers).

(15) Genuine local option.

(16) Extension of the authority of the attorney general, if necessary, and sufficient appropriations to protect the rights of the people and of the state in matters pertaining to common carriers, especially extortionate express company rates and the illegal advance in freight rates.

(17) Abolition and consolidation of commissions and reduction in number of commissioners, and direct election of railroad commissioners.

(18) There is another subject which should receive the most careful attention of all

parties and all men. It is the question of exercising economy—not parsimony—in our state expenditures. These expenses have increased out of all proportion to the growth of our state in population or wealth.

Great attention has been paid to the question of how we can increase our revenue, and little to how we can reduce our expenses.

Ways for doing this will suggest themselves, some of which I shall try to point out in this campaign. They may not amount to much singly, but in the aggregate should make a goodly sum, and will be important not only on account of the money saved, but the habit of saving which we should cultivate.

Without an adequate increase in population, wealth, or necessity therefor, we have more than doubled our expenses in the past few years. Add to this the increase of burdens which will flow from a payment of principal and interest, and repairs resulting from the half million expenditure on the state house and the two million expenditure on state automobile boulevards, and we have problems which should interest us seriously and unite all good men in an effort to solve them. These burdens bear most heavily on small owners of property, those taxpayers who pay the largest proportion of the cost of running the state. Add to this the increased cost of living, due to a tariff which in all its baneful effects is still with us, and other sources, and we have a problem which may be settled in a way disquieting to our system.

These are only some of the questions upon which our party will declare its purposes at the coming state convention. We have as a party taken no uncertain attitude upon them. So far as compelled to do so our adversaries have adopted and supported our views. That makes our duty no less clear to proclaim them and force them with all our power until the purpose of the people becomes the law of the land.

## City and Country

*By C. Jennie Swaine*

I think how the stars in glory  
 Shine down on the hills of home,  
 And the winds through the woods are stealing  
 Where in childhood I used to roam;  
 And my heart, with a tender longing,  
 To the dear old home-bower clings  
 When morning steals up from the ocean,  
 As a wild bird spreads her wings.

Here is the roar of the city  
And its streets ablaze with light,  
And so many hearts are aching,  
And so many are glad tonight;  
But there the stars are shining  
On the silence, still and deep,  
As night drops her shadowy curtain  
Where the birds and the violets sleep.

I hear the bells of the steamers  
As they reach the harbor bar,  
And the city awakes in gladness  
As fadeth the morning star;  
But I think of the beautiful uplands,  
And the morning like burnished gold,  
And how they awaken the robins,  
And bid the roses unfold.

Never were nooks of beauty,  
In all this world of ours,  
Like those where the summer sunshine  
Gladdens the wayside flowers;  
Oh, I love the rare exotics  
Of the city gardens fair,  
But the wildflowers of nature's garden  
Hold a beauty more sweet and rare.

We may live in the busy city,  
We may love the peopled street,  
Where the branches of elm and maple  
In shadow and sunshine meet;  
But there ever will be a longing,  
As pitiable as vain,  
For the old oak in the pasture  
And the elm tree in the lane.

O homesick heart in the city!  
Even here is the Father's love;  
The same green earth is beneath you  
And the same sweet stars above;  
In our dreams we still may linger  
At the parting of the ways  
Where we left the friends and the roses,  
And the halcyon summer days.

O the pastures of purple heather,  
And the fields of clover blooms!  
O the brook with its avens and laurel  
And its sweet wild-rose perfumes!  
Tonight, in my dreams, I follow  
The thrush and the robin's wing,  
'Till in the haunts of childhood  
I gather the flowers of spring.



EUGENE E. REED  
of Manchester  
Democratic Candidate for Congress, First New Hampshire District

# Eugene E. Reed

## Democratic Nominee for Congress from the First New Hampshire District

Eugene E. Reed was born in Manchester, April 23, 1866, and was educated in the Manchester schools. He learned the mason's trade with his brother, William A. Reed, subsequently entering the firm of W. A. & E. E. Reed. His health failing, he turned to telegraphy, entering the railroad service and advancing in it until he became a despatcher at the Concord and afterwards at the Manchester office.

In 1899 he was elected alderman from Ward 10, Manchester. The next election saw him returned to the board. In 1903 he was nominated for mayor of the city and elected by a lead of 1,191 votes over his Republican opponent. Three times he has been reelected, the last time by a margin of 1,587 votes.

When he was first elected mayor the tax rate in Manchester was \$2.25 on \$100; and the average rate for six years preceding had been \$2.02. Under six years of his administration the average was \$1.96, a reduction of 6 per cent. for the entire period—"a pretty good dividend on a business administration," as the saving to the city taxpayers has been described.

Under his administration not one dollar's worth of new bonds was issued in this period. During his fourth term as mayor—which will be concluded on the first Tuesday in January, 1911,—an issue of bonds for

\$100,000 has been passed over his veto.

In all his inaugurals he has likened the affairs of the City of Manchester to those of a mammoth business corporation and has advocated and religiously adhered to the pay-as-you-go policy and the exercise of wise economy. The splendid financial credit that the city of Manchester enjoys at the present day is due in no small degree to the wisdom and efficiency of Mayor Reed.

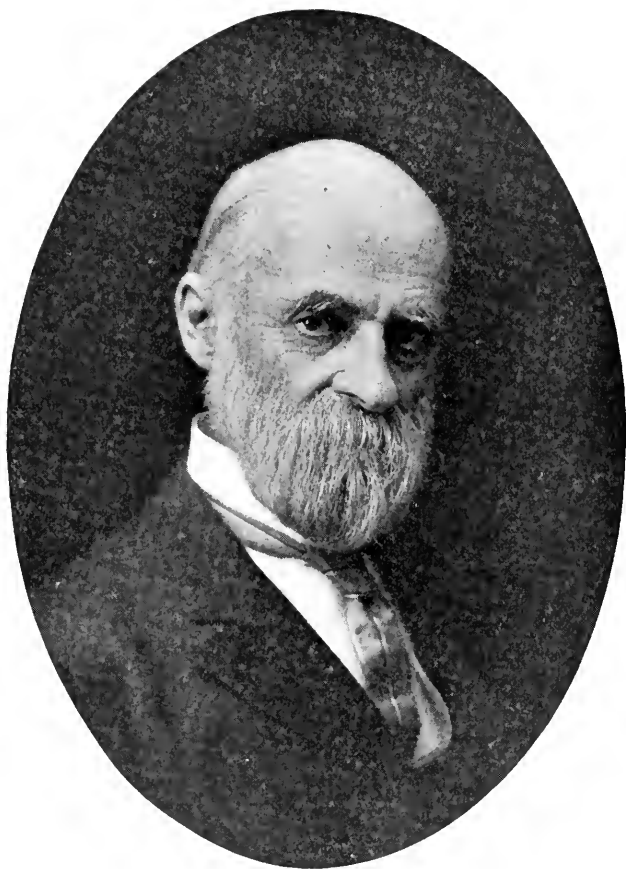
He is the New Hampshire member of the Democratic national committee. He was chairman of the state delegation at the Democratic National Convention in Denver in 1908, at which he was a member of the committee on resolutions. He took a prominent part in the convention proceedings, making two speeches.

He was nominated for Congress without opposition.

He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, the Red Men, the Grange, the Eagles, the New England Order of Protection, the Manchester Historical Society, the Calumet Club, of which he is a past president, and the Derryfield Club of Manchester, and the Boston Athletic Association. He is an attendant at the First Congregational Church, Manchester.

He married Cora L. Fox, a former schoolmate. They have one son, Royden Eugene Reed.





**HENRY H. METCALF**  
of Concord

Democratic Candidate for Congress, Second New Hampshire District

# Henry H. Metcalf

## Democratic Candidate for Congress in the Second New Hampshire District

Henry Harrison Metcalf was born in Newport, N. H., April 7, 1841.

He was reared to farm life; was educated in the public and private schools of Sullivan County and Mount Caesar Seminary at Swanzey; studied law with Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport and at Michigan University Law School, from which he was graduated in 1865; admitted to the bar at Newport in August, 1866.

He entered journalism as editor of the *White Mountain Republic* at Littleton in 1867, and became political editor of *The People*, at Concord, in 1868, continuing four years. He was editor and proprietor of the *White Mountain Republic*, 1872 to 1874; editor and publisher of the *Dover Press* from 1874 to 1879; managing editor of the *Manchester Daily Union* from 1879 to 1882; editor of *The People and New Hampshire Patriot* from 1882 to 1892, since which time he has been editorial writer and correspondent for New Hampshire, Boston and New York papers.

He established the *Granite Monthly* at Dover in 1877, and has since been its editor at various periods. He is now its editor and manager.

He has always been a Democrat and interested in the work of the party. He was a member of every Democratic state convention from 1867 to 1908; secretary of the state committee in 1869 and 1870; delegate to St. Louis convention in 1876; for some time secretary and also chairman of the Concord Democratic city committee; president of state convention in May, 1900. He has been the party's candidate for register

of deeds, mayor, state senator, state treasurer, and secretary of state.

He is a Universalist and present moderator of the parish of the White Memorial Church of Concord; served seven years as superintendent of the Sunday School, and is vice-president of the New Hampshire Universalist Convention.

He has been active in the Grange for a quarter of a century, being a charter member and first lecturer of Capital Grange, Concord, of which he is the present master; served eleven years as lecturer of Merrimack County Pomona Grange and six years as lecturer of the State Grange.

He is a charter member and past regent of Granite State Council, Royal Arcanum; a charter member of the Grand Council and a member of its committee on laws. He is also a member and the historian of the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

He has long been prominent in board of trade work, having served fourteen years as secretary of the Concord Board of Trade (formerly the Commercial Club) and several years past as secretary of the state board.

He married, December 18, 1869, Mary Jane Jackson of Littleton. They have two sons, Harry B., of the editorial staff of the *Boston American*, and Edmund B., of the *Boston Traveler*; and one daughter, Laura P., wife of Harlan C. Pearson of the *Concord Monitor and Statesman*.

He was nominated for Congress without opposition, by the Democrats of the Second district at the recent primary election.

# Have You Heard Pan?

*By Emily E. Cole*

Have you heard Pan piping on his reeds,  
Piping to the Nymphs upon the meads,  
Dancing where the laughing Satyr leads,  
Piping, ever piping on his reeds?  
Hear their laughter, sweet and shrill,  
Where Pan leads them, piping still,  
As they gayly follow after,  
Ever mocking with their laughter.  
Have you heard Pan piping on his reeds?

Have you heard Pan piping in the wood,  
Piping in a reckless, frolic mood;  
Piping to the Dryads 'mong the trees,  
Swinging, swaying lightly with the breeze?  
How the Dryads swing and sway  
As the airs around them play,  
And their laughter, soft and mellow,  
Mocks the merry, lazy fellow.

Have you heard Pan piping on his reeds?

Have you heard Pan piping in the hills,  
Piping to the Nymphs beside the rills,  
Piping as they dance and gayly sing,  
Swaying in a mystic, mazy ring?  
Through the measures of the dance,  
Merry Nymphs, with rogueish glance,  
Mock the music of this fellow  
With their laughter, low and mellow.  
Have you heard Pan piping on his reeds?

# There'll Come A Time

*By Stewart Everett Rowe*

The daylight fades and soft the twilight falls;  
The sweet, glad day is dying, sure but slow;  
The darksome night will soon within its walls  
Imprison far from view the sun's bright glow.

But, up beyond the dark, beyond the night,  
Life's glad sun shines with never ending rays,  
With rays that bid us strive with all our might  
And not lose heart however dark the days.

So let us always keep our cheer and hope,  
Where'er we are—in home or foreign clime—  
And let us not give up and sadly mope,  
For sure, beyond a doubt, "There'll come a time."



# Old Croydon and Its "Old Home Day"

*By An Occasional Contributor*



Spectacle Pond, Croydon Village and Croydon Mountain

The little town of Croydon, in Sullivan County, widely known, of late, from the fact that a goodly share of its territory is embraced within the limits of Blue Mountain or Corbin's Park—the largest private park in America—and as having been the home of the leading character in Winston Churchill's alleged novel, "Coniston," although now inhabited by scarcely three hundred people, was once a prosperous community of more than a thousand souls. Settled in 1766, it had attained such growth that more than fifty men went out from its borders to fight in the war for American independence, and although its population had fallen materially from the 1060 shown by the census of 1820, it retained enough so that it sent out an even larger number to fight the battles of the Union in the Civil War.

They were a sturdy race of men who settled under old "Croydon Mountain," and, whether at home or abroad, their descendants have performed well their part in the great fields of human endeavor. Out of a rocky and stubborn soil the early settlers and their sons gained support for themselves and their families,

and, in their honest toil, gained the blessing of self-respect and a title to the world's regard. While those at home have well sustained the credit of the town, there have gone abroad many sons of old Croydon who have achieved success for themselves and honor for their native town as well. Among them may be named, the late Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., of Boston, a most eminent Baptist divine; Rev. Luther J. Fletcher, Rev. Austin Putnam, Rev. James W. Putnam; Judge Jonas Cutting of the Supreme Court of Maine, Hon. William P. Wheeler of Keene, Hon. Levi W. Barton, Hon. George F. Putnam, and other successful lawyers; Dr. Horace Powers of Vermont, Dr. Daniel C. Powers of Michigan, Dr. William F. Cooper of New York, Dr. Griswold W. Wheeler of Missouri, Dr. Solomon M. Whipple of New London, father of the brilliant Boston lawyer of the present day—Sherman L. Whipple, Dr. Sherman Cooper of Claremont, Dr. Marshall Perkins of Marlow, and many more physicians of note. All of these have passed away; as have Timothy C. Eastman, father of the American export beef trade, Gershom Powers, congressman from New York,

Stillman Humphrey, mayor of Concord; Orra Crosby, Vermont judge and banker, and many other men of



Hon. William P. Wheeler

note born in the good old town; but not a few sons of a later generation still maintain the honor of their birth-place in various fields of effort beyond her borders, among whom may be named George E. Putnam and Cyrus Barton of Lowell, Mass., Prof. Rufus Barton of Windsor, Vt., Hubbard A. Barton, Dr. J. L. Cain and Henry Sawyer of Newport, Stillman H. Baker of Hillsborough, Francis Cutting of New York, and many more.

On June 13, 1866, the centennial of the settlement of Croydon was duly celebrated, at a grand out-door meeting near the old church at the "Four Corners," the early center of the town's civil and religious life. Nearly three thousand people were in attendance. The grand procession was marshaled by Capt. Nathan Hall, and the Croydon band, led by Baldwin Humphrey, furnished music. Col. Otis Cooper, chairman of the committee of arrangements, called the assemblage to order, and the Hon.

William P. Wheeler of Keene served as president of the day. The oration was given by Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., of Boston, and remarks were called out from a number of distinguished sons of Croydon at home and abroad. A poem was also read, which had been written for the occasion by that gifted daughter of Croydon, Augusta Cooper Bristol. A full account of this celebration, with the addresses given and letters read, was subsequently published by Col. Edmund Wheeler of Newport, a native of the town, who appended thereto, many biographical sketches of Croydon men, and notes of family history, with other data of local interest, making a volume of about 175 pages in all, which is the nearest approach to a history of the town that has ever been issued.

In 1892 an "Old People's Association" was organized in Croydon, the first meeting being held June 30 of that year, with a sermon by Rev.



Rev. Baron Stow, D. D.

John Wildey, in the Congregational church at the East Village, followed by a collation in the town hall, near

by, and an afternoon session in the church, at which an historical address was given by Rev. Moses T. Runnells. Meetings of this Association were held, annually, until 1900, alternating between the East Village and the "Flat," so called, in the lower part of the town.

In March, 1900, it was voted at the annual town meeting to appropriate the sum of \$25 for the proper observance of "Old Home Day," in accordance with the recommendation of Governor Rollins to the towns throughout the state, and the first meeting under such arrangement was held on August 14 of that year. Once in every three years since, the Old Home Day festival has been observed, the last observance being the present year, on Tuesday, August 23, at the East Village, when there was a gathering nearly filling the church, many sons and daughters of the old town, from abroad, returning for the occasion. S. W. Gilman, president of the association, presided, and addresses were made by Rev. Noble Fisk of Grantham, a former pastor, Hon. Jesse M. Barton of Newport and Mrs. Mary M. Sibley, also of Newport, a daughter of Croydon, the latter being the principal address, decidedly reminiscent in character and listened to with intense interest by all present. Letters from natives and former residents, unable to be present, were read by the secretary, Mrs. Fred W. Putnam. Following is

MRS. SIBLEY'S ADDRESS:

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,  
I found a shell,  
And to my listening ear this lonely thing  
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—  
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep  
One song it sang;  
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,  
Sang of the restless sea, profound and wide—  
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height  
Sang of the sea,  
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—  
So do I ever, wandering where I may,  
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee!

Thus do the wanderers from Old Croydon sing—sing of the sunrise upon the mountains, the beautiful vales, the rock-ribbed hills and the sparkling waters.

The happy years of my childhood were spent in a valley to the west-



Mrs. Mary M. Sibley

ward, with Croydon Mountain on the one side and the Pinnacle on the other. The birds and flowers were my companions by day; mists, shadows and stars by night.

The people of this vicinity were remarkable for their industry, perseverance and frugality, a priceless inheritance from their forefathers.

What I have to say, today, will be reminiscent—not of the remarkable people who have gone out from you, but the remarkable people who have remained. The people of this town were remarkable for their wit, humor and love of their native town.

It is of some of those sayings and

doings that I shall tell you, as I have been told or have remembered them.

In this valley where I lived, almost in the shadow of the Pinnacle, stood a magnificent church—a remarkable piece of architecture. Those sturdy people gave of their hard-earned dollars to erect this house made with hands but sacred in the sight of God, and above the pulpit was inscribed this very motto,\* “Holiness unto the Lord”; but the spirit of unrest was on the people and they turned their faces to the westward to found new

The old church stood for many years, a silent witness against the people; but now no trace remains visible, though a few of us carry its likeness engraven on our hearts.

After this time, the Congregationalists, few in number, held meetings in the school house. Well do I remember Mr. Seth Littlefield pitching the tune and Mrs. John Cooper taking the leading part. For want of support, these meetings, too, were given up, and the only services ever after held in the western part of this



Town Hall and Church, Croydon, N. H.

homes and erect new churches. The beloved pastor, Priest Haven passed away; the church became weakened; dissensions crept in and, as a result, this church in which we are now was built and the old church became a target for the small boy. In the year 1860, service was held in it for the last time. The Rev. Austin Putnam was in town and he was anxious to call the beloved people together again, so he swept and put it in order, as best he could, and announced a date for service. People came from all sides and filled the church to overflowing. I attended that service.

town were by the Millerites, for a short time only.

Many stories were told of Priest Haven, and my mother told me the two following. Priest Haven once had occasion to speak to the boys on account of noise, and said he hoped they would be more quiet next Sabbath. A Mr. Sherman, who always sat in church with a red handkerchief over his head, jumped to his feet and shouted, “Gals bad as boys,” and no doubt they were.

One morning there appeared before Priest Haven, in his study, his wife and son. The son had refused to

\*This motto, arranged in a semi-circle, in large gilt letters, over the pulpit in the old church at the “Four Corners,” was preserved when the old church was torn down, and put up in the new church at the East Village.

obey his mother. Mrs. Haven stated the case, and asked her husband's advice. He looked at them over his spectacles for some minutes and then said: "Ahem! Madam, have you tried your slipper?"

What a good wholesome suggestion! I wish all slippers might be kept for just such a purpose at the present time.

The following story was told me by John Cooper: In those good old days it was considered a sin to go courting on the Sabbath, but a certain young man *did*, and a church meeting was called to turn him from

holding a mirror. The night was old, their fun exhausted and they were about to retire, when Mr. Barton proposed that each should take a piece of chalk and write his or her name upon the outside of the house under their respective windows. It was supposed that each would dream whose name might be written there also. The chalk was passed around. Heracelas Darling, a carpenter working for Mr. Barton, took a piece, as did the rest. Mr. Darling slept in an open chamber. His tool chest stood near the head of his bed and on the cover he wrote his name.



Main Street, Croydon, N. H.

his erring ways; but the young man denied the heinous charge. The next day, a man in talking it over with Priest Haven said, "Do you consider it wrong to lie about going courting?" The priest said, "Well, I don't know as it is right to lie about it, but I believe they generally do."

The following story was also told me by Mr. Cooper: "A party of young people assembled for a frolic on Hallowe'en night. They were the guests of your great-uncle, Carlton Barton and wife, a newly wedded couple. They had tried all the tricks they could think of, from throwing a ball of yarn into a well and winding it out to going down stairs backward

"In the morning, they all assembled to tell their dreams, true and otherwise. The carpenter's was as follows: 'Upon retiring for the night, I sank into a sweet and dreamless sleep, from which I seemed to be aroused by the sound of sweet, low singing like a mother's lullaby, gradually coming near and nearer, changing into a wild ecstasy of song, which in turn floated up beyond the stars and told of our Redeemer's love. As the music died away, the door opened and Mrs. Barton, clad in the vestments of an angel, shedding a holy radiance about her, approached. Stretching out her arms toward me she pointed upward

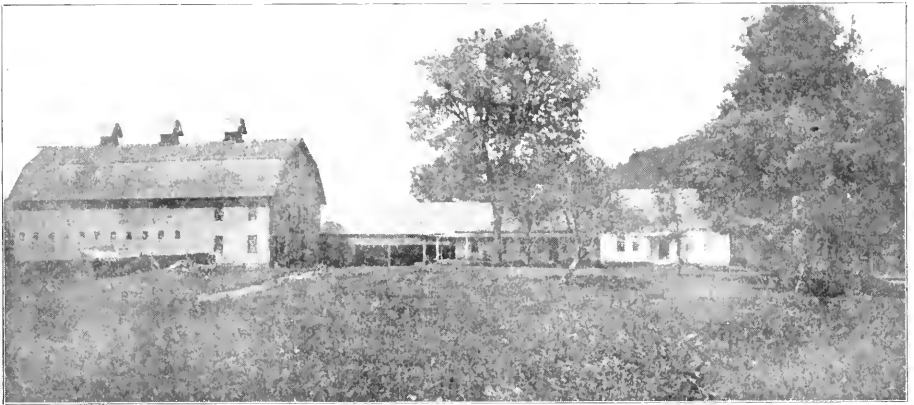
and, floating backward, passed out as she came, and all was dark.'

"This was only a dream, but it never was to be forgotten, for within three days, the carpenter and Mrs. Barton were both lying dead in that house, being the first of eighteen victims of the spotted fever scourge in 1813."

My earliest remembrance was of the Civil War. Charles Stockwell, son of Washington and Philena Stockwell, was mortally wounded in the Battle of Fredericksburg, and later in the month of May was brought North for burial. I distinctly remember standing on a chair and see-

cient unto himself. He lived with his wife and his books in a world of his own, an example of Godliness to his fellow-man. He had a story for every occasion and never tired of telling the following about his wife, and she enjoyed it as much as he:

After church service was discontinued at Four Corners, they came here to church. Not having a team, they walked. One morning they were late and Mr. Cooper hurried his wife considerably in getting ready. After they were seated in this church, Mrs. Cooper put her feet out in front of her to rest, when, lo! she had on one Sunday boot—and one old slip-



Putnam Farm—Formerly Home of Hon. Lemuel P. Cooper

ing the procession, headed by a brass band, pass by. I do not remember going to the cemetery but can recall being held in someone's arms and looking around on that sea of faces and seeing a woman, the mother, sitting on the side of the grave gazing down on the face of her first-born, sacrificed to preserve a nation's honor. I have since thought, fortunate woman! to be able to lay her dead with kindred dust.

Of all the people who lived in that part of the town, John and Mary Cooper had the most influence. I have often said they were the only people I ever knew who lived Christian lives. John Cooper needed no outside amusement. He was suffi-

per. He said, his sides shaking with laughter, "her feet disappeared from sight with the rapidity of lightning and I firmly resolved never to hurry Mary again."

Thus John and Mary Cooper, toiling for their daily bread, teaching and otherwise assisting the children of that vicinity, traveled along life's rough highway, and are now sleeping in the shadow of Croydon Mountain, but I firmly believe their spirits are in the broad fields of Paradise.

If one had taken a walk around under Croydon Mountain on a rainy day, enough folklore could have been gathered to fill a book. John and Caleb Barton were both fun-loving men and never lost an opportunity

to tell a good story. The following is one told by Caleb Barton of a woman who moved into his neighborhood. She often came to Mr. Barton's to get him to do errands for her when he went to Newport village. One day she appeared with a gallon jug to get him to buy for her ten cents worth of molasses. He disliked to buy such a small quantity, but, being a kind-hearted man, he would not refuse. He went to Mr. Barnard in his plight who put in considerably more molasses than the ten cents would pay for. When Mr. Barton arrived home Mrs. I. came for the molasses. She lifted the jug, took out the stopple, shook it near her ear and finally said that she didn't want to accuse anyone of stealing, but someone had made a good thing out of it!

At the age of nine years, I crossed the hill to the east and came into this valley to attend school. It was a beautiful valley, apparent even to my childish eyes. Today, as I gaze down upon it, I exclaim within myself, "O Jethro Bass and beautiful Coniston Water!" The teacher of the school at that time was Florette Powers, and no doubt there are many here who remember the song she used to sing at the close of the afternoon session.

"We all love the school room,

We all love its joys,

We all love to meet with the girls and the boys,

Have a good time and not make a noise.

Be good. Be happy and gay."

One day, as I reached the corner near the Ruel Durkee place, I met him and his good wife Polly, driving. He was dressed as we always saw him, and had the red splices which he continually jerked to keep the old horse moving. His wife sat by his side, a sight to my childish eyes. I remember her dress in its minutest detail. The dress was white and close fitting. The hat was also white, rather broad in the brim with

medium low crown. She was dressed fifty years in advance of the styles prevailing in Croydon. I think if she should walk in here today she would not look out of style.

When I was a small child, my father was sick and Doctor Barton was called. Well do I remember just how he looked, swinging up the path with that old medicine chest in hand. No word was spoken until the patient had been attended to; then he unbent a little and spoke of the warm weather we were having, something unusual in November. He said it was due to the Gulf Stream



Glidden Bridge

which for some unknown reason had been turned from its usual course and was now flowing five hundred miles nearer the coast than formerly. He said he thought it authentic for he heard the story in Grantham, yesterday. That peculiar smile, which you all remember, played over his face for an instant, then he was gone, swinging down the path as he came—a man with a remarkable mind.

No coroner's inquest, no trial by jury ever sifted evidence or balanced probabilities, as the men who gathered at Dunbar's store on a rainy day; but they had to be particular to adhere

to the truth in every respect for there was one behind the counter or even the alert if they made a mistake to correct them, or jog their memory with these words; "Yes 'tis." "No tain't." "Guess not." The following is one of the rainy day stories: The worthies were discussing the age of Mr. Patten, of which no authentic record existed. One man said, he "didn't know how old Mr. Patten was, but he did know that when Christopher Columbus discovered America he found Patten on the Washburn meadow in Springfield, haying.

Do any of you remember a certain freshet about thirty-eight years ago? These same men of whom I have spoken, were gathered, as usual, at the store. As the day advanced the water rose higher and higher. Mr. Ferry was the only one who had to cross the river to get home. When it came time for him to seek the bosom of his family, his colleagues tried to dissuade him from making the attempt, but all in vain. His friends wrung his hand in parting, never expecting to see him again, and even the old white horse seemed to understand and waved his tail in farewell; but Mr. Ferry's weight proved of value for it kept the wagon on the bridge and the old white horse bore him safely over.

At a choir rehearsal one night, the members were trying to jolly Welcome Partridge about getting thrown off the mowing machine that day. Mr. Partridge said, "It was no such a thing, but circumstances were such that I was obliged to get off right then and there."

In the store at Croydon Flat sat another just such tribunal as in this place. One time they were discussing the bravery of people. Philemon Humphrey stoutly maintained that the Halls would be the best soldiers. They all wanted to know his reason.

"Why," said he, "they would have to fight for they would be too lazy to run."

How trim and stately those homes of old, on Croydon Flat! The Putnams, the Humphreys, the Halls, the Browns, the Goldthwaits. But with one or two exceptions, they have taken the long journey!

I should like to speak of all those remarkable people of old, but time prevents. I just want to call attention to some of the people as they sat in this church. Over there Doctor Hall in white vest and ponderous watch chain—a handsome man. Alonzo Allen, tall and majestic. In the very back seat, Nathaniel Nelson. The families of George W. Dunbar, O. C. Forehand, Wallace Davis, David Rawson, Warren Bartlett, Jonathan Wheeler, George W. Cain and Aunt Anne and numerous others. Up in the gallery, E. D. Comings' family; Hubbard Cooper and Ada; Mrs. John Harding; Mrs. Brown, Dana and Clara; Welcome Partridge and family, and many others.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;  
Is the central point, from which he measures  
every distance

Through the gateways of the world around  
him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it  
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-  
wind,

As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor march of encroaching city,

Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations.  
Fill our rooms with painting and with sculp-  
tures,

But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations.



# David Bowdoin Plumer

By A. W. Emerson

Well up toward the head of the list in relative importance among business enterprises in this country stands the conduct of resort hotels, the field of operation reaching from the White Mountains and the lakes and forests of Maine to the everglades of Florida and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. And in the long lists of those managing resort hotels, one, the subject of this sketch, who went out from the old town of Alexandria in the Granite State, has worked out for himself a high standing, readily admitted and everywhere known within that field.

David Bowdoin Plumer was born in Alexandria in 1853. There was Huguenot blood in the family veins, with an hereditary spur toward the best education permitted by self-help and the opportunities of those days. One of five children, the boy's early life included work on the home farm and regular attendance at the district school, which in those days of large families had quite a regular enrollment of thirty to forty scholars. Later he went to the high school in Bristol, but when sixteen went to work for E. S. Foster, druggist, in that village, learning something of telegraphy. After a year's work there, a wish to learn more of the key took him to a place at one of the Old Northern telegraph desks in Hill's express office in Manchester. In the course of two years as operator he was transferred to offices in Nashua, Bath, Me., and back to Manchester, giving up the work in 1872 and re-entering the high school at Bristol. From that school he entered New Hampton Institution, from which he graduated in the class of 1875.

It was while at New Hampton that, in common with hundreds of students from the higher schools of New England, the subject of this sketch began

his hotel career, going in 1873 to the Crawford House for his early training under the late C. H. Merrill, one of the oldest and best resort hotel men known in this country. Young Plumer served under the Crawford House management seven summers, advancing from the place of table waiter to second head, under Dr. O. S. Marden, now editor of *Success Magazine*, and later to that of head. Frank Munsey, of present magazine fame, was among those student associates in hotel work, and John Anderson, now manager of the Mount Washington at Bretton Woods, was the first ticket agent at Crawford's when the railroad was extended to that point.

But those years were not all summer season years. In 1876, following graduation, Mr. Plumer taught the winter school at Francônia village, teaching in subsequent winters a boys' school at Pigeon Cove, Mass., at Gorham, Me., and at Newtown Academy, in Connecticut. During these years of hotel summers and school-teaching winters, the law appealed to him as a profession, and two winters were given up to reading, first in the office of S. K. Mason, in Bristol, and later with Jonathan Smith and Briggs & Huse, in Manchester. With the work of these two winters the law was definitely given up and he made his choice of a hotel career.

From the Crawford House he went with O. S. Marden to the Ocean View Hotel at Block Island, advancing from the place of head waiter to an office position; in 1884 he went as assistant manager with Gen. M. C. Wentworth to the Laurel House at Lakewood, N. J., being made manager of the house the following year. Lakewood men formed the Jefferson Hotel and Land Company at Jefferson, N. H., in 1889, and Mr. Plumer



DAVID BOWDOIN PLUMER

was made general manager, retaining there a connection of thirteen years during which the Waumbek Hotel was brought to a leading position among White Mountain houses. Lakewood continued to be his point of winter engagement until 1892, when he resigned from management there and went to Chattanooga, Tenn., as manager of Lookout Inn. He remained there but one winter, coming back to Lakewood as assistant treasurer of the Lakewood Hotel and Land Association, which then operated both the Laurel House and the Laurel-in-the-Pines. He again took the management of the Laurel House the following year, and a little later the general management of both houses. In 1902, after resigning from the conduct of the Waumbek at Jefferson, he was made general manager of the New Monmouth at Spring Lake Beach, N. J., retaining that connection one summer, and in the following year resigned from summer and winter houses to take the management of Briarcliff Lodge at Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., as an all-the-year proposition. His work there was for four years one of large development, commanding all his time, and developing a spring, summer and fall season business. In 1909 he accepted the management of Hotel Green at Pasadena, California, a large winter season house, and the following summer took on associate relations with Col. Charles H. Greenleaf in the conduct of the New Profile House in the White Mountains. He is now identified with these three widely separated resort hotels, among the best known houses of the country, and the con-

nection of his name with any hotel enterprise is accepted as the synonym of careful, safe conduct among resort patrons generally.

Mr. Plumer married Miss Francena Emerson, daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. Joseph C. Emerson, at Manchester, N. H., in 1882. They have one son, Bowdoin, who is now in his junior year at Dartmouth College. Love for the old home place near the Bristol line in Alexandria has led, all through the years of a busy hotel life, to the purchase, bit by bit, of the lands round about and including that property, and land and buildings have been steadily improved and thrown into farm operation. Whenever escape from hotel responsibility is possible Mr. Plumer goes there for the quiet and rest his hills afford, where beauty of scenery never palls. A deep love of, and critical taste in, music has made him always a student and worker along vocal lines, and wherever the point of his hotel connection has located him, his interest has promoted the best and highest possibilities of church music, while his personal and financial help has always been generously ready for educational work, library interests, and good citizenship generally. The list of young men and women whom he has helped to advancement would be a long one, and his personal interest for those in his employ is as keen as for those who are regularly entertained in his hotels.

Mr. Plumer is a member of the Episcopal Church, the Society of Colonial Wars of New Jersey, the Sons of the Revolution of New York, the Huguenot Society of New York, and the Aldine Club of New York.

## Happiness

*By Georgiana Rogers*

Happiness is a coy maiden—

Seek her and she will fly away,

But, skip right along by Duty's song.

And, ere you know it, she has come to stay.

# The Roman Farmer

*By Fred Myron Colby*

[Read before Merrimack County Pomona Grange, at Warner, September 16, 1910.]

It will always be interesting, it seems to me, to know how the nations of antiquity tilled and sowed and harvested, what crops they cultivated, how they lived and dressed, and what was the character of their home life. In the Bible we get picturesque glimpses of the rural life of the ancient Hebrews, but they are but glimpses interesting and invaluable indeed, but still incomplete. The paintings and the sculptures on the monuments of Egypt give us a somewhat better idea of farm life and husbandry among that remarkable people, but is unsatisfactory in many respects. The unrivalled literature of Greece afford us little information regarding the practical details of her agriculture. The Greeks were more commercial and literary; still among the hills and valleys of Hellas there lived small agricultural communities the story of whose life and manners would make delightful reading if we only knew the homely details. Of farming among the Romans we know a great deal more, and the knowledge we have of their rural affairs gives confirmation to the ancient saying, "There is nothing new under the sun."

In the story of Cincinnatus we get one of our earliest glimpses of the Roman farmer and of Roman farm life. The hero is seen standing beside his plow, bareheaded, dressed only in a simple tunic belted at the waist, and a pair of high buskins or boots upon his feet. His yoke of oxen are of the small Tuscan breed. The plow consists of a beam to which the yoke is attached, a handle or cross piece by which the plowman holds the share fixed into a share beam, two mold boards, a coulter and a wheel—the same rude implement that is in use in Italy to-day. In the distance, on the sunny hillside, you

see his farm house, a low, thatched-roofed structure of wood. The porch is wide and open, the windows are latticed. The farmer's wife is seen standing in the doorway, with a child in her arms. A half-dressed, robust boy is chasing the chickens and geese from the front yard. It is a picture at once idyllic and picturesque, and only to be found among a people with that reverent love for agriculture which the Romans had.

Cincinnatus and Cato were the typical Roman farmers. But every citizen of Rome was a farmer, at least, in the early ages of her history. No greater praise could be bestowed upon an ancient Roman than to give him the name of a good husbandman. They were an agricultural race, and all their early legends had some connection with the land. Their fabled founders were shepherds; when Horatius saved Rome from Porsenna he was rewarded with a gift of as much land as a yoke of oxen could draw a plow round in the course of a day. Many of the noblest families derived their names from the fact that an early ancestor had been a successful cultivator of a particular grain or vegetable, notably the Lentuli, Fabii, Pisones, and even Cicero whose progenitor is said to have raised vetches for the market.

The words which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato give a fine picture of the ancient Roman enthusiasm in agriculture.—"I come now to the pleasures of husbandry, in which I vastly delight. They are not interrupted by old age, and they seem to me to be pursuits in which a wise man's life should be spent. The earth does not rebel against authority; it never gives back but with usury what it receives. The gains of husbandry are not what exclusively

commend it. I am charmed with the nature and productive virtues of the soil. Can those old men be called unhappy who delight in the cultivation of the soil? In my opinion there can be no happier life, not only because the tillage of the soil is salutary to all, but from the pleasure it yields. The whole establishment of a good and assiduous husbandman is stored with wealth; it abounds with kids and pigs, with lambs and poultry, with milk, with cheese, with honey. Nothing can be more profitable, nothing more beautiful, than a well cultivated farm."

The state allotted to every citizen a tract of land. Seven acres were considered enough for a farm. At a later age the citizen was permitted to hold a greater number of acres, but the idea remained paramount that small farms were best. "Our ancestors," says Cato, "regarded it as a grand point of husbandry not to have too much land in one farm, for they considered that more profit came by holding little and tilling it well." And Virgil says, "The farmer may praise large estates, but let him cultivate a small one."

The Roman farmer paid much attention to the rearing of stock, the planting of orchards, and fully understood the difference of soils and their adaptation to particular crops. He usually plowed his land four times a year, he saved and used his manure with care, and only in his failure to apply the mechanical forces of nature to his agricultural operations did he fall much behind the moderns in his science of farming. What the ancient Roman tiller of the soil most needed were suitable farming implements; in this matter we are greatly their superiors.

Roman husbandry was mainly occupied with the culture of the cereals. The grain cultivated consisted especially of wheat and barley, with considerable spelt and millet, turnips, radishes, garlic and poppies were also grown, and particularly as fodder for cattle—lupines, beans, peas, vetches

and other leguminous plants. Ordinarily the seed was sown in the autumn, but in exceptional cases in the spring. Considerable attention was paid to irrigation and draining, and drainage by means of covered ditches was in use at an early age. Meadows also for supplying hay were in vogue, and even in Cato's time those were irrigated artificially. Of equal, if not of greater economic importance to their grain and vegetables were the products of the vine and of the olive tree. The former were grown in vine-yards which were the adjuncts of every farm; their olive trees were often planted among the growing crops. Figs, apples, pears, and after the time of Lucullus, cherries, were cultivated to a large extent.

Many glimpses into their methods of cultivation are found in the works of Latin authors which have survived the ravages of time. Cato speaks of irrigation, frequent tillage and manuring as means of fertilizing the soil. Virgil in his four *Georgics*, perhaps the most finished of all his works, certainly the most useful, gives us exhaustive treatises on plowing and preparing the soil, on sowing and planting, on the management of cattle and sheep, and on the manner of keeping bees. If any of you wish to learn more of the Roman farmer and his methods it will well repay you to read those beautiful and interesting poems, translations of which are to be found in any well selected library.

Varro was another Latin writer who wrote extensively upon agriculture and anyone who has the time will find no little pleasure and instruction in glancing through his voluminous pages. Just now I want to simply allude to a curious instance that he mentions of the changes in country manners in his day. He makes an old man say that when he was a boy a farmer's wife used to be content with a jaunt in a cart once or twice a year, the farmer not taking the covered wagon—the more luxurious vehicle—at all unless he pleased. The farmer used to shave but once a

week, whereas in his day he shaved twice. Does this not remind you of a like change that has crept in among the farming class of our own time?

In the works of Pliny we also find much in relation to agriculture. He is especially valuable in his comments and illustrations on former writers, and his historic summary is an authority upon the subject in hand. The following passages from this author is of especial interest to the modern student for several reasons. He is commenting on Virgil "Our poet is of the opinion," he says, "that alternate fallows should be made, and that the land should rest entirely every second year. And this is, indeed, both true and profitable, provided a man have land enough to give the soil this repose. But how, if his extent be not sufficient? Let him in that case, help himself thus. Let him sow next year's wheat crop on the field where he has just gathered his beans, vetches or lupines, or such other crop as enriches the ground. For indeed, it is worth notice that some crops are sown for no other purpose but as food for others, a poor practice in my estimation." In another place he tells us, "Wheat, the later it is reaped, the better it casts; but the sooner it is reaped, the fairer the sample. The best rule is to cut it down before the grain is got hard, when the ear begins to have a reddish brown appearance. Better two days too soon than as many to late, is a good maxim, and might pass for an oracle." The following quotation from the same author is excellent:—"Cato would have this point especially to be considered, that the soil of a farm be good and fertile; also, that near it there be plenty of laborers, and that it be not far from a large town; moreover, that it have sufficient means for transporting its produce, either by water or land. Also that the house be well built, and the land about it as well managed.

But I observe a great error and self-deception which many men commit, who hold opinion that the negligence and ill husbandry of the former owner is good for his successor or after-purchaser. Now, I say, there is nothing more dangerous and disadvantageous to the buyer than land so left waste and out of heart; and therefore Cato counsels well to purchase land of one who has managed it well, and not rashly and hand-over-head to despise and make light of the skill and knowledge of another. He says too, that as well land as men, which are of great charge and expense, how gainful soever they may seem, yield little profit in the end, when all reckonings are made. The same Cato being asked, what was the most assured profit rising out of land? made this answer,—'To feed stock well,' Being asked again, 'What was the next?' he answered, 'To feed with moderation,' by which answer he would seem to conclude that the most certain and sure revenue was a low cost of production. To the same point is to be referred another speech of his, 'That a good husbandman ought to be a seller rather than a buyer;' also, 'that a man should stock his farm early and well, but take long time and leisure before he be a builder;' for it is the best thing in the world, according to the proverb, 'to make use, and derive profit, from other men's follies.' Still when there is a good and convenient house on the farm, the master will be the closer occupier, and take the more pleasure in it; and truly it is a good saying, that 'the master's eye is better than his heel.'"

Is it not curious to read such passages as these, and to find the very same subjects still handled, week after week, in fresh and eager controversy in the agricultural writings and periodicals of the present day, eighteen centuries after these opinions were first written?

# The Old Meeting-House at Sandown

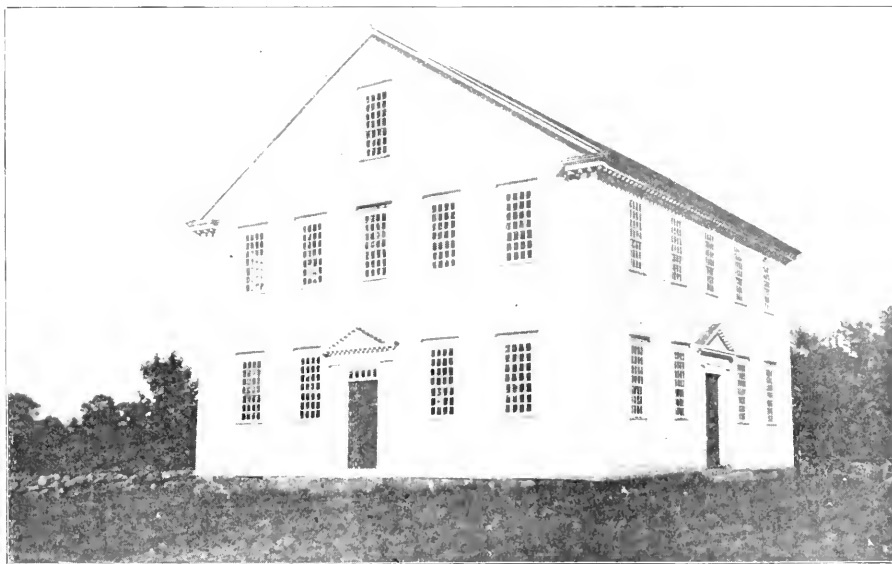
*By Eva Beede Odell*

Very few meeting-houses, built in Colonial times, are now standing in New Hampshire. The one at Sandown is among the oldest in the state, and has been preserved almost exactly as it was when dedicated to the worship of God and the public uses of the town in 1774.

The building is located on a hill overlooking the valley through which runs the Worcester, Nashua and

wall around it. The old wall is standing at the present time.

Tradition tells that a barrel of Newburyport rum was placed at the disposal of the workmen at the building of the meeting-house, but just as they were about to put on the roof the supply gave out, so they suspended operations for a day while a messenger was sent to Newburyport, Mass., for a half-barrel more.



The Old Sandown Church

Portland railroad, a little less than a quarter of a mile from the station. The spot is the exact centre of the town, as determined by a committee, chosen at a special town meeting called by the selectmen, on petition, November 12, 1772, "to measure from Hampstead line 'at the head of the 200-acre grant' to Poplin line (now Fremont), to find the centre." An acre of land for the meeting-house was given by Peter Colby on condition that the town build a stone

The work went on during the summer of 1773 and was completed in 1774. At a meeting July 4, 1774, there was an article in the warrant "to see if the parish will color the new meeting-house," and it was voted to "color" the house like the Chester meeting-house. October 17, 1774, it was voted to dedicate on a week day, and at adjournment it was voted to meet in the new meeting-house "Wednesday come fortnet." On that day the voters of Sandown met for the

first time in the meeting-house to transact the business of the town, and every year since then, a period of 136 years, the legal town meetings have been held within its walls.

New shingles and several coats of white paint have preserved the exterior of this plain and substantial-looking house of worship which has neither belfrey nor spire. The structure is 44 x 50, and 24 feet high, with a spacious attic over all. It is supported by 16 posts of solid white oak, each one foot square, showing one half their size on the interior of the house. There are neither porches nor vestibules. The ponderous front doors on the south side open directly into the center aisle of the church. There are also side doors on the east and on the west. All the doors are of double plank, swinging inward on huge strap hinges, and having quaint hand-wrought iron handles. The side doors are fastened by means of oak bars that fit into staples in the door posts. The south door, only, has a lock and key. They are all painted dark green, and over the south door are the figures 1773, the year when the house was begun, and over the west door 1774, when it was finished. Facing the central aisle the tall pulpit rises 11 feet above the floor, and is reached by a narrow stairway. Suspended above the pulpit, and 19 feet from the floor, is the massive sounding-board, which is a fine piece of panel work. Just below the pulpit in a small enclosure the deacons sat, raised a little above the other people. Built in front of the deacons' seats is the tall communion table which has a rounded leaf that turns down. This is painted in imitation of marble, as also are the fluted columns each side of the pulpit, and the six neatly turned pillars supporting the gallery. The outside of the pulpit and the wainscoting on the gallery front are stained a cherry color, but the remaining wood work, which was never painted, has grown dark with the stains of time. On the front of

the gallery, facing the pulpit, there is a piece of narrow board on which is this inscription, "This church was founded in 1759, and this house was built in 1774."

The sturdy men who planned the old meeting-house were not believers in a "dim religious light," so they put plenty of windows into their house of worship. There are two rows of windows around the building, five in the upper row and four in the lower on the three sides where there are doors, and on the back side a pulpit window, with a circular top, is placed between the two rows. There is also a window in each gable, making in all 38 windows, each containing 28 panes of 7 x 9 glass. When to these are added the five panes over the east door and the five over the west door and the six forming the arch in the pulpit window there are in all 1,080 panes of glass, which are set in very heavy sash.

In the body of the house there are two sections of box pews with eight pews in each section, built on a platform raised one foot above the aisle. These pews are nearly square, 6 x 6 1-2 feet, with a railing around the top and narrow seats around the inside. Some of the seats have hinges so they could be turned up when the occupants of the pew were standing. When a family went into its pew and shut the door, it was like being in a little room which the group had all to itself, and in those days of large families the pews must have been well filled.

Around the walls of the house there are 21 other pews a little smaller than those on the floor and a foot higher, reached by two steps. In the gallery there are 20 box pews, and two rows of benches which were occupied by the colored people, for there were negro slaves in many of the towns in the lower part of New Hampshire as late as 1790 and, although held as property, they were allowed the privilege of attending church on Sundays.

Giant trees were felled for the

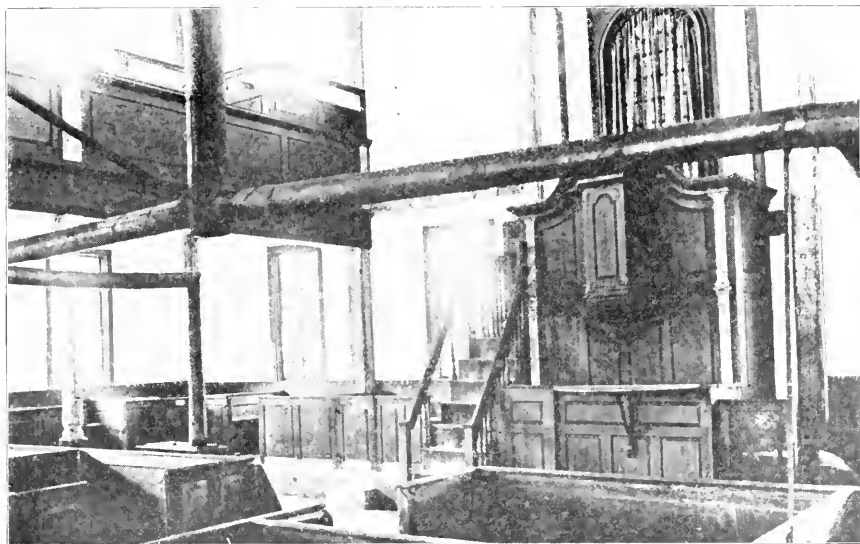


building of this ancient edifice. In the hand-planed work of the pews and gallery front one sees boards nearly two feet wide, and the gallery rail is a massive timber a foot square. All the door latches and hinges to pew doors, as well as all the nails used about the building, are of home manufacture. The numbers also on the door pews are very interesting, because of their quaint figures and the decorations around them.

The only change in the interior is

dence of Edwin C. Fitts and his sister, Miss Mary J. Fitts. Mr. Fitts has been the sexton and janitor of the meeting-house for more than twenty years.

Interspersed among the records of church-building details one finds hints of the pending struggle for liberty. July 18, 1774, it was voted to send Deacon Samuel Sleeper to Exeter to join in choosing a delegate to a general congress to be held at Philadelphia. Josiah Bartlett of



Interior View of Old Church, Showing Pulpit and Section of Pews and Gallery

the introduction of stoves. There was great opposition when any heating apparatus was first considered, and the story is told that the first time a fire was lighted one of the ancient worthies, who did not believe in introducing new-fangled notions into the house of the Lord, was obliged to go home for the heat made him so dizzy, he said he felt as if he should faint away.

In the old records of "ye parish clark" of Sandown, one reads that it was "voted to build a new meeting house opsit against Mr. Peter Colby's house." The site of the old Colby house is now occupied by the resi-

Kingston was chosen to represent this province, and later on signed his name to the Declaration of Independence, which the people of Sandown afterward heard read from the pulpit of this meeting-house.

"At a legal meeting held by the freeholders of Sandown, 15 July 1793," we read that it was "voted to bild a Pound in som convenient plase near the meeting house." They also "voted to vandue the bilding of the Pound," which may still be seen. Even the "meeting house pues" were "vandued." That the "vandue" had certain attractions in "ye olden tymes"

this entry bears witness, "To run and sweetening for vandue 2.34."

The early church system in Sandown was the same as in all New England towns. The town built the meeting-house and owned it, the church chose the pastor and the town raised the salary and every man was taxed. For 21 years the Rev. Josiah Cotton was pastor. Under date "this 8 Day of September 1794," the records read, "the church and congregation voted to give Mr. Webber a call to settle with us in the work of the gospel ministrey," also, "Voted to give Mr. Webber Sixty pounds yearly as he continuers minister and fifteen cords of fier wood yearly." The ordination of the Rev. John Webber took place on March 24, 1795. Strong Calvinistic doctrines were proclaimed from the old pulpit, and all went well until Methodism made its appearance in Sandown. Elder George Pickering was invited to come and preach in a house near the church, as Mr. Webber had refused to allow the Methodists to go into his meeting-house. When Mr. Pickering came the second time the house would not hold all the people, so Mr. Webber was asked again for leave to go into the meeting-house,

but he objected because he thought Mr. Pickering an intruder on his limits. Elder Pickering asked how far his limits extended. Mr. Webber replied to the line of the town. Elder Pickering said his limits extended to the uttermost parts of the earth. The meeting-house was opened. It is said that a window was raised, boy put in and the bolt in the lock shoved inside. In March of the year 1800 a vote was passed in town meeting that the Methodists could preach in the meeting-house on week days.

The old meeting-house has been the scene not only of religious, but also of political disputes, when excited men have drawn revolvers during the progress of town meeting.

The Rev. Hosea Ballou and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore have several times spoken from this pulpit. Occasionally there is a service in the old church now during the summer. It is always an event of great interest and people attend from many miles around.

The town of Sandown is justly proud of this ancient landmark. Long may it be preserved as a monument to the skill and careful workmanship of the forefathers.

## The Sea of Love

The sea of love is ever surging on  
Through universe, where sin and wrong control;  
Its billows pile themselves with laughing scorn  
Upon the beach, erasing as they roll;  
Those ravages that once of pride were born,  
For death of pride its sea bells loudly toll.  
Far, deep and wide, this ocean does extend  
And with eternity begin and end.

Roll on! Upon thy bosom men can rest  
At peace, whatever strife on earth may be.  
When rocked as in a cradle on thy breast,  
And lulled by music known alone of thee,  
A prisoner of thy vast expanse is blest:  
Though bound he knows that he alone is free  
Who breathes into his soul thy vital force,  
And journeys, blest, on his eternal course.

A. C.

# The Fourth of August

*By Juliet P. Combes*

It was the fourth of August,  
Some seventy years ago;  
(The grandams wipe their glasses,  
The men speak soft and low.)

They started at the daybreak—  
The tide was full at four—  
The father, John and Thomas,  
Hester and Isadore.

The mother did the milking,  
The chores and all, that day;  
The men were on the marshes  
Cutting the sweet salt hay.

“I’m worried for the children,”  
The mother’s heart made moan,  
“I never should have sent them  
With the men folks all alone.”

The merry little Hester,  
With sister Isadore,  
Played on the rocks at Hampton,  
Along the sandy shore.

They ate the steaming chowder,  
The men brought up at noon;  
And gathered shells and sea moss.  
“The tide will be in soon,

So keep away from danger!”  
Called father on the way.  
They heard the whetting scythe song;  
They watched the sea gulls play.

“We will go back,” said Hester,  
“Father’ll be going home.”  
The sea was all around them;  
They saw the whitecaps’ foam.

The men had seen the danger;  
The brothers ran to save;  
“The other side,” they shouted,  
“Step off into the wave.”

With fright the little sisters  
Cling closer to the rock;  
The swirling, rushing waters  
The brothers’ striving mock.

The mother watched the landing;  
How slowly came the men!  
They carried a sad burden—  
God help the mother then!

The grandams wipe their glasses,  
The grandsires shake the head;  
“It was the fourth of August—”  
They whisper it with dread.

# New Hampshire Necrology

## HON. RUFUS BLODGETT.

Hon. Rufus Blodgett, who died at Long Branch, N. J., October 3, was a native of the town of Dorchester, in this state, born October 9, 1834. His grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and his father, Hon. Jeremiah Blodgett, who removed from Dorchester to Wentworth when Rufus was a child, was long known as a leading citizen of Grafton County and one of the representative Democrats of northern New Hampshire.

He received a common school education, and, at the age of eighteen years commenced work in the machine shop of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, at Manchester, where he learned the trade. Afterward he was employed for ten years by the Shore Line Railroad of Connecticut, but in 1865 he went to New Jersey and engaged as a mechanical engineer in the service of the New Jersey Southern Railroad. He soon became master mechanic of the road, and not long after was made superintendent. When the road got into financial difficulty, he headed a delegation of employes that went to Trenton and secured the passage of an act providing for the appointment of a receiver in case the company should be compelled to suspend, which was soon the case, when he was himself made receiver and straightened out the tangled affairs of the corporation.

In 1884 he was made president of the New York and Long Branch Railroad, continuing to the time of his death. He also organized, and was president of, the Citizens National Bank of Long Branch and was president of the Water Works Company.

Meanwhile he took an active part in politics as a Democrat. He was elected to the New Jersey Assembly in 1877, overcoming a strong Republican majority. He was twice reelected. He subsequently served four terms as mayor of Long Branch. In 1886 he was elected to the United States Senate, serving the full term of six years.

He leaves a widow and one son, Harry T. Blodgett.

## COL. SETH M. RICHARDS.

Col. Seth M. Richards, son of the late Hon. Dexter and Louisa Frances (Hatch) Richards, born in Newport, June 6, 1850, died at his home in that town, September 26, 1910.

Colonel Richards was educated in the public schools and at Kimball Union and Phillips Andover Academies, and at the age of twenty-one years went into his father's woolen mill in Newport to learn the business, to which his life was mainly devoted, and in which his father had been eminently successful.

He succeeded his father as president of the

First National Bank of Newport and as a trustee of the Newport Savings Bank, and was also president of the Newport Electric Light Company and the Newport Improvement Company. He served on the staff of Gov. Charles H. Sawyer and was a member of the executive council during the administration of Gov. Nahum J. Bachelder. He was also prominently identified with railroad affairs. He was a Republican presidential elector in 1900, and a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1908.

He married, October 9, 1878, Miss Lizzie M. Farnsworth, who survives, with three daughters.

## NELSON H. BARNARD.

Nelson H. Barnard, born in Dunbarton, N. H., November 14, 1845, died at Eliot, Me., September 28, 1910.

He was educated in the public schools and engaged in agriculture on the old Dunbarton homestead till 1890, holding a high place in the esteem of his townsmen; but in 1890 he removed to Nashua, and engaged in market gardening and fruit culture, continuing with much success till 1906, when he purchased the old Staples farm at Eliot, Me., which was cleared and settled over 200 years ago, and whereon the old Colonial house built prior to 1750, is still standing, in good condition.

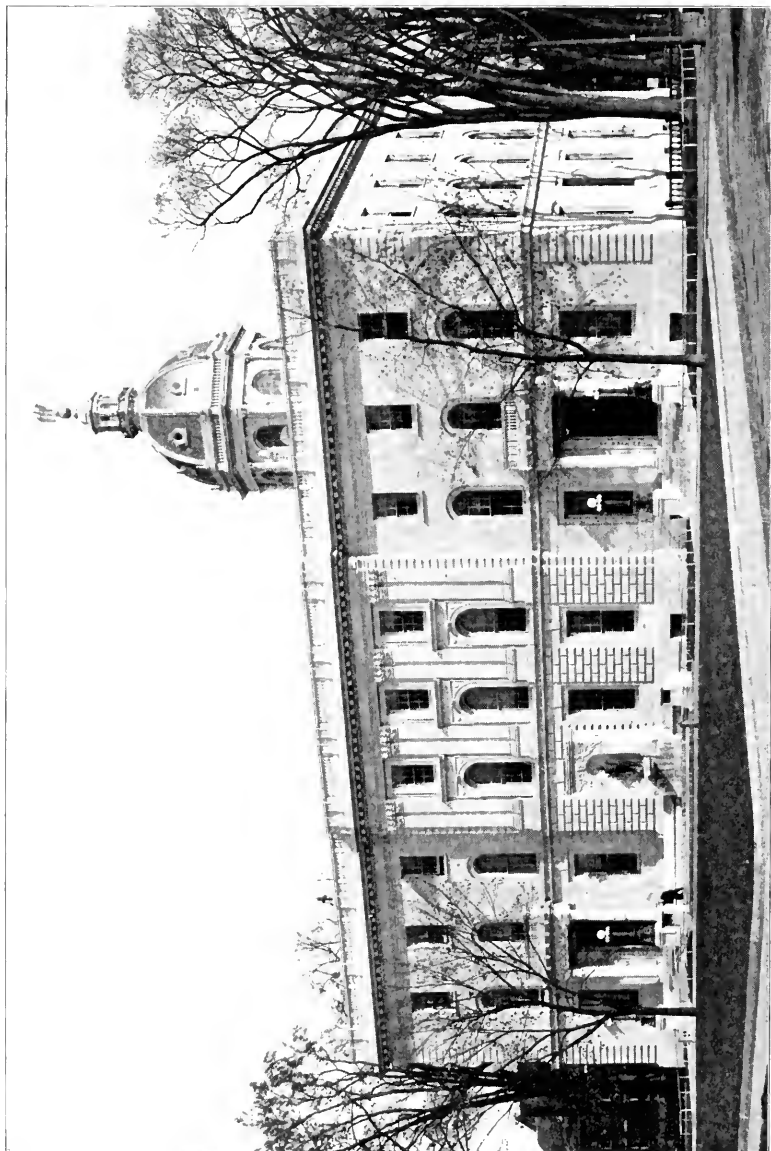
Mr. Barnard married, at Nunda, N. Y., Celestia Rider, a native of Amoskeag, N. H., by whom he is survived, by two sons, Harry E. and John—the former well known for a time as the chemist of the New Hampshire State Board of Health, and now serving the State of Indiana in a similar capacity. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. E. C. Brown of Dunbarton.

## LEVI L. ALDRICH.

Levi L. Aldrich, a prominent G. A. R. man, died at his home in Suncook, September 27.

He was a native of Stanstead, P. Q., born January 1, 1841. He served in the Fourth United States Infantry and the Fifty-Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers during the Civil War, at the close of which he settled in Suncook; but resided for some years, later, in Manchester representing Ward Three in the legislature in 1881. He returned to Suncook in 1883, where he has since resided, and has served as chairman of the board of supervisors, census enumerator, deputy sheriff, collector of taxes and representative from Pembroke. He was a member of Jewell Lodge, F. and A. M., a Knight of Pythias and a leader in the New Hampshire Department, G. A. R.





NEW STATE HOUSE  
State Street View

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## The Evolution of the New Hampshire State House

*By Fred Leighton*

As a preliminary to the story of the new state house, it may not be uninteresting to know something of its predecessors, the original state house, authorized by the legislature in 1816 and completed ready for the occupancy of that body in June, 1819, and the remodeled state house of 1866 which has been merged so completely into the present building that, save for the front of the structure, its identity has been almost entirely lost.

From 1790 until 1816, the general court assembled, whenever it assembled in Concord, in the old town house, located where the present Merrimack County building stands on North Main Street.

In the latter year the legislature proposed to the town of Concord to build a state house on the following conditions:

"That said town of Concord, or inhabitants thereof, shall convey to the State of New Hampshire a suitable piece of ground, on which to erect said state house to the acceptance of his excellency the governor and Honorable Council aforesaid—shall level and well prepare said piece of ground to the acceptance of the committee to superintend the erection of

the building aforesaid—shall also give all the stone necessary to be used in the erection of said building, and shall convey, or have conveyed said stone under the direction of said committee to the place or plot of ground upon which said state house shall be erected: which condition shall be performed free of any charge or expense to the state."

Concord was at that time a town of less than 2,500 inhabitants. Main Street was its only street, and on that from what is now Bridge Street to Horseshoe Pond there were 60 houses. The town was large enough, however, to have a north end and a south end, and upon the action of the legislature a spirited controversy immediately arose between the inhabitants of the two sections as to where the house should be located.

The northenders favored the old town house site or the Stickney property at the corner of Main and Court street, and the town itself, at the annual town meeting held March 12, 1816, voted "that the town house may be removed if the legislature should want to make use of the land for a state house on which said house stands."

NOTE — This article on the New Hampshire State House, historical and descriptive, prepared by Mr. Leighton, was published in the *Concord Evening Monitor* of October 25, in connection with a full report of the exercises incident to the dedication of the enlarged and remodeled building. At the suggestion of many citizens desirous of the preservation, in permanent form, not only of this article, but also of the interesting and instructive addresses delivered on the occasion in question, the same are reproduced in this issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, that in its bound volumes in the libraries of our own and other states, they may be readily accessible in years to come to the students of New Hampshire history.

The inhabitants of the south end were in favor of the location at or near the place where the state house now stands. Especially interested in securing this result were Col. William Kent, Gov. Isaac Hill and William Low.

In examining the two localities it appears that a committee of the legislature had reported favorably on the Stickney land near the town house, but the decision was left with the governor and council. In order to fulfill conditions subscriptions were started at both the north and south ends. The latter soon amounted to \$5,000.

The arguments for and against the respective localities in dispute were that the Stickney land was dry and elevated, and a building erected thereon would be seen far and wide; it was near the town house, where the legislature had been accustomed to meet, and had been recommended by a committee of that body.

The other location was said to be more central, and less difficult of accession; to which it was objected that it was low and wet, and it was contemptuously called a "frog pond, out of which," a member facetiously remarked, "the frogs would peep up and with their croakings interrupt the debates of the house;" and that the expense of laying the foundations in such a spot would swell the expense far beyond the estimates.

It is said that the governor and council were as much divided in their opinions as the people of the respective sections. Two of the council, Gen. Benjamin Pierce, father of President Franklin Pierce, and Samuel Charles, were decidedly in favor of the Stickney location, they boarding at the north end. Indeed, a majority of the council were in favor of this location.

A day was appointed to decide the question, but it happened that just at this juncture one member of the council who was in favor of the north end location was called away on special business and before his return

the governor and council decided the question in favor of the south end.

The absence of that member of the council changed the business center of Concord, and, of course, benefited the south end, which at that time did not extend much below Pleasant Street.

The state house was built of stone from Rattlesnake Hill, which was dressed by convicts at the state prison. The corner stone was laid September 4, 1816, by Governor Plumer and in June, 1819, the legislature first convened in the new buildings at the inauguration of Gov. Samuel Bell.

Stuart J. Park of Groton, Mass., was chief architect, assisted by Levi Erigham. Albe Cady, William Low and Jeremiah Pecker were the building committee. The expense of it, including the furniture and fence was nearly \$82,000. The lot which was purchased and presented to the state contains about two acres and formerly belonged to the estate of Peter Green, Esq. The senate at the time the house was dedicated numbered 12 members, and the house 194.

The cut published herewith gives a good idea of the outward appearances of the modest building which served for many years as the state capital, with its dome surmounted by the eagle, which was first raised in position July 18, 1818, with impressive ceremonies including parades and toasts, and which has stood thereon until the present day except for a short period during the reconstruction days in the sixties; but there is no description of the interior of the building to be found in the journals of that period or at a later date.

From information furnished by Hon. Joseph B. Walker and Hon. Samuel C. Eastman it appears that the door in the center of the front led directly into Dorie Hall, which occupied the whole central section. There were also doors leading into the north and south wings. In the formers to the right of a long passageway running the entire width of the building,



was the state library, while on the other side were the offices of the secretary of state and state treasurer.

From these passageways stairs ran up to the first landing, from which entrances were had to long, low and narrow rooms in the mezzanine or intermediate story between the ceilings of the offices below and the floors of the second story above.

On the south side this room was occupied by the attorney-general and on the north side it was used for legislative committee purposes.

both the north and south sides of the hall, the one on the north being divided by a wall from the gallery which overlooked the senate chamber.

The New Hampshire Historical Society had a room in the building, but its exact location is not recalled by either of the gentlemen mentioned.

The enlargement of the old state house in 1863-'66 originated in the increased wants of the legislature and the state offices, which had entirely



State House, 1819

Representatives' Hall was located directly over Doric Hall, as now, with the senate chamber in the north wing, and the governor and council chamber and the office of the adjutant-general in the south wing.

In the house of representatives the speaker's stand was on the west end, and the members sat on benches facing that dignitary. On either side of the speaker's desk were seats to the number of twelve for the honorable senators to occupy during the joint conventions of the senate and house, and they sat facing the members. There were galleries for spectators on

outgrown the old house, and was carried out only after a bitter contest, not between the northenders and southenders, but between Concord and Manchester, the former fighting for the retention of the capital, and the latter to secure its removal to the Queen City.

In 1863 the legislature authorized the governor to cause plans for the enlargement of the state house to be made by some competent architect and to receive propositions from Concord, or any other city having the necessary railroad facilities, as to what such city could do towards furnishing

a house adequate for the wants of the state.

The action of the legislature was carried into effect by Governor Gilmore; the plans were revised by J. G. F. Bryant of Boston, and the governor laid the matter before the legislature of 1864.

On the third day of the session His Excellency submitted to the legislature memorials from the cities of Concord and Manchester, the former urging the retention of the seat of government in that place and proposing to remodel the old state house on the second plan furnished by Mr. Bryant to the satisfaction of the legislature, and without expense to the state; or to expend \$100,000 on any plan the legislature might select.

The latter presented the advantage of Manchester as a location for the capital, and proposed to raise a sum not exceeding \$500,000, with which to build a state house without charge to the state.

This was the beginning of a bitter contest between Concord and Manchester. Their respective propositions were on the 10th of June referred to a select committee, consisting of one from each county. On the 14th, the estimates of Mr. Bryant, submitted by the governor, were referred to the same committee. On the 16th the committee had a hearing on the question by counsel for each of the two cities in favor of their respective propositions.

The committee had hearings from time to time, taking testimony from prominent citizens in relation to the matter, and on Tuesday, June 28, made two reports.

The majority report, which was signed by Henry P. Rolfe for the committee, and by seven members thereof, was in favor of accepting the proposition of Concord for enlarging the old state house, and submitted a bill for this purpose.

The minority report, favored by three members, and signed by James O. Adams for the committee, was in

favor of accepting the proposition of Manchester for building a new house.

At 2 o'clock the next day the house went into committee of the whole on the question and arguments were made by Judge Ira Perley and Col. John H. George in favor of the Concord plan, and by Hon. William Burns of Lancaster and Lewis W. Clark, Esq., for Manchester. The time was divided. Mr. Burns speaking for an hour, Judge Perley for half an hour, Colonel George for an hour and a half and Mr. Clark for half an hour. The question was also elaborately discussed by the house on the 6th, 7th and 8th of July, without coming to a vote.

On the 13th, however, after a lively debate, the adoption of some amendments, and the rejection of others, with several ineffectual attempts to postpone the whole matter, which was defeated on the final vote 132 to 159, the majority report was adopted and the capitol was finally located on its old site, provided the city of Concord should comply with the provisions of the bill which were substantially the following:

That the enlargement should conform to modified plan No. 2, submitted Mr. Bryant; that a new street should be opened from Main Street to State Street on the south side of the state house by the 15th of August, 1864, and that the city should by that date furnish satisfactory security that before the first day of June, 1865, the new building should be completed ready for use without expense to the state.

The city was authorized to raise the specified sum of \$100,000 by taxation. In default of a compliance with these provisions the proposition of Manchester was to be accepted and the seat of government was to be removed to that city.

The senate passed the bill July 15, 1864, and, on August 2, the city government ordered the issuance of state house bonds in the sum of \$100,000, and named as a committee to place the same Judge Asa Fowler, Joseph B.

Walker, Esq., Hon. Onslow Stearns, Hon. John Kimball and John L. Tallant.

Capitol Street was opened on the day set, August 15, and the event was celebrated by the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and a general jollification in which the people joined with a zest.

Ground was broken by the contractors on September 20, 1864, and the building was ready for occupancy at

porting columns across the entire breadth of the center section and the removal of the doors leading into the north and south wings.

The addition on the west of the structure on the first floor, furnished quarters for the state library which were occupied until the completion of the present library building at the corner of North State and Park Streets, when the room was divided into three compartments and utilized



State House, 1866

the convening of the legislature, June 6, 1866.

The changes made under modified plan No. 2 increased the depth of the building on the west side and added a French roof story on the north and south wings; and these changes enlarged representatives hall and the senate chamber, the offices on the first floor and greatly increased the accommodations for committee rooms.

Outwardly the appearance of the front of the building was materially improved by the construction of the portico with its massive granite sup-

porting columns across the entire breadth of the center section and the removal of the doors leading into the north and south wings.

Other changes were the bringing of the governor and council and the adjutant-general to the first floor, leaving the second floor of the south wing to the use of the judiciary committee of the house and the secretary of the state board of agriculture, whose office at the head of the stairs was later occupied by Dr. Irving A. Watson, secretary of the state board of health. The insurance commission-

er on the completion of the house occupied an office on the first floor in the rear of the office of the state treasurer, and later his office was removed to Chase's block, to accommodate the state superintendent of public instruction, who had been occupying the office in the rear of that of the adjutant-general, the change being made by reason of the necessity of the latter department for more room.

The new senate chamber had accommodations for 12 senators; and of representatives' hall the Hon. George A. Marden of Lowell, who wrote the story of the improvements for the *Monitor* of June 6, 1866, said:

"Representatives' hall is large enough, but the house is too large. There are 340 seats subject to draft and 326 members to draw. This makes the hall a little crowded, for the seats have to be pretty near together. The chairs have the good quality of making a fair prospect for a short session; otherwise they are open to criticism. The backs are high and straight so that back bone will not be a *sine qua non* in the members. The chairs to a man of moderate length, seem a little lofty, and the extremities of the short-legged members will, very likely, hang dangling in the air unless they have some sort of cricket to support them. If the rural members, who can scarcely sit out an hour sermon on a cushioned pew on Sunday, don't conclude by the last of June that their hoeing is more necessary than legislation, and if the hard oak chairs don't ache under them by 12 o'clock every forenoon, we shall despair of any contrivance for a short session ever succeeding."

The dome which rose above the center of the structure to a height of 140 feet, and which remains unchanged on the new structure, was carefully modeled in outline and proportioned from the celebrated dome of the Hotes des Invalides in Paris, an architectural work of the highest order of merit. In fact the front of the structure since its completion in

1866, has been regarded by the architects as one of the purest pieces of architecture in the country and it has a place in many of the leading works on that subject.

Some of the contractors engaged in the remodeling were: Blaisdell & Pierce, Portsmouth, grading and foundation; Granite Railway Co., cut stone; Mead, Mason & Co., Concord, wood work; Phenix Iron Co., Philadelphia, iron trusses and beams; Lyman R. Fellows, mason work; Clary & Co., Boston, plastering and stucco work; Asa Cutting, Concord, painting; John Eves, Concord, plumbing; J. L. Ross, Boston, furniture for representatives' hall and senate chamber; Ford & Kimball, Concord, cast iron and doors for safes; Ware & Co., Boston, chairs and sofas in the senate chamber; E. Tarbell & Son, Boston, gas fixtures.

The same causes which compelled the remodelling of the old state house in 1864-'66 made necessary the building of a new state house in 1909-'10. The senate had been increased to 24 members, the house, by the growth of the state as shown by the censuses of every decade from 1870 down to 1900, had gained in numbers to a membership of nearly 400. State officers and commissioners had multiplied until it became necessary to house them in blocks all through the business district.

The bank commission was in the Minot block on School Street; the license commission in the James R. Hill building; the state laboratory of hygiene in the National State Capital Bank building; the railroad commission in the Governor Smith block; the state board of charities and corrections in Opera House Block; the office of the attorney-general in State block; the office of the fish and game commission wherever the members chanced to be; and in addition to all these the secretary of the state board of agriculture and of the state superintendent of public instruction were housed in the state library building.

Various efforts were made to secure better accommodation within the past ten years, but none of them bore fruit until the legislature of 1909, impelled by the necessity of securing better and more adequate housing for the state officers and the property of the state, took hold of the matter in earnest and solved the problem by the enactment of legislation which has resulted in the

legislature near its close of a resolution which in terms authorized the governor and council to carefully investigate and report at the next session of the legislature the best method to be adopted in order to obtain suitable offices and rooms for the house and senate committees; also suitable accommodations in the state house for the use of state officers, members



Remodeled State House, East Front

present splendid building, adequate for the needs of the state for the present and for many years to come, and a monument to all who have had official connection with the carrying out of the plans.

The clamor for a change in the building, which to the minds of many who had studied the subject was absolutely necessary if the state was to be insured from irreparable loss should fire develop in the old building, reached a climax during the session of 1903, resulting in the adoption by the

of the legislature and the public, and to cause plans and estimates to be made of any changes or improvements they may recommend.

Acting under this resolution Gov. Nahum J. Bachelder secured from Peabody & Stearns, the eminent architects of Boston, plans and estimates for an enlarged structure, which were reported to the legislature of 1905 under the provision of the resolution. In his annual message to the legislature of that year Gov. John McLane said: "The proposed im-

provements in the state house meet with my unqualified approval. The exhaustive report of Governor Bachelder and his council, which will soon be in your hands, states the reason and arguments why the work should be done at once, in a way convincing and unanswerable."

Reasons for the proposed change summarized were:

"Life and property are exposed to danger from fire.

"The senate chamber and representatives' hall are difficult of access, inadequate in size and accommodations for their present membership, and incapable of any rearrangement to give additional seats.

"The committees of the senate and house of representatives, with three exceptions, cannot have suitable rooms for their deliberations.

"A majority of the state offices cannot be provided with accommodations in the state house and are located in other buildings, at large expense for rentals and with great detriment to a convenient, suitable and economical transaction of public business.

"An immediate enlargement of the state library building can be avoided if the space now occupied as a portrait gallery and by state offices is made available for library purposes."

While no attention was paid to these recommendations by that legislature, these same plans, amplified, beautified and brought down to the requirements of the moment and of the immediate future were followed in the present building, giving New Hampshire one of the most suitable state capitols in the country, and at an expense so small in comparison with what other states have paid for their state houses that when the sum is mentioned to experts it is received with smiles of incredulity.

Bills for an entirely new state house at an expense of \$1,000,000 were introduced at the sessions of 1905 and 1907 by Hon. Henry M. Baker of Bow, but they never passed beyond the committee stage.

At the session of 1909, however,

action was precipitated by a bill introduced by Representative Danforth of Concord appropriating \$1,000,000 for a new state house in Concord which was followed by a bill of Representative Buffum of Winchester authorizing the enlargement and improvement of the structure along the lines of the Bachelder report, and then came the proposition from Manchester to give the state a new capitol building at a cost of \$1,000,000, provided the legislature would vote to remove the seat of government to that city, which was presented by Representative Hurd.

All three bills were referred to the committee on public improvements of the house, of which Charles S. Emerson of Milford was chairman.

The action of Manchester revived the old strife and bitterness between the two cities engendered by the fight of 1864. Manchester's claims for the capitol were presented by many of her most prominent business and professional men, headed by ex-Gov. Charles M. Floyd and Walter M. Parker, while almost every man of influence in Concord came to the defense of the right of the city in the building. Especially prominent in the proceedings which followed were Hon. George H. Moses, at present minister to Greece; Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball, Gen. Frank S. Streeter, Hon. John M. Mitchell and others, who were efficiently backed in their efforts by the Concord Commercial Club, the Woonolancet Club and other organizations.

The fight was short, sharp and decisive. The committee gave all a chance to be heard exhaustively, and reopened the hearing several times in order to hear further arguments from the down river city. The members also went to Manchester upon invitation from that city and looked over the various locations suggested as sites for the structure in the event of favorable legislative action.

While the hearings were in progress Chairman Emerson and his committee, with the aid of experts, made an

investigation of the condition of the state house, the result of which convinced them that action was imperative, and when the matter finally came up for action it was voted to recommend the rebuilding of the capitol in Concord on the lines suggested by the Bachelder report, which action was ratified by the house on March 23 by a vote of 277 to 69, and by the senate seven days later by practically unanimous action.

The text of the act follows:

Section 1. That the state house be enlarged, remodeled, made fireproof so far as practicable, and suitably furnished, such enlargement, remodeling, fireproofing and furnishing to be made by and under the direction of the governor and council, who shall procure such plans and specifications as may be necessary to carry out the general plans and recommendations submitted to the legislature of 1905-'06 by Gov. Nahum J. Bachelder and the council in compliance with chapter 181, Laws of 1903, that a fireproof addition be erected and that the present building be enlarged and improved. The governor and council are hereby authorized to make such changes and modifications in said general plans or adopt such other plans as in their judgment the interests of the state may seem to require; and they are further authorized, if they deem it for the best interests of the state, to purchase or acquire necessary land, outside the present state house lot on which to erect a suitable heating plant for the state house and state library.

SECT. 2. That, to provide for said enlarging, remodeling, fireproofing, heating, and furnishing the state house the sum of four hundred thousand dollars be, and hereby is, raised and appropriated, said sum to be expended under the direction of the governor and council, as provided in section 1. Provided always, that the plan adopted by the governor and council shall be such as shall provide for the remodeling of the present building and the erection of all additions or appurtenances to the same within the appropriation herein made, and that the specification shall limit the cost of the entire contract completed, giving to the state a building suitable and adequate to the needs of the state, to the sum of \$400,000, and no contracts, agreements or understandings shall be approved by the governor and council for the purchase of land, the remodeling of the present building or for any other purpose whatsoever, which in their entirety shall exceed the net cost to the state of \$400,000 and the new or remodeled state house shall be completed and ready for occupancy by December 1, 1910, at an expenditure within said appropriation.

The remainder of the act authorized the issuance of bonds to the above amount, if needed, to provide for the expense. The act was approved March 30, 1909.

Under the conditions imposed of erecting a new structure of the magnitude called for by the plans and the remodeling of the old building, haste was necessary, and immediately upon the adjournment of the legislature Governor Quinby and his council took up the matter with Messrs. Peabody & Stearns and together the plans for the building were evolved at an estimated cost inside the sum placed at the disposal of the governor for the purpose. In doing this Governor Quinby brought into play all his business ability and sagacity and these, coupled with his rare administrative ability, accomplished what to others might have seemed an impossibility in meeting the conditions imposed and presenting to the state of New Hampshire the completed building ready for dedication almost three months before the expiration of the time limit.

Immediately upon the completion of the plans and specifications for the addition in the rear of the old structure by Messrs. Peabody & Stearns, who were continued as architects in charge of the whole work, bids were advertised, and on June 8, 1909, the contract was awarded to the Central Building Company of Worcester, Mass.

From that time until the 24th the contractors were engaged in getting their plant to the grounds and in collecting their men, and on July 24 ground was broken. September 10 saw the foundation of the walls completed and on that day the cornerstone was laid without ceremony. Thereafter progress was rapid and not a day passed when a marked advance in progress was not made.

No problems were presented here for solution except those incident to the erection of a building of granite, steel and concrete, with the weather of a New England winter to contend

against, but despite the handicaps imposed the walls of the addition, 161 feet, ten inches on State Street, with a depth of 94 feet, four inches, and three stories high, were completed and covered in by midwinter, the walls plastered and ready for the finish in the early spring, and the completed structure occupied the first day of October, which is believed to be a record in construction for a building of the size and kind.

The original contract price for the addition was \$263,206 and it was specified that the building should be ready for occupancy on July 1, but when the figures for remodeling the old part were received it was found that marble could be used for wainscoting in the corridors and that mahogany could be substituted for oak as a finish for the suite for the governor and council. These with some other minor changes raised the cost of the new part to \$274,913 and the contract time was extended to September 15.

The contract for remodeling the old state house, the changes in which included the erection of a third story in place of the mansard roof that topped the north and south wings and the enlargement of both the senate chamber and the house of representatives was also awarded to the Central Building Company on September 9, 1909, for \$73,988 and in this several problems were presented which tested the skill of both architects and builders.

The work of tearing out to make ready for the new work required by the plans, revealed a condition of affairs in the way of shoddy construction that had they been known would have caused the instant condemnation of the entire building; and those who were permitted to study conditions marveled that no fatalities had attended its occupancy and that it had stood the stress of years without collapsing entirely.

This defective condition greatly hampered the work of the contractors, as before they could proceed with the

construction of the third story they had to strengthen the building from the foundation up to enable it to safely carry the additional burden.

The other problem calling for solution was the enlargement of representatives' hall by the removal of the solid brick wall on the south side supporting the weight of the main roof and dome, and this involved engineering skill of the highest order.

Heavy shores resting on jacks were erected to carry the weight of the roof and dome, and when these were in place the roof was lifted a half inch and held there until the immense steel girder, 40 feet in length, five feet high and weighing 26 tons, could be raised to the top of the building, rolled to and finally lifted into position on steel and masonry piers carried through from the basement and resting on concrete piers sunk deeply in the ground. Then the roof was lowered to its normal position and so accurately had the work been figured and performed that absolutely no injury resulted to the structure.

This enabled the throwing of the corridor on the south side into the hall, thus giving the space needed for the estimated future increase of membership, unless the voters of the state should so amend the constitution as to cut the size of the house to workable proportion; the construction of proper coat and toilet rooms for the use of the representatives in the rooms formerly occupied by the judiciary committee of the house and as offices of the state board of health, and the installation of a gallery over these rooms, with seating accommodations for 250 people in comfortable opera chairs, and standing room for many more, and splendidly lighted by large windows on the south and east, which also served to give much needed light to the hall itself.

To many the rearrangement of this hall is the crowning achievement of the architects, for from a dark, ill-ventilated room it has been transformed into a spacious assembly room, splendidly lighted and ventilated,



with walls and ceiling changed from dark and sombre colors to light and attractive tints, and with ceiling so strengthened as to render it absolutely safe for those who have to occupy it in the making of new laws with each recurring two years.

One feature that will be missed is the elaborate chandelier that has served since the house was remodeled in the sixties to illuminate the hall on dark afternoons and at nights, first with gas and later, when electricity came into the field, with that fluid. This has been replaced with eight bronze electroliers, pendant from the ceiling, each carrying a cluster of six 100-candle power tungstens, with additional lights for the gallery, while around the walls at intervals are 90 lamps, which should serve in any emergency that may arise to throw light on the proceedings. The house is heated by the indirect-direct method, and is ventilated by ducts running from gratings in the ceilings to the exhaust fan operated by electric motors discharging into the court from an opening in the west gable.

The senate chamber has been enlarged by taking into it the office formerly occupied by the sergeant-at-arms of that body and the senate committee room, giving a floor space of 35 by 44 feet, which has permitted the construction of a new and more commodious gallery for the convenience of spectators. Other changes are the removal of the president's dias to the south side and the rearrangement of the desks. In the rear of the chamber are coat room, ante room and toilet room, while overhead in the third story are several commodious committee rooms which are among the best and most sightly in the entire building.

The only change in Doric Hall has been the elimination of the stairways which formerly led to the halls above and the space thus gained has been added to the corridors leading to the new structure. The old offices remain the same, with the exception of the three on the west side of the hall,

which have been merged into one large room by the removal of the partitions.

There is a change in occupancy, however, except in the office of the state treasurer, which remains as heretofore, as under the new régime the adjutant-general takes the office of the secretary of state, the state board of agriculture the council chamber, the Grand Army the main office of the adjutant-general, with the rear room given up to the pharmacy commission; while the large room is to be devoted to hearings of all kinds when the attendance would tax the accommodations afforded in other sections of the building.

One other problem that presented itself and which was the subject of deep study on the part of the governor and his advisers, as well as the architects and builders, was that of heating the building.

By the terms of the resolution as it passed the legislature the governor and council were authorized to purchase land and to erect thereon a central station for the heating not only of the state house but the state library and the new Historical Society building as well.

Negotiations were made for a location of the plant on the Dow property off Bridge Street, fronting on the right of way of the Boston & Maine Railroad. It was found, however, that the state could not get a clear title by reason of various lines of sewers which passed beneath and this was abandoned.

Finally a solution was found in the erection of an addition in the court which permitted the placing of the four large boilers necessary in the basement, while the floor above permitted of a corridor directly connecting the elevators at the north and south ends, as well as three small rooms, which are used as an office by the janitor, the telephone exchange and a rest room for the use of the women employed in the various offices.

The addition, which is of the purest Concord granite from the yards of

Hon. John Swenson, consists of an extension of the north and south wings toward the west, these two extensions being joined by a building fronting State Street. In short, the addition forms three sides of a court in the rear of the original state house. This gives a continuous series of offices throughout the three stories, fronting on the three streets, and an interior court lighting corridors and stairs and toilet rooms. There are no inside offices.

The whole exterior is made to conform to the general lines of the original state house building, but it has been beautified in a way to make it attractive. The line between the first and remaining stories has been broken by an elaborately carved frieze extending around the entire building by carved porches supported by massive pillars over the entrances, and by the breaking up of the center section of the State Street façade with its treatment in rusticated effect on the first story, and by pillars with carved caps supporting the heavy cornice and arched window caps with carved key-stone.

The entrances also add to the beauty of the structure with their massive granite approaches, the carved portal, the ornamental electric light posts on either side, the porch with the frieze of lion's heads, supported by pillars, and the granite balustrade surmounting the structure. A balustrade is also a prominent feature of the roof construction of both the new and old buildings.

The entrance doors are of oak, also elaborately carved, while over them is a large fan light with ornamental grill in front to soften the light rays passing to the interior. The doors open into vestibules, which lead to the main corridors.

The walls of the court are faced with light brick. The two archives rooms in the offices of the secretary of state and the state registrar of vital statistics, each 20 by 29 feet, are also lined with light brick and form a secure depository, the floors and ceil-

ings being supported by steel beams and the windows having shutters, so that these rooms, fitted for daily work are in reality fireproof vaults. There are nine other vaults of smaller size, three of them being in the basement for storage purposes.

The building is thoroughly fireproof in all its parts. Partitions, where not of brick, are of terra cotta blocks; the floors are constructed with brick arches in the first floors and flat terra cotta arches for the other floors and the roof, all the steel being protected by terra cotta.

A feature of the building is the corridors forming a continuous passage about the new structure, and connecting at the ends with the corridors of the old building. These corridors are ten feet in width, with floors of terrazo paving, wainscoted in Vermont marble and with paneled ceilings broken at intervals by arches. They are lighted electrically by heavy bronze lamps suspended from the ceilings by bronze chains with lights enclosed in heavy glass globes.

Entering the building from the south the first suite of two offices and vault to the right are occupied by the state board of health and the state registrar of vital statistics; and the last office by Joseph S. Matthews of the treasury department, who has in charge the assessment and collection of the succession and inheritance taxes.

To the left and turning through the main corridor are the suites of the state superintendent of public instruction and of the license commission while on the north side are the offices of the insurance commissioner, the railroad commission, and the labor commissioner.

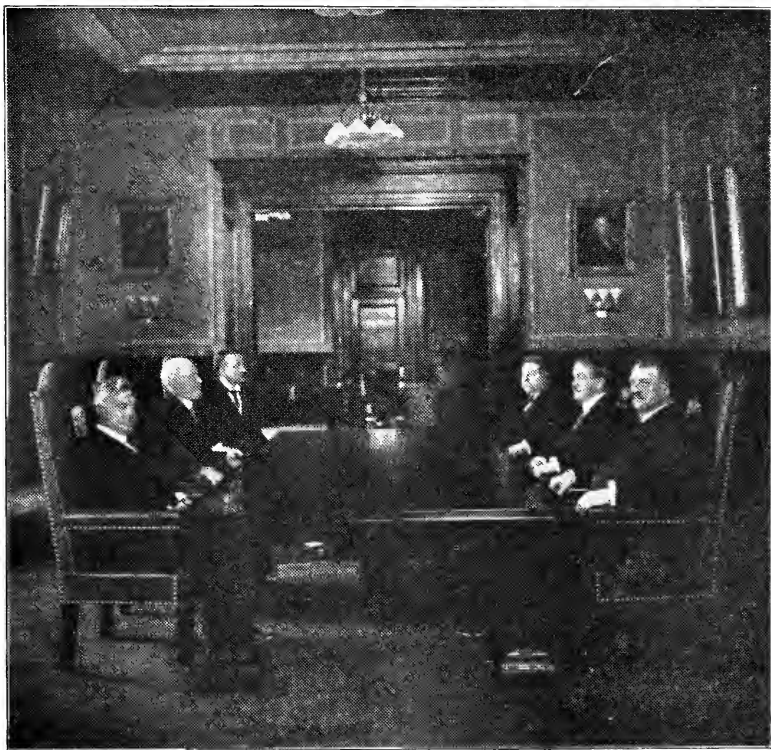
The main entrance corridors on both sides lead to the Otis elevators running through wells extending from the basement to the roof of iron grill work, artistically wrought and painted a verde green, around which are built the iron stairways with marble treads and wainscoting of the same material. The power used to

drive these elevators is electricity, the current being taken from the wires of the Concord Electric Company, which are brought into the main switchboard, located in the basement in a room especially constructed for such use, through an underground conduit, and from thence led to the operating engines.

The lighting of the entire structure is also controlled from the same sta-

On the cross corridor connecting stairways and elevators are the three rooms mentioned above, which draw their lights from the court, the only ones in the building so to do, while on the main corridors on the inside are commodious and finely appointed toilet rooms, as well as rooms for the use of the janitors. This arrangement is carried out on all three floors.

On the second floor on the south are



Council Chamber

tion, but there are ten stations for local control, six at various points in the new and four in the old building, in addition to the wall switches.

The cars are of steel, six by eight feet and eight and one-half feet high. Both elevators have been tested to the maximum capacity specified in the contract and are equipped with safety devices which are believed to absolutely insure against possibility of accident.

the offices and vault of the secretary of state, and the office of the state auditor, while at the elevator and stair landing at this end of the building are entrances to the cloak rooms and to the hall of representatives.

The front of the building is devoted entirely to the governor's suite, which includes the governor's office, the council chamber, the anteroom, and the toilet room. On the north side are the rooms of the state board of

charities and corrections and committee rooms, while on the east is the entrance to the senate suite.

It is in the governor's suite that the architects have wrought their masterpiece. Designed and arranged with true artistic sense, down to the smallest detail of finishing and furnishing, it presents a picture in its rare combination and blending of colorings that is at once a delight and a satisfaction.

The finish of all the rooms devoted to executive business, the wainscoting, doors, door frames and window casings, is in mahogany of uniform shade, while in the council chamber there is a heavy cornice of the same material. The walls are laid out in panels and are tinted in green, with the moulding painted in contrasting color to accentuate the effect, while the ceiling in lighter shade adds to the perfect harmony of the whole color scheme of red and green.

A heavy rug of green velvet covers the quartered oak floor. The draperies over the three large windows looking out into North State Street are of heavy green velvet lined with corn colored silk, with lambrequins, bearing in their centers the great seal of the state done in colors. The portières covering the sliding doors separating the chamber from the governor's room on the south and the anteroom on the north are of the same material.

In the center of the east side, enclosed in an elaborately carved mantel, is a fireplace with front of Alps Green Vermont marble and hearth of red tile, and in the panel over the mantle hangs the speaking likeness of Governor Quinby executed by Richard S. Merryman of New York, while the portraits of other chief executives adorn the walls on both sides of the room.

The radiators have been placed in recesses under the windows and are hidden from sight by bronze screens, which give an added effect to the general scheme.

The massive furniture is all in ma-

hogany. The large table to be used by the council in the transaction of business is placed in the center of the room. Around it are the chairs of the councilors, with the governor's chair at the head, all in mahogany, upholstered in Spanish leather, and each bearing on its back in colors the seal of the state in shield.

Between the council table and the windows is placed the desk and chair of the secretary of state, while the remainder of the furniture is grouped about the room.

The lighting arrangement, both for the chamber and the other rooms in the suite, is superb in its scope. In the former there are 24 wall and 24 ceiling lights, the lamps being of bronze and in design in keeping with the general plan. In the governor's office and anteroom there are four wall and eight ceiling lights, making a total of 60 lights that can be brought into play in the event of the rooms being thrown together for an evening meeting or function of any kind.

In the governor's office and anteroom the furniture, finishings, fittings and decorations are of the same general description as those in the chamber, while in the former there are two large bookcases of mahogany, built into the walls of the room. The window sills in all of the departments are of Tennessee marble.

On the top floor on the south side is the entrance to the house gallery and following around are the offices of the state highway engineer, the state laboratory of hygiene, a committee room, the office of the forestry commission, the offices of the bank commission, as well as the offices of the fish and game commission, the board of equalization and the attorney-general; while entrance is had from this end of the building to the committee rooms in the third story over the senate wing.

The entrances to the old building on all three floors are protected by heavy tin covered doors, so arranged that in the event of a fire in either part the heat will melt a fusible plug

and allow them to close automatically, thus affording a perfect shield.

The interior finish throughout is of quartered oak and the floors where not of terrazzo are of rift hard pine.

The main building is heated throughout by the indirect-direct method, with radiators controlled by thermostats, so that any degree of heat desired may be maintained. The radiators are placed in all cases under the windows, and over them are placed slabs of Vermont marble so arranged that by opening the window to the height of the sill the air from outside is drawn in and through the radiator and is discharged into the room, while the foul air is taken out through ducts and is drawn to the top of the building by fans operated by electric motors located in pent houses on the roof. Perfect ventilation of the toilet rooms is also secured in the same manner. The plumbing conforms to the best sanitary standards.

In the corridors on each floor are three reels of firehose, each 100 feet in length, attached to the high service system of water supply and ready for instant service, and the building has been piped for vacuum cleaning in order that the system may be installed if at any time the equipment is authorized.

In addition to all that has been mentioned above all the exposed wood work of the old state house, including the dome, has been painted in tint to match the granite of the addition, and the eagle given a new coating of gold.

The new building is of somewhat simple form and without any display, but has been very carefully studied in both its architectural and utilitarian details.

In the carrying out of the great work laid upon him by the legislature so successfully, Governor Quinby has been ably assisted at all times by the members of his council, Alonzo M. Foss of Dover, Dr. H. W. Boutwell of Manchester, Albert Annett of Jaffrey, James G. Fellows of Pembroke and Lyford A. Merrow of Ossipee.

Much of the detail of supervision

of the work as it progressed and the arrangement of the building for occupancy has been conducted by Hon. Edward N. Pearson, secretary of state. The architects, as well as President Miner of the Central Building Company, have personally supervised the work, making frequent visits to the city for the purpose of inspection. John R. McDonald served as inspector of granite and construction during the laying up of the walls, while Thomas Keenan of Boston served in a similar capacity in the finish of the building.

The superintendent of construction for the Central Building Company has been Michael E. Sullivan, who was sent here to take charge of the Historical Society building, and was detailed to the state house immediately the contract was signed by the governor. The fact that the building was constructed in a solid, substantial manner and in record time is proof sufficient of his ability and the wisdom of his selection.

The maximum of workmen employed was 200.

Those who have designed, built, fitted and furnished the new capitol are:

Architects, Peabody & Stearns, Boston.

General contractor, Central Building Company, Worcester, Mass.

Granite, John Swenson, Concord.

Structural steel, American Bridge Company, Boston, Mass.

Ornamental iron work, A. B. Robbins Iron Company, Norfolk Downs, Quincy, Mass.

Marble, Puffer Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.

Plastering, Davis Brown, New York City.

Electric wiring, M. B. Foster Electric Company, Boston, Mass.

Plumbing, W. G. Cornell Company, Boston

Terra cotta, National Fire Proofing Company, Boston.

Brick, Samuel Holt, Concord; yellow brick, Fisk Pressed Brick Company, Boston.

Ventilation, Bradlee-Chapman Company, Boston.

Steam heating, M. E. Clifford & Co., Concord, for Bradlee-Chapman Company, Boston.

Hardware, P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn.

Painting, Daniels-Howlett & Co., Boston.

Asphalt floors in laboratory, Simpson Bros. Corporation, Boston.

Granite and wood carving, John Evans Company, Boston.

Finish, Building Finish Company, Worcester, Mass.

Plate glass, Pittsburg Plate Glass Company Pittsburg, Pa.

Terrazo paving, Galassi Brothers, Boston.

Roofing, George A. Barnard, Worcester, Mass.

Elevators, Otis Elevator Company, Boston.

Automatic heating control, Johnson Service Company, Boston.

Electric lighting fixtures, McKenny & Waterbury, Boston.

Painting exterior of old state house, including the dome, and regilding eagle, Fred Rollins, Concord.

Trucking, George L. Theobald.

Council chamber furniture, Shaw Furniture Company, Boston, Mass.

Office furniture, Doten-Dunton Desk Company, Boston.

Book cases, Derby Desk Company, Boston, Mass.

Carpets and rugs, John H. Pray & Sons' Company, Boston, Mass.

Draperies, portières and rugs in council chamber, Allen & Hall Company, Boston, Mass.

Steel vault fittings, Van Dorn Iron Company, Cleveland, O.

Window shades, J. M. Stewart & Sons' Company, Concord.

Electric lamps, Concord Electric Company.

Vault doors, Hall Safe Company, New York.

## Whatever Is, Is Best

*By Ella Wentworth Richardson.*

God leadeth us through many a devious way,  
 Sometimes in thorny paths beset with  
 Dangerous snares, anon o'er rocky steep  
 Where sharp stones bruise the tender  
 Shrinking feet. Yet on and on, impelled  
 By some strange power, we fain must go,  
 Groping in darkness, battling with despair,  
 Until the height is reached; When, just  
 Beyond us lies a level plain, brilliant  
 With sunlight, rich with song and bloom:  
 And lo, what seemed to us as crosses  
 Heavy to be borne, have proved as blessing,  
 Showing us the way to larger light, and  
 Purer, higher life, where tumults cease  
 And passion's waves all tempest tossed  
 Are stilled; and, glorious Love that  
 Springeth from the source of Life itself  
 The one Great God, the Universal Truth,  
 Shines o'er our path, illumines all  
 Our way, and so we know "Whatever is, is best."

# State House Dedication

Formal Exercises in Representatives Hall,

October 25, 1910

The enlarged and remodeled New Hampshire State House, was thrown open to the public and formally dedicated on Tuesday, October 25, prominent citizens from all parts of the State being in attendance.

People began to arrive at an early hour and found the building open and ready for inspection, the incumbents of the various offices being in their respective positions, including the members of the several boards and commissions, all of whom cordially welcomed the people as they made the rounds of the building. Universal approval of the work accomplished by the governor and council through the architects, contractors and builders was manifest, and the general remark was one of wonder that so much had been accomplished within the limits of the legislative appropriation, and what had been accomplished had been so well done.

From 10 to 11 o'clock a. m. a concert by Nevers' Second Regiment Band was in progress in front of the State House, and from 11 to 12 Gov. Henry B. Quinby and the executive council, attended by the Governor's staff, held a reception in the elegant new council chamber, which is generally pronounced one of the finest rooms of the kind in the country.

At 12 o'clock the formal dedicatory exercises were in order in Representatives Hall, Governor Quinby presiding, and the speakers of the day, who included Hon. David Cross of Manchester, the oldest living man who has served in the legislative department of the government, who was a member of the House of Representatives in 1848, and many times, later; United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger; ex-Senator William E. Chandler, who was Speaker of the

House in 1863 and 1864; ex-Congressman Hosea W. Parker, who was a representative in 1859 and 1860; Hon. Samuel D. Felker of Rochester, the minority leader during the last legislative session, and ex-Governor Nahum J. Bachelder, during whose administration the plans for the enlargement and remodeling of the building were authorized and procured, occupying with him seats on the speaker's rostrum; while the spacious hall was filled with a deeply interested audience, including representative citizens from all parts of the State, with many ladies.

A selection by Nevers' Band was the opening number, after which prayer was offered by the chaplain of the day, Rev. Edwin B. Snow, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Concord, in the following words:

**Prayer by Rev. Edwin B. Snow**

Almighty and ever-loving God, we come before thee to dedicate this House. Thou in whose name our fathers builded the State, look graciously upon their children's handiwork. Accept this House as an offering unto thee,—for the service of man, which is ever the service best pleasing in thy sight. Grant us thy presence today; and be thou ever in this place, to guide by thy Spirit those who here deliberate upon affairs of State. Make them just and faithful, wise and good.

To those who frame our laws, give judgment, industry and social vision; and a sobering sense of their responsibility. Here may no act be done through passion or fear, through greed or vainglory, through trickery or bribe. Here may no power, of person or of pelf, usurp the power which is the people's own. May these new white walls, glistening in



REV. EDWIN B. SNOW





GOVERNOR HENRY B. QUINBY

their purity, typify an equal purity within their shelter. And to those who administer our laws, give courage and consecration and common sense; make them the people's servants, not a party's, not a man's. Here, without favor and without fear, may the people's will be done. Here may wrong be righted, and the poor and the oppressed find equal hearing with the rich and powerful. Here, at the heart of our Commonwealth, may the best traditions of the past be upheld and conserved; the best improvements of the present be considered and tried, and may the experience of every day lead to steady advancement in the future. May all that makes for the peace, prosperity and progress of our people find here its expression. And above all make honor and truth to reign in this place supreme. Make our House of State a House of thy Righteousness. Amen.

Governor Quinby then addressed the assemblage as follows, after which each speaker, in the order named, delivered his address, nearly two hours in all being occupied by the addresses:

#### **Governor Quinby's Address**

##### *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It is my happy privilege as governor of our splendid state to welcome you, its citizens, to its capital and to its capitol, and to invite you, who are all vitally interested in everything relating to our progress and our prosperity as a commonwealth, especially perhaps as to our expenditures, to inspect this state house which the present legislature authorized your governor and council to rebuild and for which purpose they appropriated the sum of four hundred thousand dollars, providing for an issue of bonds of that amount.

The task of reconstruction has been laborious and exacting and the details have been almost endless, requiring much time and much consideration, both of which have been cheerfully and promptly given by all concerned in the work; the councillors leaving their own affairs at every call, and also the secretary of state, whose services have been invaluable, his interminable duties, to contribute by their efforts to make this edifice, what I believe you will find it, a most beautiful building, and one which, in every way, will meet the requirements of the state for many years to come; and which fully represents the money which has been expended upon it; our

endeavors being directed to the practice of economy, while securing at the same time what was necessary and, as far as we could afford, artistic.

We have complied with the provisions of the act providing for this work and have not only completed it far ahead of the time limit, but also within the appropriation, paying for it with current funds, thus avoiding the issue of bonds and at the same time leaving it free from debt.

The executive branch of the state government now presents for your examination a tangible account of its stewardship in the form of this completed structure, with full confidence that it will meet with your approval and that this occasion will be a pleasant and memorable one for us all.

#### **Address of Hon. David Cross**

##### *Governor Quinby, Councilors, Men and Women of New Hampshire:*

The state house is finished. The capitol of the state of New Hampshire enlarged and beautified, adapted and fitted for legislative and routine official business, is ready for occupation. The work in every part is well done.

The state was fortunate in its executive department, in its architects and builders, and the whole work is creditable to the parties engaged and to the state of New Hampshire. I have good authority for saying that not a stone has been moved, not a change made without the watchful supervision of the governor and his executive council. The architects, whose reputations are world wide, have added another beautiful and complete structure to their long list now adorning the cities of many states.

We rededicate this old state house with its many additions and its improvements, its history and traditions. First, we dedicate it as a place fit and convenient for making the laws of the state for the next fifty years. We dedicate it as an official building for the governor and council and other executive officers.

Governor Quinby, I congratulate you that you are the chief magistrate of New Hampshire at a point of time in its history when all things political, religious and social seem to be in a sort of ferment; when old things seem to be passing away and new things are coming upon us with a rapidity never before seen or known. It is a day of anxiety on the part of some, of fear on the part of many and of doubt upon the minds of a few, but I hail it as the brightest era in the history of the state, and in fact in the history of the world.

The husks and shreds of old theories, of old superstitious, old fears, are falling off, and life at its best is coming forth purified and ennobled. The people of New Hampshire today are in better condition than ever before; the people of tomorrow and in future years will be in better condition than today. Partisanship in political and religious circles is less



HON. DAVID CROSS

than seventy-five years ago; the bitterness and bigotry of sects, the idolatry of creeds, the fear and almost worship of names are becoming gradually less and less, and I can see in vision the truth of the prophetic words of Julia Ward Howe recently spoken when she said: "One night recently I experienced a sudden awakening. I had a vision of a new era which was to dawn for mankind. I saw men and women of every clime working like bees to unsway the evils of society and to discover and to apply the remedies and also to find the influences that should best counteract evil and its attending sufferings."

The first state house was completed here in 1819—91 years ago. Ninety-one years seems a long time and yet it does not exceed the life or the memory of some of us here today. To me the past ninety-one years seem but a brief, bright period of time; childhood, manhood and age coming quietly, gently and yet with most joyful and happy feet as the days and years have come and gone.

I cannot tell you about the dedication of the state house in 1819. I was then living in Weare and do not believe that I had an invitation to take part in the services.

Occasionally we hear disagreeable, mournful lamentations over decadence in country towns, of abandoned farms, of falling off in attendance upon church services, of young men and women leaving their country homes for city life, of dishonesty in politics and dishonesty in business and a sort of gloomy refrain, in the hackneyed words: "Times are not as they used to be! Oh, for the good old days of our fathers!"

I submit that while there is possibly some reason for the lamentations with some people in some quarters, on the whole everything is better than it was.

Let me call your attention to some of the changes, some of the improvements, from 1819 to 1910 in New Hampshire.

I have lived through these intervening years. I have seen and known something of the political, social and legal life in New Hampshire for these years.

Consider that a Roman Catholic under the constitution and laws of New Hampshire could not hold office in state or town from 1819 to within a few years past; that for a portion of the time a man to hold office must belong to a particular church; that for a man to be a representative in the legislature he must be the owner of real estate. In 1848 I was obliged to obtain a deed of real estate to qualify me as a representative to the legislature.

Chief Justice Richardson in 1836 delivered a decision of the supreme court of this state and is reported in *Poor v. Poor*, 8 N. H. 314, as follows: "The legal existence and authority of a wife are suspended during the continuance of the matrimonial union. All her personal property vests in her husband and he is made answerable for her debts contracted before marriage and during the continuance of

the union. He is also responsible for crimes committed by her in his presence, the law not considering her in such a case as acting by her own will, but by his compulsion. He is answerable for all torts and frauds committed by her and if committed in his company, he alone is answerable. He is the head of the house to whom as such she is subordinate."

At this time a promissory note given to her was the property of the husband. It was decided in the case of *Tucker v. Gordon*, reported in the 5th N. H. Reports, that a husband has the control of a legacy given generally to the wife and may release or assign it by deed to which she is not a party, and payment to her is no bar to an action brought by him. She could not make a will, she could not make a contract. She had the strange position of a being without existence, one whose identity is suspended or sunk in the status of her husband.

The wife, not fully emancipated until the statutes of 1860 and 1876, is now an independent person entitled to the control of her property, real and personal, the same as her husband to his property.

The statutes of the state and the decisions of the courts have modified and changed procedure in the trial of civil and criminal cases. The technicalities of the common law have been removed and the rights of individuals and of corporations before the courts are considered and decided upon principles of equity and justice, and not as formerly upon technicalities and old common law rules.

Consider the law of inheritance in 1819 and many subsequent years, giving to the wife one third of personal property and the use of a portion of the real estate, and the law now, providing liberally for the wife and justly for the heirs. Consider the law in regard to the collection of debts and of poor debtors in 1819 and many subsequent years. The household goods, the bed and bedding upon which the man slept could be attached and sold to pay debts, and the man himself liable to imprisonment in the county jail. The poor of the town called "town's poor," were in fact sold at public auction. The names were presented to the annual town meeting and then these poor unfortunates, who had not the means of living, were called by name and the question of the moderator in each case was, "Who will take and board this person for the next year at the smallest weekly sum?" The bidding would commence from \$3 to \$2 or \$1 or less per week and the lowest bidder was considered the winner of the prize. Contrast this, I say, with the accommodations at Goffstown county farm, with its three-story brick buildings, the sanitary conditions, the hospital arrangements and all the means of living that ordinary people could wish or expect.

Contrast a state or national election from 1819 to 1850 and read the newspapers of that period, the bitter personal attacks upon can-

didates, the appeals to prejudice and the ways and means resorted to for party success. Consider the strange, wild, hard-eider, "Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-too" canvass of 1840 or the Know Nothing canvass of 1855, and contrast these elections and others before and after with the dignified, sensible and argumentative canvass now going on in this state between the two candidates for governor.

Visit the homes all over the state and contrast them now with 1819, the country home, itself or its neighbor, provided with telephone, with daily mail and daily newspaper, within easy reach of railroad.

Consider improvements in the medical professional education and in the means of healing the sick, the doctor of 1819 with his saddle bags, his canthook to extract teeth, his pills and blisters or calomel to prescribe and his knife to bleed, with the educated physician today, and his knowledge and methods. Consider the remedies to deaden pain, the trained nurse to watch and care for the sick.

The public conscience today is more sensitive and more reliable than ever before. Think of the public sentiment that tolerated the open, visible hanging of criminals while a multitude of men and women assembled, enjoying it as a holiday; of the public sentiment in regard to the hours of labor; the care for the insane, the poor, the sick, the children and criminals; the change in country towns in the sale and use of intoxicating liquors; and mark the advance!

It is said by some that the churches of the country towns have become feeble, and but a few are enlisted in their service. That is true, but yet if you consider the church service in 1819 and for years afterwards as I saw it; the house without fire in winter at first and later poorly heated, the long frightful sermons, forenoon and afternoon, and the doctrines advanced and advocated, you would say with me, "I rejoice that such preaching and such doctrines are not proclaimed or believed today."

I have not time to enumerate a tithe of the advance and improvements of today compared with 1819 and subsequent years.

I was here in 1833 and saw Andrew Jackson with Martin Van Buren and others; I saw the multitudes of people coming on foot and in carriage to look upon the president and other distinguished men and I can realize something of the great change between that day and last Saturday when Ex-President Roosevelt came to this state and within a few hours addressed multitudes of people in Manchester, Concord and Nashua.

A few days ago there was a meeting at The Hague to consider questions affecting the rights of nations and to decide by appeals to reason rather than resort to war. Last week a few men in Washington contributed a million dollars for Young Men's Christian Association buildings in different parts of the world.

Individuals, men and women, are working

today as never before, separately and in association, for the destruction of evil, for the relief of suffering and for the advancement and improvement of all classes and conditions of men.

The leading Christian Protestant churches are beginning to cast away the differences of doctrines and to work in unity for the betterment of mankind. Everything seems bright and hopeful for the future. We need have no fear, we need have no doubt. The people of this state with the people of the world will advance and improve with every passing year.

With the singer of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," I seem to see, I can see in vision men stoop to raise their fellows and lift them higher, higher, and yet higher.

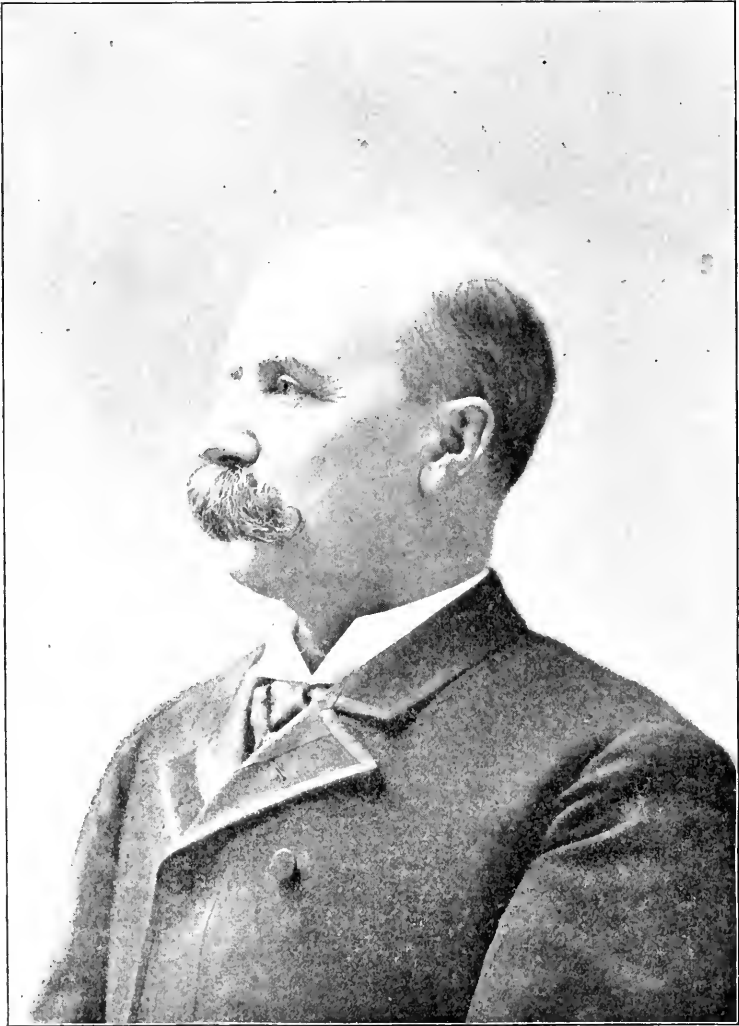
Men and women of New Hampshire, the record of the beginnings, the progress and the achievements of the people of this state is made up and now in this ninety-fourth year of my living among you, I bring greetings of thanksgiving for the past, satisfaction with the life, work, and purpose of the present, and I hail in prophetic vision a better and brighter future for all who may follow us.

### Senator Gallinger's Address

In the year 1782 the general court began to hold its sessions in Concord, the first session being held in the meeting house at the north end of the town, but on account of the cold an adjournment was taken to a room in a nearby store. In 1790 the town voted to raise the sum of one hundred pounds for building a house for the accommodation of the general court. This building was called the town house. The interior contained two rooms, one for the house of representatives and the other for the senate, with some small committee rooms and a limited gallery for spectators. The probabilities are that this building continued to be used by the general court until the year 1819, three years after Concord became the permanent seat of the state government, and in which year the state house was built on the site it now occupies, where it will doubtless continue to stand, in some form or other, all through the years, a reminder of the glories of the past, a satisfaction to the present generation, and an inspiration to those who in the years to come will fill the places in the government of the state soon to be vacated by those who now occupy them.

Others will tell the history of the building, and of its reconstruction and enlargement from time to time, and will point out the good work that has been done in its rebuilding during the past two years. I will content myself by briefly calling attention to the progress of events, in state and nation, since the structure was first occupied, 91 years ago.

When the state house was completed in 1819 illuminating gas had been in use only seven years, the first city to be lighted by gas being London in the year 1812.



HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER

The state house was completed in the same year that the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean sailed from Savannah, Ga., making the voyage to Liverpool in 25 days, part of the time being propelled by steam and part of the time by sail.

The state house had been occupied six years before a passenger railway had been put in operation, the first one being a short line between Stockton and Darlington, in England. In 1827 a crude railway was opened between Quincy and Boston, but it was only used to transport granite for the Bunker Hill monument.

The first locomotive engine used on an American railroad suitable for carrying passengers was in 1829, the road being an experimental affair, constructed by the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company. The engine was imported from England.

In 1830 the first division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was opened, extending from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of 15 miles, horse power being employed, which continued until 1832.

The first fully equipped passenger train was put on by the Mohawk and Hudson railroad in 1831, running between Albany and Schenectady. It was hauled by a steam-power engine, imported from England, and named the "John Bull."

The state house was eight years old when friction matches were first made, and 12 years before chloroform was discovered, which, however, was not used until 1847. In 1832, Morse conceived the idea of the electric telegraph, which was patented in France in 1838 and in this country in 1840, the first message being sent by Morse in 1844 from Washington to Baltimore.

The first Baldwin locomotive, "Old Ironsides," was built in 1832, the first Atlantic cable was laid in 1858, and in the same year the printing telegraph was invented and paper pulp was made from wood.

In 1850 coal oil was discovered in the United States, and in that year Moses G. Farmer, a New Hampshire man, subdivided the electric current through a number of lamps, and lighted the first building by electricity.

We waited until 1861 for the first passenger elevator, until 1869 for the airbrake, until 1871 for the Hoe perfecting printing press, and until 1873 for the first car coupler.

In 1876 Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and in 1877 Edison followed with the phonograph.

The first electric railway was installed in Berlin in 1879, and six years later (1885) the first electric railway in America was put in operation between Baltimore and Hampden.

Since that time the graphophone and the kinetoscope have been invented, the steam turbine has come into use, the Mergenthaler linotype machine has been perfected, X-rays discovered, wireless telegraphy and wireless telephones have been successfully used, the

wonderful development of the automobile industry has been accomplished, and the navigation of the air rendered comparatively safe.

These are a few of the things that have been given to the world since our state house was first occupied. What a revelation it would be to good Governor Plumer and his council, who chose the lot on which the state house stands, if they could return and see the magnificent structure that is now being rededicated, and learn of the wonderful things that have come to pass since they departed this life. Those men acted well their part in their day and generation, just as those who now fill their places are being animated by lofty purposes and high ideals, with a view to the further progress and development of our state.

When the New Hampshire state house was first occupied the members came to the capitol either by stage coach, by carriage, on horseback or on foot. The first railroad chartered in New Hampshire (the Concord road) was in the year 1835, 16 years after the state house was completed. At that time all passengers and freight between Boston and the Canada line were carried by coaches and wagons over the turnpike roads, stage taverns being scattered along the lines at frequent intervals. Then the men who represented New Hampshire at Washington traveled by stage coach, in striking contrast to the rapid and luxurious modes of travel of the present day. It is true that from 1814 to 1842 boats navigated the Merrimack River from Concord to Boston, being in charge of the "Merrimack Boating Company." So far as I can ascertain the boats did not carry passengers, and in these days of criticism of railroad rates it is interesting to note the fact that in 1815 the freight rates between Boston and Concord were on the upward trip twelve dollars per ton, and downward eight dollars. They were gradually reduced until they reached in 1841 five dollars per ton upward and four dollars per ton downward. These were the "good old days," about which we frequently hear.

The population of New Hampshire in 1820 was 244,161, a little more than one half of what it is today. Manchester was a little village containing a population of 761, Nashua had 1,142, and Concord 2,838. Manchester has now a population of 70,033, Nashua 26,005, and Concord rising 22,000.

In 1819 the receipts of the Concord post-office were \$150 per annum, while they now aggregate \$85,000 per annum. In 1819, Postmaster Low did the work of the office, while at the present time there are 67 salaried employees, exclusive of the postmaster. There are also 17 rural routes, 250 square miles, or more than one fifth of the area of Merrimack County, being supplied with mail from the Concord office. And the same development of the postal service has taken place in the country as a whole. In 1820 the postal revenue of the government was \$1,111,927 and the expenditures \$1,160,926. In



1910 the receipts are \$224,128,657 and the disbursements \$229,977,224. The postal receipts of the government for the present year are two hundred times as large as they were when this state house was first occupied.

It would be interesting to trace the industrial development of the state during the last 90 years, but time forbids. Suffice it to say that no state in the Union can show a greater relative gain in manufacturing, in increased wealth, in educational advancement, and in the growth of savings banks and other means of fostering thrift and encouraging economy than can our little state.

The progress we have already made is gratifying, and the record is without a blemish. Let us hope that in the years to come those who are here inducted into office may be ever mindful of their obligations, and in all their official acts live up to the highest ideals of civic duty, to the end that New Hampshire may continue, as it is today, in the forefront of the states of our land in all the virtues that make for the highest type of manhood and womanhood. No one need blush for our state. Her past is secure, needing neither apology nor defense. From the days of Governor Plumer, during whose administration this state house was completed, to the present time, an illustrious line of governors has been chosen, and in all that time no man of purer life, higher integrity, greater executive ability and intellectual capacity has filled the position than our present distinguished chief executive, Henry B. Quinby. Long may he live, to enjoy the confidence and affection of his fellow citizens.

#### Ex-Senator Chandler's Address

*Your Excellency Governor Quinby: Councilors, Foss, Boutwell, Annett, Fellows and Merrow:*

As a welcome duty and with a personal pleasure peculiar to me as a lifelong resident of Concord in close proximity to the historic spot where we are now assembled, I come to express my gratitude to the people of New Hampshire and to their General Court of 1909 for the enlargement and adornment of this state house until it has become a public edifice as complete in its appearance and fitness for its appropriate uses as any state capitol in the United States.

Most cordially, also, do I thank your excellency, our governor, and your honorable councilors, for services rendered in carrying to completion the plan for repairs of the state house suggested by the resolution of the legislature of April 2, 1903—formulated by Governor Bachelder and his council and submitted to the legislature of 1905—and by you, under authority of the act of March 30, 1909, so changed and modified in connection with such other plans as in your judgment the interests of the state seemed to require, that there now stands before us in all its attractiveness, a Concord state house of which every citizen and every lover of New Hampshire may well feel proud.

To the public I may further say that Governor Quinby and his council held the details of the reconstruction closely in their own hands and gave to it their constant and painstaking supervision. Secretary of State Edward N. Pearson represented them when required and with the efficient superintendent, Mr. Michael E. Sullivan, decided everyday questions as they arose and kept the work moving without annoying delays. The architects, Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, in their troublesome task of adapting the new to the old showed skill and patience, and the contractors were faithful in every part of their duty; so that all persons concerned as actors in the work from the least to the greatest, are entitled to public commendation.

To a citizen of Concord permission may be given for expressing special gratitude that with the opening of this splendid building for the legislature of 1911 there may disappear all hope anywhere and for all time that the capital city will ever be removed from its present locality.

In 1790 the town of Concord determined upon "building a house for the accommodation of the general court." This was also the town house, a one story wooden building 80 feet long, 40 feet wide, 15 feet high, with a room at the north for the house, at the south for the senate. "There, too, the state legislature, migratory till 1808—permanent afterwards—was to find convenient quarters, to be exchanged in 1819 for a more commodious capitol."

The agitation for a state house began in the June session of 1814. In 1816 the legislature voted that a state house should be erected in Concord, the place therefore to be located by the governor and council. On July 4, 1816, Governor Plumer entered in his private diary "Fixed the site for the state house." Concord was to donate the lot, level and well prepare the same and give all the necessary stone. "On the 18th of July, 1818, such progress had been made that the gilded eagle to crown the dome was raised to its place with public ceremony." There was remarkable enthusiasm. The 13th toast was: "The American Eagle. May the shadow of his wings protect every acre of our united continent and the lightning of his eye flash terror and defeat through the ranks of our enemies."

From 1818 it was not until 1863 that agitation arose for improvement of the state house, when the legislature of that year requested the city of Concord to take suitable action and to contribute materially to the enlargement. Concord responded promptly and in May, 1864, voted to give the sum of \$100,000 to be expended as the legislature should direct, and certain of her citizens offered to furnish \$50,000 more in order that plan No. 2 might be carried out. Manchester saw its opportunity and offered \$500,000, provided the capital should be removed to that city. The contest between the two cities ended in the legislature of 1864, when,





HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER

by a vote of 179 to 98 in the house and a nearly unanimous vote in the senate, the capital was continued at Concord, which was required before June 1, 1865, to build a state capitol upon plan No. 2 without expense to the state and "upon the understanding and condition that said city shall not at any time hereafter apply to said state to refund the money expended therefor or any part thereof." The work was done, but not quite in time for the June session of 1865, which was held in the city hall. The total cost, including the street on the south, was nearly \$200,000.

This burden upon Concord to prevent the removal of its capital to Manchester had come in a time of dire financial distress—in the middle of the war for the Union, when every town and city had been burdened almost more than it could bear to pay its share of the state's expenditures for that war. It was felt to be an unjust proceeding for Manchester to ask the people of New Hampshire to move her capital to the city which would pay the highest price therefor, and when the question was settled in 1864 it was thought by few participants in the contest that the same controversy would ever arise again.

Yet it seems that we were mistaken. Forty-five years later, when it became evident to the majority of our people that in view of the failure of all attempts to reduce the size of the legislature, and on account of the various new and enlarged activities of the state government, the time had come for enlarging the state house, Manchester again came to the front with efforts to induce the legislature to move the capital down the river into her manufacturing city.

The particulars of the contest I do not wish to dwell upon. The outcome was most gratifying to Concord. Not only did the legislature decline, by a vote of 277 to 69, seriously to entertain Manchester's motion to move, but it voted, by 251 to 79 in one branch and 20 to 3 in the other, to pass the law of March 30, 1909, being "An act to provide for the enlargement, remodeling, heating and furnishing of the state house," under the authority of which this splendid edifice is today declared ready for occupancy. The cost has been \$400,000—an expenditure within the appropriation, and Concord has not been asked to contribute a dollar to aid the state in providing a suitable home for its general court and executive officers.

Certainly no unkind feeling remains in any citizen of Concord on account of Manchester's action in the past. What that city did was lawful and natural, but the final decisions of the legislatures were most wise. Yet it seems I was too confident, when, prior thereto in a Concord Old Home address of August 24, 1904, I concluded remarks on this subject by saying:

"It is to be hoped that few cities of this country having state capitals will ever be called upon to resist the attempts of wealthier

cities to remove the seats of government by offers of new, expensive and imposing buildings. Albany could not compete with New York City, nor Springfield with Chicago, nor, indeed, any one of the capitals, except Boston, with the largest commercial city of its state. And there are half a dozen cities in the United States which could buy the national capital away from Washington if money were to be permitted to decide the question. The attempt made in Concord in 1864 will never be repeated. Concord is proud of Manchester as our great manufacturing city, and Manchester is proud of Concord as her attractive capital."

The attempt, however, was again made in 1909 with such feeble results that I confidently renew my prediction of 1904.

On a recent occasion I heard Governor Quinby say while I thought he was naturally felicitating himself upon his work in rehabilitating the state house, that he was inclined to regret that he had not been allowed to completely remove the building and construct a wholly new edifice. By no means, Your Excellency; it is one of the joys of my life and will be a joy to others, that we can stand on Main Street and see the front of the state house as it has been since 1865, and almost as it has been since 1819. Let us hold to some of the good old things and follow in some ways the good old times.

The state house and its grounds are to me almost sacred in their reminiscences. Born in the house where now stands the beautiful building of the New Hampshire Historical Society, I lived on Center Street until 24 years of age and always my legal residence has been near the state house yard, and is now. I have been here in this very room twice a member of a constitutional convention, three times a member of the house, twice the speaker, and three times elected United States senator. Wherever I may be I can, in the quiet of the night, shut my eyes and see right here many things great and small. The state house yard was my playground and so, indeed, was the state house itself, wherein I wandered at will. The top of the state house wall was my resting place. I saw on July 4, 1842, a so-called riot at the front of the yard when bonfires scorched the trees. Later, against the north wall, I saw Cooper Clarke's fireworks take fire and explode to the right and left instead of vertically, to the fright of the small boys. I played baseball after the then fashion near the northeast corner wall. Every "Election Day" in June I spent in the yard and in front of it, where a primitive celebration was going on while the legislature organized within and the governor read his message. Early I began to attend sittings of the house and I think I ventured to criticise the debates for irrelevancy and lack of sense. Well do I remember the constitutional convention of 1850 with Franklin Pierce as its presiding officer and Ichabod Bartlett occasionally in the chair. Earlier, I saw in the

yard General Pierce presented with a sword when he went to the Mexican War of 1846. I hope to live to see the statue of our only president stand there in company with those of Stark and Webster and Hale and Perkins. Above all do I recall the mustering in of the New Hampshire regiments for the War for the Union, especially that of my brother George, with the gleaming of the heavy sabre bayonets. In the state house I best remember the disturbance when Governor Gilmore endeavored to veto the soldiers' voting bill. I saw the first humble wooden Episcopal Church built, later the Unitarian Church twice burned and rebuilt. I attended school in the wooden schoolhouse where the high school now is and in a later brick structure prior to the present one.

I might go on with endless pictures which you would kindly endure but would not care for. I cannot but realize that it will not be long before I follow so many of my Concord associates to rest in the Blossom Hill cemetery.

But the worth and the glory of the state capitol of New Hampshire is not derived from its looks to the eyes of the men of today, but from what it represents—the people of the Granite State. Nearly three hundred years ago the pioneers entered our splendid harbor at Pascataqua, David Thompson, the Scotchman, Edward and William Hilton, the Englishmen, to settle at Mason Hall and at Hilton's Point, or Northam, now Dover. There also came Thomas Wiggen, Walter Neal, Ambrose Gibbons, George Vaughan, Thomas Wanerton, Humphrey Chadbourne and one Godfrie, to Little Harbor, Strawberry Bank, Newichwannock and Sanders' Point. From these humble settlers, under the leadership of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain John Mason came into being the province of New Hampshire.

As showing that New Hampshire in 1874 was not very distant from Old Hampshire in 1620 it may be recalled that when Archdeacon Henry P. Wright, as English chaplain at Portsmouth, England, after talks with Mr. John S. Jenness, who had visited England to obtain material to aid him in writing a "Historical Sketch of the Isles of Shoals" and who has privately printed his "Transcripts of English Archives Relating to the Early History of New Hampshire," thought it would be a pleasant incident if New Hampshire should provide four gas standards in the old Garrison church of Domus Dei in Portsmouth, England, as a memorial to Captain John Mason, who had been governor of "South Sea Castle," that is, of Portsmouth in the time of Charles the First, he wrote to Gov. James A. Weston on September 11, 1874, giving our state the opportunity of furnishing the memorial. Governor Weston embraced the offer and the standards are in place in the church, the gift of New Hampshire citizens, including three of Captain Mason's descendants, Alexander Hamilton Ladd, Eliza Appleton Haven and Charlotte Maria Haven.

The other donors were John S. Jenness, Charles Levi Woodbury, Charles Wesley Tuttle and Charles Henry Bell.

It is from the labors and sufferings of these men and their associates and successors that came the first glories of our state. They found a stern and rockbound coast and a dreary wilderness but they opened harbors and established fisheries, built forts, felled the forests, cultivated the farms, endured cold and hunger, disease and death; and yet they persevered. They became warriors and subdued the bloody savages.

Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn in his history of New Hampshire vividly describes the sufferings of the colonists:

"During all the long years of privation, suffering and bloodshed of the American war for liberty New Hampshire furnished her full share of men and means for the conflict. The courage of her citizens never wavered; their hope of victory never abated. They were poor and in distress, yet 'out of their deep poverty' they contributed to the wants of their common country, and from their already bereaved hearts sent out the only and well-beloved sons to fight her battles. The soldiers from New Hampshire were familiar with every battlefield from Canada to Yorktown. They shared the woe of every defeat and the joy of every victory. They were present at the last great battle when Cornwallis surrendered and in which the heroic Scammell laid down his life for his country. They remained in the army till 'the last armed foe expired' or left the country. They waited at their post of duty till the obstinate George the Third from his throne declared 'his revolted subjects' 'free and independent states.' Every yoke was broken and New Hampshire, was a sovereign state with her sister republics."

As New England grew, its sturdy yeomen fought the French and Indian wars to keep Canada subject to England. When the Revolution came, New Hampshire men were at the front, had the honors at Bunker Hill, and gave 18,000 soldiers out of 84,000 population under Stark, James Reed, George Reid, Poor, Cilley, Sullivan, Dearborn, Whipple, Hale, and Scammell, to the war which made us a nation.

Fitz Greene Halleck puts in poetry Stark's invocation to his soldiers:

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,  
Briefly he spoke before the fight began:  
"Soldiers, those German gentlemen were bought  
For four pounds, eight and seven pence per man  
By England's king, a bargain, it is thought.  
Are we worth more? Let's prove it if we can,  
For we must beat them, boys, by set of sun,  
Or my wife sleeps a widow." It was done.

Their settlements penetrated west to the Merrimack and the Winnepesaukee, and beyond the Connecticut to the New Hampshire Grants and north to the Canada line and the Chrystal Hills. They built highways and dams, ships and mills and meeting houses.

When the modern 19th century arrived, New Hampshire had become a chief support and had helped give lustre to the new republic; and continued to do so. When the first crucial test came, whether this should be a free or slave republic, she began the contest and in 1846 Whittier was able to sing:

God bless New Hampshire. From her granite peaks  
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.

When the slaveholders fired on Fort Sumter and began the Civil War, New Hampshire men swarmed forward and in all those dreadful and bloody days from 1861 to 1865 fought and died to save the Union and to make all men free. Thirty-eight thousand soldiers went from a population of 300,000 and the Union regiment of the Northern army that lost the most lives was the Fifth New Hampshire. In no military conflict during the 300 years have soldiers from New Hampshire been lacking or timid, and the nation's military fame is their fame.

In the later arts of peace no state has excelled ours. Our factory cities are wonderful, our 1,200 miles of railroads ascend every valley and penetrate every lake region. With a cold climate and rocky soil, the state has more than held its own with warmer climes and more fertile lands. The state is not in debt, although this beautiful state house of 1910 has been built and paid for.

There can be no mistake in the reason why New Hampshire, against natural disadvantages, has held this high place among the states of the federal union. It is the character of her people. Rational and strong in the beginning, they sought not earthly prosperity alone.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod,

They have left unstained what here they found,

Freedom to worship God.

The sons have proved worthy of their sires. It would be a joyous time today were we only to have recited to us a list of the noted names which give glory and fame to New Hampshire; those of the men who have remained here to build the state and those who have gone out into the other 45 commonwealths to help their growth and add to their prosperity and reputation.

God-fearing, tyranny-defying, liberty-seeking, danger-scorning, labor-loving, ignorance-dispelling; faithful and self-sacrificing, truthful and outspoken, honest and incorruptible, plain but pure, strong but tender, were the great body of the New Englanders of the 17th century; and so we have faith are the mass of their descendants and our citizens of the 20th century.

While summoning thoughts fit to speak on this occasion I find myself reverting more and more and again and again to John Stark and Daniel Webster. Their memories are united

in our hearts—the brave soldier, the incomparable statesmen of New Hampshire. We can at this moment look upon their statues standing together in front of this state house. Senator Gallinger and myself in the senate on December 20, 1894, aided in formally presenting similar statues from the state of New Hampshire to the national gallery in the capitol at Washington. With President Arthur on October 12, 1882, I went to Marshfield to attend memorial services in the centennial year of Mr. Webster's birth. He died 58 years before Monday and was buried 58 years before Saturday of this very week.

Constantly do I find it best to depict scenes and to arouse sentiments by recurring to the words of others. Let us pause a moment in memory of that bereavement.

Mr. Lodge says of the burial:

"In accordance with his wishes, all public forms and ceremonies were dispensed with. The funeral took place at his home on Friday, October 29th. Thousands flocked to Marshfield to do honor to his memory and to look for the last time to that noble form. It was one of the beautiful days of the New England autumn, when the sun is slightly veiled and a delicate haze hangs over the sea, shining with a tender, silvery light. There is a sense of infinite rest and peace on such a day, which seems to shut out the noise of the busy world and breathe the spirit of unbroken calm. As the crowds poured in through the gates of the farm they saw before them on the lawn resting upon a low mound of flowers the majestic form, as impressive in the repose of death as it had been in the fullness of life and strength. There was a wonderful fitness in it all. The vault of Heaven and the spacious earth seemed, in their large simplicity, the true place for such a man to lie in state. There was a brief and simple service at the house and then the body was borne on the shoulders of Marshfield farmers and laid in the little grave yard which already held the wife and children who had gone before and where could be heard the eternal murmur of the sea."

With such men and women as New Hampshire had in the beginning, has now and we believe ever will have, it is of comparatively slight importance whether its state capitol shall be found in a building like the plain wooden Concord town house of 1790 or in the splendid structure of which we today take possession, in the name of all our people, and dedicate it to the service of good government in the state we love with all-pervading affection. We do this not as a work of necessity or mercy but as appropriate evidence of the refinement, happiness, and prosperity of our noble commonwealth.

Mr. Webster has furnished the words for my closing utterance today. On July 4, 1851, at ceremonies in Washington on the laying of the cornerstone of the extension of the capitol by President Fillmore, Mr.

Webster delivered a long oration, the last elaborate utterance of his life—he died less than one year and a half afterwards, two weeks before the election of President Pierce. Coincident with that oration he placed under the cornerstone a brief account of the proceedings of the day, which ended as follows:

"If it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned and this deposit brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm; that their constitution still exists unimpaired and with all its original usefulness and glory growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled whether belonging to public life or to private life with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit and the walls a d arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures now to be erected over it may endure forever.

"God save the United States of America.  
"Daniel Webster,

"Secretary of State of the United States."

So also, notwithstanding our great Civil War, which Mr. Webster feared and in this very oration argued to avert, his asseverations are true today. The Union stands firm, the constitution exists unimpaired; and we can also fervently pray, God save the United States of America and reverently add, God bless our state of New Hampshire.

#### Address of Hon. Hosea W. Parker

This is an occasion of great interest to all the people of New Hampshire. We are here to dedicate this building to the uses and benefits of all the people of this commonwealth. It is here that the representatives of the people in the years to come will assemble to make the laws, not only for ourselves, but for our children and our children's children, and our thought naturally turns to the highest and best interests of our state. There is something higher and better than granite walls for us to consider. This structure should be a beacon light to inspire one and all, and enable our people to advance the interests of New Hampshire in a better manner than ever before. There should go along with these ceremonies higher ideals of government and the spirit of progress should be the watchword of this hour.

Much as we love to recount the natural beauties and advantages of our state, and no commonwealth has more, these beauties and advantages are of little account unless they inspire our people to higher and better living and grander achievements. The reputation of a state or its people are of small

account as compared with what they really are in character. We must remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people."

What, then, is the real character of the people of New Hampshire? I know of no better way to judge a people than by what they have accomplished. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Applying this text, can we not truly say that New Hampshire stands high on the roll of states in the character of her citizenship? Can any state marshal a greater company of men and women who have made a lasting impression upon the institutions of the country than those who have been reared upon these hills and in these valleys? Where can you go and find people with higher ideals, who are working out the problems of self-government with better results? Some may say that New Hampshire is a poor state. This is not true. She is rich! Nearly \$100,000,000 deposited in our savings banks is one item showing the thrift of New Hampshire men and women. But her greatest riches are not in her natural resources, but above all in the virtue and intelligence of her citizens.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

We are justly proud of our history. The long line of distinguished men and women who have shed lustre upon the state, and who have passed on to "that undiscovered country" should be an inspiration to us and to those who shall come after us.

The influence and achievements of New Hampshire men and women are not confined to this state alone. These men and women have gone out into nearly all the states of the Union, and have made a deep impression upon the institutions of their new homes. Dartmouth College alone has sent hundreds of young men into the great West and Northwest who have taken an active part in the development of that section of our country. The cities of Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis contain a large number of New Hampshire men who have been active and who are important factors today in those flourishing cities. New Hampshire men have invested their money to a large extent in these places and have assisted in building their railroads, their public buildings and have been foremost in developing the natural resources of this section of our country. One has but to visit the West to see the impress of New Hampshire men on every hand. We find in these places merchants and professional men who have carried the New Hampshire spirit and energy among the people of the West, who are always found in the front rank and who reflect the highest honor upon their native state. It was among the New Hampshire hills that they first caught the inspiration that has pushed them on and given them the place they occupy. These men have shed



HON. HOSEA W. PARKER

uster upon their adopted states and many have stood high in the councils of the nation. May we not then feel justly proud not only of our men and women at home, but of the great company who have left us and are doing a noble work elsewhere. Herein, in part at least, lies the greatness of our state. I am optimistic and believe that the present is better than the past, and that the future of New Hampshire and its people will be still greater and grander in all that tends to make a happy and prosperous state. Firm as the granite hills is the affection we bear her. We love her for her lofty mountains, and fertile valleys, but first, last and always for the virtue and intelligence of her citizens.

#### Address of Hon. Samuel D. Felker

*May it please His Excellency, the Governor, the Honorable Council, ladies and gentlemen:*

I, too, wish to add my appreciation of the manner in which the governor and council have handled the appropriation and the results they have obtained. The state of New Hampshire is to be congratulated that it has a successful business man in the governor's chair and successful business men as councilors. We have a governor who might well adorn any station and it would please his many friends to see him in the council of the nation.

We have here the ancient and familiar house of our ancestors, enlarged, beautified, substantial, still preserving the general effect of the former house.

It is well that the past, present and the future are to be linked together in this remodeled state house; for, for more than 90 years, here in this house the genius of a free people has worked out their manifest destiny. Here their laws have been enacted by the chosen representatives of the people—here they have been enforced by the executive head of the state, here they have been interpreted by its supreme court—this house is in fact in itself the embodiment of the hopes and aspirations of a free people.

Few consider how much we are indebted to government, because few can represent how wretched mankind would be without it.

It does not exist alone in this house. It does not exist alone in the forms of government.

Our written constitutions do nothing but consecrate and fortify the plain rule of ancient liberty handed down with Magna Charta from the earliest history of our race. It is not a few abstractions engrossed on parchment that make free government.

The law of liberty must be inscribed on the heart of the citizen—you must have a whole people trained, disciplined, born as our fathers were to institutions like ours.

Before New Hampshire existed, the petition of rights and Magna Charta had been futilized by Lord Coke and his compeers.

Our founders of state brought these max-

ims of civil liberty with them, not in their libraries but in their souls; not as barren generalities but as rules of conduct to be adhered to with religious fidelity. We think more often of our forefathers founding a nation but we must remember also they founded a state; they adopted rules of conduct, civil liberty applicable to their individual selves and to the local community long before they founded a national government.

They established a government for the people, rather than the people for the government; they established forever the principle that man is more than the government. They changed a government centralized and forceful into a government localized and ennobled. The restraining influence of their religious belief made liberty a reality instead of a sounding name. The laws of a state are but the growth of its public sentiment and happy will that state be whose public sentiment and consequently its laws receive no violent awakening but advance steadily towards the higher ideals of her people.

The greatest national prosperity may co-exist with the decline and may herald the downfall of a state.

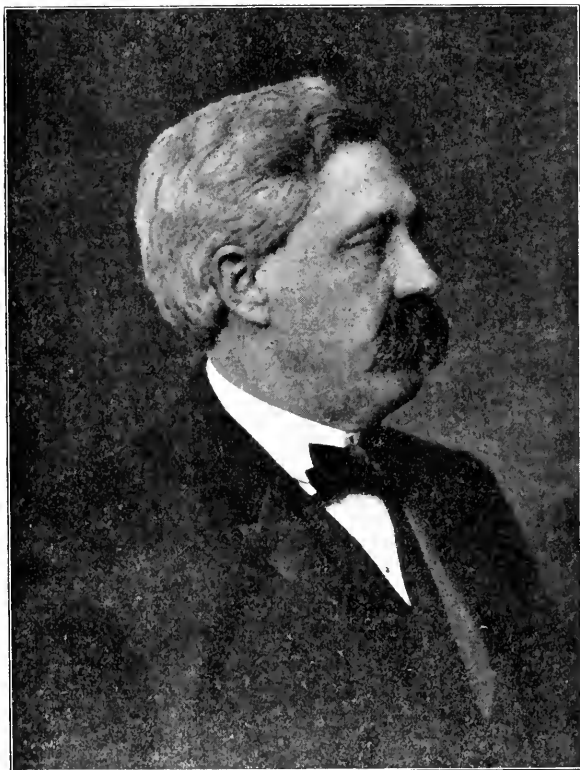
Society is organized on the basis of vested rights, that the man who has shall keep what he has, but that is no reason why we should give him all we have. Men are beginning to doubt whether universal selfishness is the true basis of prosperity. Human rights are above vested rights and must be first considered. While vested rights should have their due protection they should not crowd out human rights.

Political equality we must realize, but equality of well being and of human satisfaction we have not obtained. The great and irreversible law of nature that wealth is the product of labor and energy opposes its insuperable barriers to such an accomplishment.

We are brought face to face with the problem how far great inequalities of condition are consistent with the maintenance of a perfect equality of rights. Whether new nationalism and the principle of the square deal will solve it, remains to be seen. When there is abuse, says Edmund Burke, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumbers broken by the fire bell than perish amidst the flames in our beds.

If the author of the square deal is inconsistent what of it—are not all of us? Was our legislature consistent when it voted against free passes and then turned around and invited the telephone company to give the members of the legislature free telephone service? He certainly will leave his impress on the spirit of the age.

Some people would rather smart once than ache all the time, but human ideals are worked out by a slow process, a compromise, if you will, with various ideas and theories. Have we got much ahead of the



HON. SAMUEL D. FELKER



Pilgrim Fathers in the essentials of a free government, when all the males signed a compact which did not derive its powers from a sovereign state but rested on the consent of those to be governed and on manhood suffrage?

"Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience." Who now promises all due submission and obedience to our laws and means it? "We do hold ourselves straightly tied to all care of each other's goods and of the whole every one and so mutually." Everything that is good in modern socialism is contained in this sentence. They had a representative assembly and also an annual meeting of all the inhabitants and either could legislate, thus anticipating by two hundred and fifty years the modern initiative and referendum.

Neither government nor just laws cure all the ills of a people. More than a hundred years ago at Exeter the mob demanded of the legislature, then in session there, that they should abolish debt and that all property should be equally divided. We should think a government a failure if such a demand could be carried out. The important changes of the twentieth century promise to be social and other than legal or political, and in their solution we must exercise cool-headed sanity.

Law enforcement and speedy justice is the demand of the day. A week ago today the indictment against Doctor Crippen in England was read, his plea taken, jury drawn, and counsel's pleas heard; Saturday he was found guilty of murder on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to be hanged within a month. This is a typical case illustrating the rigor and celerity of British justice. Society has a greater reverence for the law. We ought not to permit excessive resort to technical evasions of the law.

Publicity will increase our respect for government. It helps to form public opinion as the mighty force of the age. New Hampshire cannot live by herself alone. The changed condition of her people, the new arrivals from other lands with their different ideals, rapidly tend to change our laws. You could not enforce any other laws if you would.

The lack of parental authority tends to weaken respect for all law. The restraining influence of a higher authority, a sense of responsibility to a higher authority, a just fear of God, if you will, I believe to be the greatest lack of the age.

We are bent on doing our own sweet will, no matter what the consequences may be. We think we are literally free. Free to ignore the laws; free to ignore our neighbor's rights; free to take what we want. We refuse to admit that the collective wisdom is superior to our own.

It is probably idle and useless to speculate on the kind of government our successors in a hundred years from now will enjoy, and yet with what speed and with what certainty

will those one hundred years come to their termination! This day will draw to a close and a number of days make one revolution of the seasons; year follows year and the century is here. Practically every living thing that now moves on the face of the earth will disappear from it. Will this state house be here? Will our principle of government survive? In this hall, on this floor, must the different ideas be threshed out.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State,  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great;  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate!  
We know what master laid thy keel,  
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast and sail and rope;  
What anvil sang, what hammers beat.  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail  
And not a rent made by the gale.  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

#### Address of Ex-Governor Nahum J. Bachelder

I recognize the fact that the honor conferred upon me by being given a place in these exercises is not because of any ability of mine to interest or entertain you, or from any official position I now hold, but for the reason that the plans upon which this elegant building has been constructed were prepared during an administration of which I was a part. My only duty here is to approve the work done, to congratulate the people of New Hampshire upon erecting this building and congratulate the audience upon the privilege of listening to the eloquent addresses delivered in these dedicatory exercises.

The plans met with general approval at the time they were made but the financial condition of the state did not allow their adoption then, and they received but scant support by the lawmakers. Through the good business judgment of our executive and legislative officials, under the leadership of Governor Quinby and his predecessors, this building has been enlarged at a cost of \$400,000 without placing a mortgage upon the property of anyone.

The people of the state have wisely made this provision for a home for the convenience and comfort of their public servants, without incurring debt.

An eminent writer has said, "That family that meets nightly around its own hearthstone and beneath its own roof-tree is bound more firmly together by home and household ties." We may properly expect that the



EX-GOVERNOR NAIHUM J. BACHELDER

public work of the state will be of a more loyal and patriotic nature if performed within its own walls.

We are now engaged in a friendly contest for the first occupancy of this structure, so far as elective officers are concerned. Such contests are of inestimable value and I have no doubt the present contest will result, as has resulted during all past years, in the selection of true men who will carry out right policies, a matter which is to be decided by the voters two weeks from today.

In this magnificent building our children and our children's children will assemble for years to come, and may they be stimulated by such patriotism and perform such acts of statesmanship as will continue the good reputation of the state and result in their mental development and public preferment. There may be somewhere among the hills of New Hampshire a second Daniel Webster; there may be within the confines of our state a second Franklin Pierce; there may be within our borders young men in industrial, professional, military or political

life who will, through public service in this building attain as great national distinction for themselves and the state as have any in the past. May their acts be guided by economy without parsimony, by patriotism without populism, by progress without destruction.

We hope that the sentiment existing among the people who occupy this structure, from the stars and stripes that float from yonder dome to the remotest archive that stores the state's property, will be so patriotic and statesmanlike as to continue the good name of New Hampshire at home and abroad.

With this high ideal constantly in view, the record of New Hampshire men in the future will be as brilliant as that in the past, and the stone face of the Old Man of the Mountain will continue to be the symbol that the chief product of New Hampshire is her men and women.

We understand that this granite building dedicated today is typical of these lofty ideals and noble purposes and will continue as such for all future time.

## Thanksgiving

*By Amy J. Dolloff*

For mercy wider than the realms of thought,  
For love unbounded as the stretch of space,  
For faith that trusts and hope that leads to light,  
For joy sublime and deep, for God's own grace;

These are the gifts for which we give thanks first,  
The richest blessings from His generous hand  
Love granted to His children every hour  
Near and afar through all our grateful land.

## At the Bend of the Road

*By Emily E. Cole*

At the bend of the road, where the lilacs bloom  
In the glorious noon of Spring,  
Where the bobolinks, wantoning in their boughs,  
Their riotous challenge fling;

And the beckoning river is calling me  
O'er the shimmering fields of grass,  
And the breath of the pines on the river road  
Is borne on the winds that pass.

At the bend of the road, where the lilacs bloom  
Let me linger and dream awhile;  
Let me dream of the treasure I cherish most —  
The Past with its fleeting smile;

Of the years that have fled with their gallant hopes,  
And their earnest of life and love.  
They are buried so deep at the bend of the road,  
And the lilacs keep watch above.



HON. JOHN SWENSON

# Hon. John Swenson

*By an Occasional Contributor*

New Hampshire's enlarged and remodeled State House, so far as its exterior appearance is concerned, will stand for years as an enduring monument to the ambition, energy and perseverance of an aspiring son of Sweden—a farmer's boy, John Swenson, who at 20 years of age left his native land and came to America, with strong hands and a stout heart as his only capital, determined to win success, if industry, frugality and integrity could assure it.

Born at Falkenberg, Sweden, July 11, 1851, Mr. Swenson arrived in this country in 1871, working on a railroad in Pennsylvania for a time, but soon removing to Owego, N. Y., where he was employed for several years, meanwhile improving his education by attending school for some time. In 1882 he removed to Concord, and has since been a resident of this city. Determined to engage in the granite working industry, he first went to work to learn the stone-cutting business which he soon mastered, and in 1884, began business for himself, on a small scale, as a contractor following the same with untiring energy, patience and perseverance till he is now the proprietor of the largest and most complete granite-cutting plant in New Hampshire, equipped with all the latest and most improved appliances, with a large and growing patronage. His quarries are in the best section of the famous "Rattlesnake Hill," and the finished product sent out from his shops rivals, in quality of stone and character of finish, that of any other concern in the country. His first large contract was for the stone for the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, in 1894. Other contracts have been

for the Yonkers (N. Y.) City Hall; Second Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City; the Germania Life Insurance Company's 21-story building in New York, and, not the least important, the New Hampshire State House enlargement, which latter affords a splendid advertisement, not only of the character of his work, but of the quality and appearance of our Concord granite, in the finished building.

In addition to his extensive operations in building contracts, Mr. Swenson is largely engaged in monumental work, tombs, mausoleums, etc., filling orders from all parts of the country. He has doubled the capacity of his plant during the past year, and in the most busy periods gives employment to over 200 men.

Mr. Swenson has taken a loyal citizen's interest in public and political affairs and is allied with the Democratic party. He represented his ward in the Legislature of 1895, and was chosen state senator from the Eleventh District in November, 1906. He was also a member of the commission which drafted the new city charter of Concord.

November 2, 1876, he was united in marriage with Miss Ellen Anderson. They have had five children, four of whom are living. Omar S., the eldest son, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who recently married a granddaughter of the late Governor Harri-man, and is about to become a partner in the business, is a member of the Concord Board of Aldermen and of the Board of Education. Bessie W., the daughter, is Mrs. Walter B. Clifford of Fitchburg, Mass. John Arthur, the second son, Dartmouth,

1909, is learning the granite business; while Guy A., the youngest son, is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

A member of the Lutheran Church, Mr. Swenson is a regular attendant at

the services of the Congregational Church in West Concord, his home parish, and contributes to the support thereof, in the same liberal spirit in which he meets all the obligations of citizenship.



## Portsmouth Revolutionary Tablets

Another Recently Dedicated in Memory of General  
William Whipple, Signer of the Declaration  
of Independence

*By Joseph Foster*

In addition to the six Revolutionary bronze tablets, in Portsmouth and vicinity, which were fully described, and the inscriptions given, in an article by me in *THE GRANITE MONTHLY* for November, 1906, New Series, Vol. 1, pages 544-548, another has been recently dedicated.

On Monday, October 24, 1910, the Society of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New Hampshire dedicated a bronze tablet placed by it on that day on the front of the Whipple School in Portsmouth to the memory of Gen. William Whipple of Portsmouth, one of the three signers of the Declaration of Independence from New Hampshire. The present membership of the society consists of Rev. Alfred Langdon Elwyn, Marcus M. Collis and Henry A. Yeaton of Portsmouth and Stephen Decatur of Kittery, Me. In the presence of the mayor of the city and several members of the Board of Instruction, and with a thousand school children present, who were massed in front of the main entrance of the school building James A. Macdougall, superintendent of the Portsmouth Public Schools, read an introduction prepared by

Rev. Mr. Elwyn, who is a great-grandson of Gov. John Langdon of Revolutionary memory, and Hon John W. Kelley of Portsmouth, a former principal of the school delivered an eloquent address on the life of William Whipple and his Revolutionary services. The inscription on the tablet reads as follows:

### WILLIAM WHIPPLE

Soldier and Statesman

Born, Kittery, Me., January 14, 1730;

Died, Portsmouth, N. H., November 28, 1785.

Elected to Continental Congress January 1776.

He Signed the Declaration of Independence.

As Brigadier General of N. H. Troops, He

Assisted in Negotiating the Terms of

General Burgoyne's Surrender at

Saratoga, N. Y., in 1777.

He Was Judge of the Superior Court.

The New Hampshire Society of the

Sons of the Revolution

Placed This Tablet, 1910.

A fine oil portrait of General Whipple by Tenney may be seen in the room of the senior class at the Whipple School; it was presented on November 20, 1891, by Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Portsmouth, at whose request the Whipple School was so named. General Whipple is buried in the North Cemetery in Portsmouth.

# Evening on the Merrimack

*By Clara B. Heath*

Moonlight in autumn! The fair city lies  
Along the winding valley at our feet;  
The hush of night has fallen from the skies  
So slumberous and sweet.

The river, wreathed in mist, floats on and on;  
White at the " Falls," but deep and dark below;  
Tireless as when a century ago  
The red men watched its flow.

Their hunting-grounds lay where these steeples rise;  
The evening breeze amid dark pines was lost,  
Or, mingled with the night-bird's lonely cries,  
The moan of branches tossed.

The city grew like some fair flower in haste;  
Each season left her with an added charm;  
No year amid her borders ran to waste  
Or brought her lasting harm.

And like a mighty, strength-sustaining vein  
The river gives it life from side to side;  
A burnished jewel on a slender chain  
It lies upon the tide.

Fair Merrimack! Your praises have been sung  
By wandering poets whom the world holds dear;  
By native bards who have enraptured hung  
Above thy waters clear.

The legends of the past seem borne along  
Upon the music of the flashing tide;  
The tender beauty of a rhythmic song  
That must with thee abide.

Thou art not free as in the olden days  
To pour thy wealth above the rocks and moss,  
Or wind about in idle, devious ways  
As one who mourns a loss;

But all the beauty and the native grace,  
In-gathered 'twixt the mountains and the sea,  
Have not been lost as yet, or given place  
To stern utility.

Westward the hills are robed in dusky blue,  
 Outlined against the dim gold of the sky,  
 A guard of honor, to their mission true,  
 And crowned with majesty.

Eastward the harvest moon hangs bright and low,  
 The stars grow pale before her steady gaze;  
 A fickle breeze is wandering to and fro,  
 Uncertain in its ways.

A strain of music rises on the air,  
 Softened by distance till it seems to float,  
 The very spirit of the evening fair,  
 Upon the clouds remote.

The "Hill" sends back the tuneful sound; we stand  
 In childlike wonder while a falling star  
 Goes out in darkness, as if tempest-fanned—  
 So near, and yet so far!

Moonlight and music! How the pulses thrill,  
 And loss and gain drift out upon the sea  
 Of dim forgetfulness; such peace can fill  
 Our largest argosy.

## Go Forward

*By Maude Gordon Roby*

Do you wish the best this old world gives?  
 'Tis yours!  
 Do you wish for the power that burning lives?  
 'Tis yours!  
 But in order to feel it and use your might,  
 You must step from the ranks, assume your right;  
 Quit following others; yourself affirm.  
 You are your fortune, of success the germ.  
 Then arise, go forward!

## Be Content

*By Georgiana Rogers*

You say you are content, my friend—  
 Then you are surely rich.  
 "For to be content is rich, and rich enough."  
 It makes the ways all easy,  
 That once seemed hard and rough,  
 To be content, and rich, and rich enough.



# New Hampshire Necrology

## HON. PETER UPTON

Hon. Peter Upton, born in Tyngsboro, Mass., October 1, 1816, died at East Jaffrey, N. H., July 24, 1910.

Mr. Upton was educated in the public schools of Tyngsboro and Dunstable, and the academies at Pepperell, Mass., and New Ipswich, N. H., and, at the age of twenty one removed to Jaffrey where he entered upon an active business career, continuing through life. He served in the state legislature, as a Whig, in 1848, 1849 and 1850. During this service he secured the charter of the Monadnock Bank, of which he was a director, and for a long time cashier after it became a national bank, till, in 1880 he was elected president, which office he held till his resignation last year. He was an incorporator and director of the Monadnock Railroad and a trustee of the savings bank. He served as a member of the Executive Council, under Gov. Moody Currier, from 1885 to 1887.

Mr. Upton was married in 1853 to Sarah M., daughter of Hiram Duncan, his former business partner. She died three years ago, after fifty years of married life. They had one son, Hiram D. Upton who was speaker of the House of Representatives in 1880-81, and died in 1900. Their elder daughter, Mrs. Walter L. Goodnow, died in 1901. Only one daughter, Mrs. Sumner B. Pearmain of Boston survives them.

## LARKIN G. MEAD.

Larkin Goldsmith Mead one of the most noted of the American sculptors, died at his home in Florence, Italy, on Saturday, October 15, 1910.

Like that other great sculptor, Daniel G. French, he was a native of this state, having been born in the town of Chesterfield, Cheshire County, January 3, 1835. His early life was spent in the neighboring town of Brattleboro, Vt., where he was a clerk in a hardware store, and where, in 1856, he first gave evidence of his talent in moulding, on a winter night, the "Snow Angel," a statue of wonderful beauty, which, having been soaked with water, turned into ice, and attracted wide attention for many days. During the war, Mr. Mead was, for a time, an illustrator at the front, for *Harper's Magazine*. He soon after went to Italy, to pursue his art studies, and there remained, having married, in 1866, Marietta Di Benvenuti of Venice. He made his home in Florence, and for half a century has been a noted figure in the world of art.

Among the departed sculptor's most notable works are the great statue of "Vermont," on the dome of the state house at Montpelier; "The Recording Angel" in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington; "The Returned Soldier," "Columbus' Last Appeal to Queen Isabella"; various military groups including "Cavalry," "Artillery," "Infantry," "Navy," etc.; "The Return of Proserpine from the Realms of Pluto," which stood over the entrance to the agricultural building at the Chicago Columbian Exposition, together with various busts of noted men, like W. D. Howells, John Hay, Henry James and others.

## DR. PHINEAS H. WHEELER

Dr. Phineas H. Wheeler, born in Barnstead, May 7, 1840, died in Alton, October 19, 1910.

He was a son of Hazen and Jane (Jewett) Wheeler, and a grandson of Abner Wheeler who served in Stark's regiment at Bunker Hill. He was educated at Pittsfield and Pembroke Academies, and the Medical Department of Dartmouth College, and commenced the practice of medicine as an attache of the United States General Hospital at Mt. Pleasant, near Washington, D.C., in 1864. Returning from the war he took a post-graduate course at the Harvard Medical School, and then located in practice at Henniker, but soon removed to Manchester, and thence to Raymond where he remained but a short time, being called to Alton where he succeeded his brother-in-law, Dr. I. W. Lougee, and where he continued in successful practice through life.

He was a Mason, a Knight of Honor and a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society. He had been actively interested in public affairs and served several years on the school board.

He had been twice married, both wives having deceased; but is survived by a son and two daughters, the former being Dr. John Wheeler of Plymouth.

## HENRY H. MORRISON

Henry H. Morrison, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Concord for the last thirty-six years, died at his home in Concord, October 26, 1910.

Mr. Morrison was a native of Concord, born November 10, 1851, and entered the telegraph service as a messenger, in 1869, for the old Northern. Subsequently he was in the service of the International and the Atlantic, in Portland and Boston; but became manager for the Western Union at Concord in March, 1874, and continued till death in that position. He is survived by a wife and two daughters.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

A more than ordinarily "strenuous" political campaign, for an "off year," has just been brought to a close in New Hampshire, with an election whose results have been surprising to many and disappointing, at least, to some. While many Democrats, and not a few Republicans, anticipated a different outcome of the gubernatorial canvass, it is safe to say that nobody in either party had any expectation of so marked a change as has been effected in the political complexion of the Legislature, wherein the Republican majority in the House has been reduced by more than one hundred, bringing it down to less than fifty; while the Senate will contain twice as many Democrats as two years ago, or eight instead of four. This, of course, leaves the opposition still strongly in the minority, which matters not particularly from a party point of view, so far as practical results are concerned, so long as the dominant party still retains control of the executive branch of the government. There would seem to be no call for anything in the line of partisan legislation during the coming session, and, as both parties are committed to practically the same line of state policies, a harmonious session may naturally be hoped for.

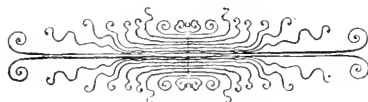
A question which the voters of the state were called to pass upon at the recent election was: "Is it expedient to call a convention to revise the constitution?" More than three-fifths of those participating in the election entirely disregarded the question, however; and, although three-fifths of those voting upon it voted "yes," only a little more than one-fourth of those who went to the polls are recorded in favor of the proposition. Such being the case the Legislature will be likely to hesitate about calling such a convention. Should it fail to do so it will not be the first time in the history of the state that a Legislature has refused to call a convention when a majority of the people voting on the proposition have favored it.

This number of the GRANITE MONTHLY is mainly made up of an historical article upon the New Hampshire State House, and the addresses delivered at the dedication of the enlarged and remodeled structure, October 25, and is issued as a souvenir edition. Although quite a number of extra copies have been printed, the time will soon come when these copies will be much sought for and not readily attainable. Those desiring copies, either for preservation or to send to friends in or out of the state, will do well to secure the same at once. They can be ordered through newsdealers, or directly from the publication office, at 15 cents per copy.

An interesting historical address, prepared by Hon. Albert Annett of the executive council, for delivery at the dedication of the state house, and which was omitted from the exercises on account of lack of time, will be printed in the issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY for December.

When the Legislature convenes next January it will find itself housed in the old quarters, greatly enlarged and improved, and in close touch with all the various branches of the executive department, accommodated in one building. The State House, as it now is, is ample for all present needs, and with some minor improvements will meet all demands for many years to come.

"Stray Notes of Song," a dainty volume embracing nearly a hundred poetic gems by Harry B. Metcalf, of the Boston *American*, will be issued from The Rumford Press December 1, in time for the holiday season. A more delightful Christmas gift than this can rarely be found. A copy will be sent, postpaid, to any address for \$1.00. Address the GRANITE MONTHLY, Concord, N. H.







*C. M. Robie*

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLII, No. 12

DECEMBER, 1910 NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, No. 12

## Charles Warren Robie

### The Rise of a New Hampshire Boy in a Great Enterprise

By A. Chester Clark

"Wanted a boy," was the subject of an editorial by Omar A. Towne in the *Journal-Transcript* of Franklin some years ago. "Last Saturday," it said, "a business man came into the *Journal-Transcript* office and asked if we could find a boy who would make a man like C. W. Robie. We have not yet named the boy. If you know of one, please send him along. There is a good place waiting for him, a place in which he can find opportunity to make rapid advancement. There are plenty of boys who might fill the bill. There are few boys who will do it. And it is not a difficult thing to do. It is simply being more interested in his employer's interests than in his own. It is doing his best,—not one day, nor one week,—but every day and every week in the year. There is a price to pay, and the boy who is willing to pay the price, will find the opportunity to advance, while the one who thinks that such things come because of a pull, the help of friends, or for some reason outside of themselves, will never get very far up the ladder of success. There must be a willingness to do, the ability to accomplish things and the tact that will win friends, and then the stick-to-it-iveness that wins. If one has all of these he can climb

high. If he has not all of them he can make the most of what he does have."

This summing up of the causes, which have led to the rise of Charles Warren Robie in the management of the American Express Company, is truthful and well deserved. When Judge Towne wrote it; Mr. Robie was well up the ladder of success, but, today, he is still higher, and unless the law of cause and effect should be suspended, he will continue to be a factor in the sphere of his present activity. But although occupying one of the most responsible positions in New England, it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Robie is not known to the vast majority of its people, as notoriety is measured in the newspaper world of today. He has never plunged into politics, either as a candidate, where his name would be flaunted in the face of the public as that of a seeker after popular preferment, nor in the capacity of a director of public affairs through the subtle powers of the lobbyist. He has simply performed his daily duties, modestly and unassumingly, in each successive position in which he has been placed from that of a driver for the company at Plymouth, up to that of assistant general manager, a position which he

now holds, having direct charge of the New England division. In these places, his activities have been those of the company itself, impersonal rather than personal. Like all similarly comprehensive enterprises, the vast interests of the company have obscured from the public eye the individual who directs its affairs, thus taking away the human interest feature, a fact which has been the prolific cause of many misunder-

Hampshire. He was born in New Hampton July 28, 1866. The old homestead was located midway between Lake Winona and Lake Waukegan, and lay at the foot of Beech hill, one of the highest and most precipitous of the lesser peaks of Central New Hampshire, which, gradually raising their summits higher to the northward, become the far-famed White Mountains. To the south, but little more than two miles,



**The Old Robie Homestead**

standings between employer and employee, or the industrial mercantile, or public service company and the public at large. But although his personality has been submerged in his business activity, probably no man is connected with a public service company in New England, today, who enjoys more fully the confidence and the close friendship of that circle of business men with whom he has come in actual contact.

Mr. Robie is a native of New

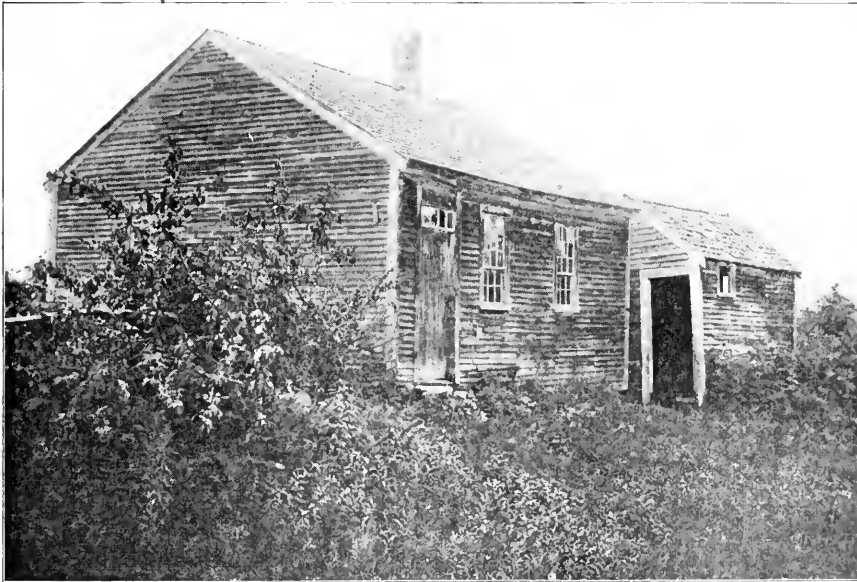
stretch the waters of Lake Winnepesaukee. If early environment is one of the chief elements which enter into the moulding of the character of every man, no location could have been more auspicious. Certainly it was one of many sides. No hardy son of Switzerland ever looked out upon more enduring or sturdy crags among his native Alps, than those of Bald Ledge at the brow of Beech hill. No child of sunny Italy ever viewed a more attractive landscape

than that which stretches before the eye in summer from the same point, mingling together in one broad and ever-expanding vista all the beauties of the mountain and the lake. Reared in such a natural environment, it is not surprising that Mr. Robie combines in his nature all the sturdiness of the New England character, with many of the æsthetic qualities so often lacking in the typical Yankee.

Heredity as well as environment smiled upon Mr. Robie. The family is one of the oldest in New England.

lowers into the wilderness, and, in 1638, founded Exeter, that ancient township, around which gathers so much of the history and tradition of the Granite State. Robie must have followed to this settlement soon after as the following document known as the Exeter combination of 1639 will show:

Whereas it hath pleased the lord to moue the heart of our Dread Sovereigne Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France & Ireland, to grant license & liberty to sundry of his subjects to plant



The Old School House

Henry Robie, a native of England, was located at Dorchester, Mass., as early as 1639. Shortly before this time, Rev. John Wheelwright, who was a brother of Anne Hutchinson, famous in the religious annals of the colony, was banished from Massachusetts on account of difficulties, which arose over his alleged heretical preaching. It is apparent that Henry Robie was a follower of Wheelwright, although the records do not show any association between the two men while they were in Massachusetts. Wheelwright led a band of his fol-

lowers in the western partes of America: Wee, his loyall subjects, brethren of the church of Exeter, situate & lying upon the river of Piscataquacke, wh other inhabitants there, considering wth ourselves the holy will of god and our owne necessity, that we should not live whout wholesome lawes & government amongst us, of weh we are altogether destitute; doe in the name of Christ & in the sight of God combine ourselves together, to erect & set up amongst us such government as shall be to our best discerning, agreeable to the will of god, professing ourselves subjects to our Sovereign Lord King Charles, according to the libertys of our English Colony of the Massachusetts & binding ourselves solemnly by the grace & helpe of Christ & in his name & fear to submit ourselves to such godly & christian laws as

are established in the realme of England to our best knowledge, & to all other such lawes weh shall upon good grounds, be made & inacted amongst us according to God, yt we may live quietly & peaceably together, in all godliness and honesty.

Mon., 5th d., 4th, 1639.

John Whelewright,	Christopher Lawson,
Augustin Storre,	his mark
Thomas Wight,	George X Barlow,
William Wantworth,	Richard Morris,
Henry Elkins,	Nicholis Needham,
his mark	Thomas Willson,
George X Walton,	his mark
Samuel Walker,	George X Ruobon,
Thomas Pettit,	his mark
Henry Roby,	William X Coole,
Willia Wenbourn,	his mark
his mark	James X Walles,
Thomas X Crawley,	Thomas Levvit,
Chr. Helme,	Edmond Littlefield,
his mark	his mark
Darby X Ffield,	John X Crame,
his mark	his mark
Robert X Reid,	Godfreie X dearborne,
Edward Rishvorth,	Philamon Pormort,
his mark	Thomas Wardell,
Francis X Matthews,	his mark
Ralf Hall,	William X Wardell,
his mark	his mark
Robert X Soward,	Robert X Smith.
Richard Bullgar,	

It is interesting to note that to this ancient document, which is apparently in the handwriting of Wheelwright, who affixed his signature first, Robie spelled his name "Roby," but at other times this founder of an American family gave it the spelling "Robie," now used by the members of that branch of the family to which Charles Warren Robie belongs. Henry Robie continued to be prominent in the affairs of Exeter and vicinity until his death which occurred April 22, 1688.

The first of the family to settle in Belknap County, so far as known, was James Robie, who was a native of Durham, born in 1734, and who died in Meredith April 19, 1802. His son, Samuel, born in Meredith February 9, 1793, settled in New Hampton upon the old Robie homestead. He married Eunice Roberts, daughter of Joseph Roberts, and had six children, James, Thomas, William R., Susan E., Mary R., and Nancy. Samuel Robie died May 10, 1846, and the Robie homestead became the prop-

erty of William R. Robie, the father of the subject of this sketch.

William R. Robie, born in New Hampton January 14, 1832, where he always resided, was one of the most influential men of his town. He was a man of sterling honesty in whom his fellow-citizens placed the utmost confidence. He was collector of taxes for the town for many years, and was its representative in the legislature during the eventful session of 1883. His entire life was passed in the profitable conduct of the farm upon which he was born, the home of his ancestors. He was a man who entered into all the various lines of activity about him. He took particular interest in the affairs of the Freewill Baptist Church, of which he was a life-long member, of Belknap Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Meredith, being a past noble grand of that organization, and of Winnepesaukee Grange, Patrons of Husbandry. He was twice married, his first wife being Harriet M. Chase of Groton, who died August 5, 1872, and his second, Martha G. Walker, daughter of Samuel H. Walker, of Thornton. Mr. Robie died February 10, 1907. By his first wife he had two sons, Samuel Hastings and Charles Warren.

The early life of both these men was that of all New England country boys of the time. Hard work in the fields during the summer, from the early morning till the last of the farm chores was done, was only varied in winter by the cold blustering weather and the shorter work day caused by the encroachment of darkness upon the sunshine. For a limited number of weeks each year they attended the country school nearby. Each had a great passion for books, not only for the knowledge which was to be gleaned from their pages and the enjoyment of their study, but for the art of their making. The ambition of these young men was to become printers.

In the case of the elder, Samuel Hastings Robie, this ambition was





them also to several country newspapers nearby. Today one of his choicest possessions is a collection of these prints hanging in his private office in Boston, a reproduction of which is presented with this article. His ambition to own a printing press was not gratified at this time, although for a long time he laid by his pocket money for that purpose. But later, after he had entered upon other pursuits he made the purchase, and it was for a long time one of his chief sources of amusement.

It was fortunate, however, for the express business that fate dealt a little differently with him than with his brother. It is undoubtedly true that in the choice of an occupation it is usually far better to follow one's natural inclination. But there is occasionally a striking exception. The highest aspiration of Charles S. Mellen in early life was to become a teacher of music. Had he pursued this inclination, a successful career at the piano would have resulted, but New England would have been robbed of the greatest factor in railroad management in its history. So, too, had fate decided that Charles Warren Robie become a printer, success in that line would have been assured him. But a notable career in the management of a great enterprise would have been lost to his fellow-men. Speculation as to what might have been is interesting, but we are more concerned with what has really happened. After he had augmented the education received in the district school by a few terms in the Meredith High School, the time came for him to seek a livelihood for himself. He was now but eighteen, and the most available opportunity which presented itself was employment with the American Express Company at its office in Plymouth, where an uncle, James Robie, was its agent. In this connection it is interesting also to note that Thomas Robie, another uncle, was a Boston & Maine railroad conductor between Plymouth and

Concord for twenty-five years, his train being known in all the country around as "Robie's train." At Plymouth he had experience in all parts of the business, including the picking up and delivering of express matter. After a little over two years at that place he accepted a clerkship in the company's main office at the corner of Central and Market Streets, Lowell. Here he learned how to conduct the business in a large and well-managed office, and on May 1, 1889, he was called to Boston to fill the position of clerk to the superintendent of the Massachusetts division. This position he occupied until July 1, 1889, when he was appointed route agent, or traveling auditor, for the company on the Boston & Albany Railroad, with headquarters at Springfield. This was his first official position, and the management was so thoroughly pleased with his effort and with the results that on December 1, 1896, he was ordered back to Boston to fill the position of superintendent of the Massachusetts division, which at that time included the Boston & Albany Railroad and its branches, and the Old Colony Railroad, Northern Division, together with Charlestown, East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury and Cambridge. In July, 1887, his territory was enlarged by the addition of about one hundred and seventy-five offices contiguous to Boston on the Boston & Maine Railroad, making a division of about two hundred and seventy-five offices, covering about fourteen hundred miles of railroad, in a territory noted for its complications. From the start Mr. Robie set about to improve the condition of affairs on the division, by using great care in the selection of men to fill the different positions. The train messenger service was rearranged with a view to improving the situation in that direction, and at offices where the company makes free delivery of express matter, the picking up and delivering was greatly improved by

rearrangement and the addition of new facilities. A great many new offices were secured and fitted up in a business-like manner so as to make them attractive and convenient for the public. The result was a general increase in business all along the line, and a very gratifying decrease in the number of complaints from customers. It is evident that his efforts were thoroughly satisfactory to the management, as they appointed him in 1906 to the responsible position of assistant general manager, thus plac-

for people living along their routes, and, as that old veteran expressman, Benjamin P. Cheney, used to put it,—took their pay in red apples and doughnuts. Prominent among these old stage drivers, who were well known in this state, may be mentioned besides Mr. Cheney, Nathaniel White, James Langdon, H. B. Marden, J. S. Russ, Charles Sanborn, W. B. Stearns and Charles Fifield. Messrs. Cheney, White and Langdon were interested in the United States and Canada express. This was especially true of



The Old Rock Ridge Farm as It Was

ing him in charge of the affairs of the company in New England, under H. S. Julier, vice-president and general manager, located in New York City. The magnitude of the business conducted in this territory and its importance to the business world can only be appreciated by thorough familiarity with its past history and all its many ramifications, permeating the whole fabric of life in the section of country which it serves.

In New England the express business really started with the old stage drivers who were pleased to do errands

Mr. Cheney, who was known and loved by all his employees; the few remaining today have reason to cherish his memory.

As the railroads came into prominence some of the old stage drivers became local expressmen, running usually between Boston and one or two sufficiently important points outside of that city to warrant an express service. Small packages were carried in hand bags, and larger packages were carried in the baggage car or sent by freight. These men were provided with special tickets and the

cost of transportation to them of the packages was little or nothing. Probably the first service of this kind into New England was inaugurated by William F. Harnden over a part rail and part water route between New York and Boston. While nearly all the original local expressmen have passed from the scenes of such activities the business has been continued by others, and there are today several hundred local expresses doing business on passenger trains, over the road or by freight, in and out of Boston. In the old days if a shipper in

Express Company had to be transferred at Worcester, Mass., in those days.

About fifty years ago the American Express Company found its way into Boston over what is now known as the Boston & Albany Railroad, and gradually spread out over the numerous small railroad lines in common with local expressmen. In 1878 it purchased the Eastern Express Company running into Maine, and in 1881 it acquired the United States & Canada Express, operating in a portion of Massachusetts and up through



The New Rock Ridge Farm as It Is

Concord, for example, wished to forward a package to any one of many places outside the business center of the city of Boston (now reached by the American Express Company), it was carried to that city by one company and was delivered at destination by another local company. Each made its own separate charge for the service performed, and sometimes packages would pass through the hands of several local expressmen with as many separate charges before reaching destination. Western business which is now way billed through at one graduate by the American

Vermont and New Hampshire into Canada. The company purchased several other local expresses and added to its territory from time to time as opportunity presented itself, not only in New England, but to a much greater extent in the territory to the west. This expansion enabled the company to transport business at one through rate where formerly it had been necessary for the locals to make two or more separate charges, each of which was about the same as the American's single rate, and it avoided the delay attending the trans-

fer of express matter between the different companies.

In its early days the American Express Company had a hard struggle but through its able management, and the ability, energy and loyalty of its officers and employees, it was able, finally, to bring the balance on the right side of the account, and by wise and fortunate investment of its profits from year to year it is able to guarantee all of its many contracts and obligations, and is looked upon in this country and in Europe with a feeling of absolute security. This company

nature of a partnership. It was established in 1840, organized in 1850 and reorganized in 1860. The executive offices of the company are located at 65 Broadway, New York. James C. Fargo is now and has been for a great many years its honored president. The business is divided into four general departments,—the eastern, western, foreign and financial. The Eastern Department is under H. S. Julier, vice-president and general manager, New York City, who has two assistants, one at Buffalo, N. Y., and the other at Boston, Mass.



The Boat House

is the largest of its kind in the world. It now covers over fifty-three thousand miles of railroad; does business in thirty-six states and three provinces, its lines cover a vast territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and besides, it has numerous offices and correspondents in Europe. It was the pioneer in the matter of issuing money orders and travelers' cheques, which are now in almost universal use. The company's offices in Europe are havens for rest and information to the stranger in a strange land.

The American Express Company is not a corporation, but a voluntary association of individuals in the

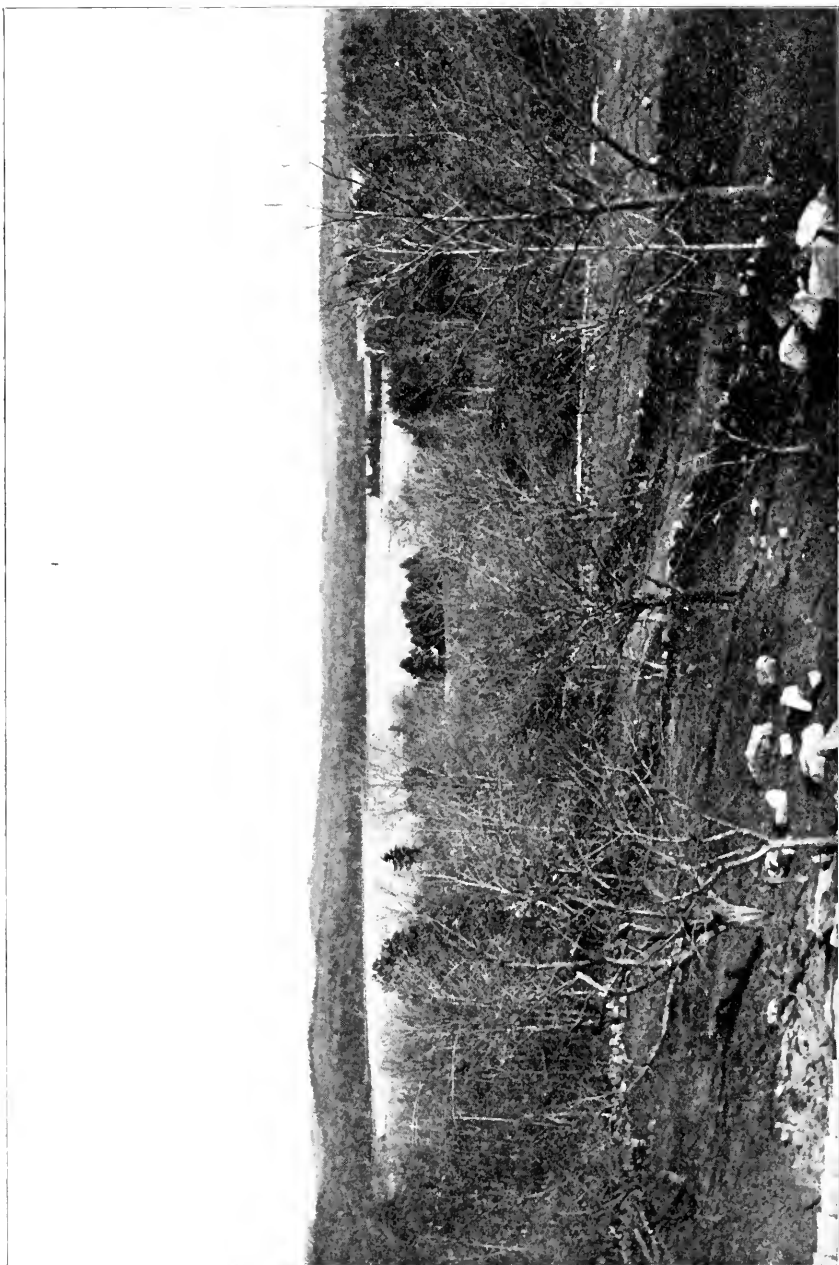
As already stated, Charles Warren Robie is assistant general manager of the New England division with headquarters at Boston. There are four subdivisions as follows:

Vermont, New Hampshire and Quebec Division, under Thomas J. Garvery, superintendent, Bellows Falls, Vt.

Maine and New Brunswick division, Daniel Webster, superintendent, Bangor, Me.

Massachusetts division, John L. Clark, superintendent, Boston, Mass.

Boston division, Charles H. Emery, superintendent, Boston, Mass.



Lake Waukewan from Rock Ridge Farm

There are nearly four thousand names upon the pay roll and there are upwards of a thousand offices in the New England division. It operates over nearly seven thousand miles of railroad, and steamboat lines in New England, and in the Province of Quebec.

To the successful conduct of the affairs of the company in the capacity which he is now serving, Mr Robie has brought these qualities:—honesty, ambition, a willingness to work and

“Whatever success I may have had,” he says, “has come, not because of any particular brilliancy on my part, but rather it is the result of starting out in life with good habits and with the desire and full determination to succeed, if it could be accomplished by hard work and strict attention to business. I have made it a practice to be pleasant and cheerful in the discharge of my duties, and not to allow anything or anybody to stand between myself and my duty to my employer.

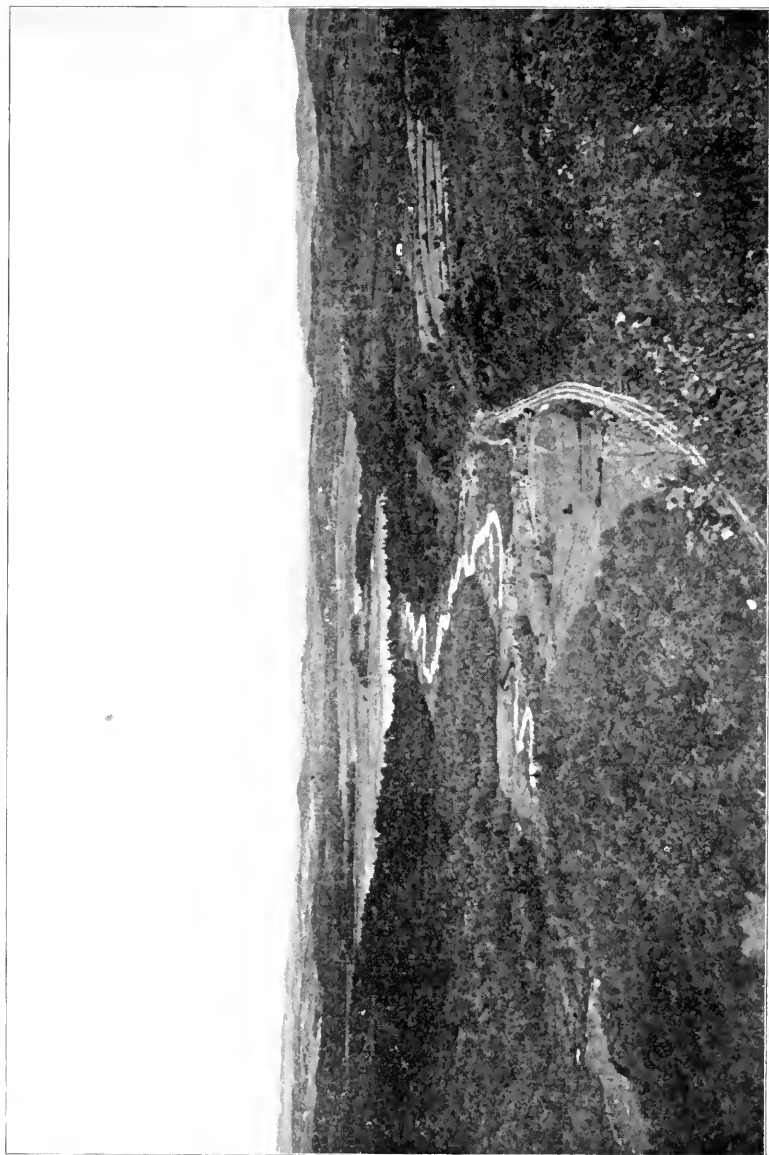


A Bit of Shore Line from the Boat House

devotion to the interest of his employer, with all possible consideration of the needs of the public, also the ability to “size up” men and place them where they will do his company the most good—qualities which have made him what he is today, compared with what many other men of equal ability are. These characteristics have earned him every promotion he has ever received. It should be an encouragement to other young men who are starting out in quest of success in the business world. Mr. Robie has come up from the very bottom of the ladder.

Without, however, the good will, the loyalty and the hard, intelligent work performed by the men under me, from superintendent down to the humblest employee, my present measure of success would have been impossible. As a matter of fact, I believe I owe my success largely to the loyalty, the earnestness and the ability of my subordinates.”

It has been Mr. Robie's policy to be as liberal as possible with citizens of all classes and still conserve the welfare of the company, realizing how dependent a public service company



The View from Bald Ledge



is upon the public for support. A complaint or suggestion is never made to him, that he does not fully investigate and consider, whether it comes from an employee or a patron. Nothing is ever pigeon-holed or filed away for a decision at some later day.

Mr. Robie is one of the most genial of men. It makes no difference whether it is the president of a railroad over which his company is doing business, or one of the company's patrons, or an employee, his office door is always open to receive them when they wish to meet him. He always has the same pleasant smile and the same hearty handshake for all. To see him walk down the long express platform at the North Station (which, by the way, is one of the largest and best equipped express offices in this country), where there are hundreds of men who congregate each day to take part in the handling of the express matter going out over the Boston and Maine Railroad, up through New Hampshire and Vermont; into Maine and the Provinces, also to the great West,—to see the cordial greeting he gives or receives from messengers, drivers, porters and all other employees, is an object lesson to be studied by those who have large numbers of men under them. The employees of the company are all one great family, as he expresses it, and it certainly looks that way, and a happy one at that. But although friendly with every man under him he is absolutely just in his dealings with them and the company. It is a well known fact that they cannot take undue advantage of his cordial treatment, but that they must perform their full duty toward the company or suffer the consequences. He is a strong and helpful friend to the man who tries to do right, and whose heart is in the right place.

Mr. Robie is particularly interested in young men. He likes to see them succeed, and as he has been successful himself his suggestions are ever help-

ful. "My advice to young men," he says, "would be to start out in life with the very best of habits, absolutely honest and aboveboard, look every man, woman and child squarely in the face, and strive to live the kind of life which will enable you to do it with good grace. Make up your mind from the start that you must succeed, and do not doubt it. If the way isn't entirely plain and clear at the start, go just as far as you possibly can and do not give up until you are actually obliged to do so. You will usually find that as you proceed, light and help will come to you. If it so happens that you are given work to do which you think should be attended to by the other fellow, do not grumble, but go ahead and do the very best you can with it, and rest assured that there is some good reason why it is given to you and the man over you knows all about it, even if you do not. Salary is an important factor. We need it, and must have it. But the gratification of doing one's duty and accomplishing all that is expected (and a little more, if possible) to the satisfaction of all concerned, yourself included, should be the real reward. If you should be told by your associates that you are foolish to work so hard and so many hours; that you will only get kicks for it in the end, do not have any argument over it, but keep right on plugging away, do your full duty, strive to make yourself indispensable, and you will win out in the end. Attend divine services on the Sabbath Day; it may not make a man just what he should be, but the influence is good, and it looks well."

The love of his native state is a passion with Mr. Robie. To him there is no spot on earth just like that little corner in the old academy town of New Hampton, where he passed the first eighteen years of his life, and which has been a Mecca for him in the years since. To him also there are no friendships just like those formed in his early life in the Granite

State. During the years he has been away he has been a constant visitor to the old homestead, so long occupied by his father and now the home of his stepmother. During the past few years he has acquired an adjoining farm, overlooking Lake Waukegan, which has been rehabilitated, and named "Rock Ridge Farm," one of the most attractive summer homes about the lakes. Here he passes as much of his time as his duties will permit during the summer months, and here he intends to retire when he is finally "vouchered off" by the company, a time far distant if the wishes of his many friends and associates are considered. Here, almost weekly during the summer season will be found a number of his business associates and others, who come into the country to enjoy his hospitality during the "week end." And he is never happier than when entertaining them, or some of the country folk around about, who were the friends of his boyhood. The latchstring is always out and a royal good reception is always forthcoming.

Mr. Robie is fond of long strolls through the country around about. A climb to the top of Bald Ledge or some other point, where he can breathe the pure air and enjoy the landscape spread out before him, is of frequent occurrence in fair weather when he is "on the farm." He also enjoys boating, and has a boat-house on the shores of Lake Waukegan, from which he makes many trips during the season. He is not, however, a hunter, being too tender hearted, as he says, to destroy life.

Mr. Robie resides in Newton; is married and has a son, Harold William Robie, who is attending the Technical High School at Newtonville, and expects to enter the New Hampshire Agricultural College at Durham next fall. Mr. Robie is a member of

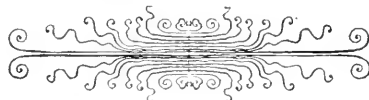
the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the Algonquin Club, the Exchange Club, the Boston City Club, the New England Railroad Club and the Economic Club.

Fourteen years ago when Mr. Robie was made superintendent of the Massachusetts division the *Plymouth Record* said: "At the time 'Warren Robie,' as he was familiarly called, left Plymouth he had won the respect of the many people with whom he became acquainted during his stay in town. He was honest, intelligent, earnest, industrious and persevering. These have been his marked characteristics up to the present time. He is always fair and never forgets to be a gentleman. While naturally of a kind-hearted disposition, he is firm and persistent in whatever he undertakes or in whatever he believes to be right.

"The *Record* has watched him with a good deal of interest and it has been pleasant for us to notice his gradual progress toward the front ranks, and it seems proper at this time that we should reprint the local notice which appeared in these columns immediately after he left for Lowell.

"C. W. Robie, having received an appointment in the main office of the American Express Company at Lowell, Mass., left for that place Thursday, carrying with him the best wishes of a host of friends whom he has won while in Plymouth by his gentlemanly conduct in social and business life. The *Record* is among his friends and wishes him success and speedy promotion in the work he has entered upon. We predict his advancement will be rapid, for such industry and intelligence as he possesses are certain to be recognized and rewarded by the corporation whose services he has entered."

The prediction of the *Record* has been justified. He has made good.



# Magdalen

*By L. J. H. Frost*

The bars of the Orient sunset  
Glistened like beaten gold,  
While the patient, watchful shepherds,  
Were leading their lambs to the fold.  
No sound forced its harsh intrusion  
On all the ambient air,  
Save the music of playful waters  
And the muezzin's call to prayer.

Along a thread-like pathway,  
That meandered over the plain,  
Came a maiden with lingering footsteps,  
And a heart filled with anguish and pain.  
She saw not the sunset's glory,  
Neither knew that the earth looked aflame;  
To her the shadows of midnight,  
And day's brightest light seemed the same.

She knelt and raised her eyes heavenward,  
And offered a silent prayer;  
She looked like some truant angel,  
Her face was so meek and fair.  
At length she entered the city,  
At the sad, sweet vesper time,  
And entering into a temple,  
She knelt by its gilded shrine,

And murmured,—“ I am unworthy  
To pray in this holy place,  
But I humbly ask for forgiveness,  
And the blessing of God's grace.  
They call me a dog of a Christian,  
And brand me with guilt and shame;  
Bereft of pity and friendship,

I bear a dishonored name.”  
Then she bowed her head in silence,  
While the “faithful” were kneeling around,  
And the peace she so earnestly prayed for,  
Her sorrowing spirit found.  
She saw not the fading twilight,  
Nor heeded the gathering gloom,  
But knelt in worshipful silence,  
Giving thanks for a priceless boon.

At length a belated worshiper  
To the side of the maiden came,  
And gazed in wonder upon her  
Who never would sin again;  
For while the sweet vesper incense  
Was carried through Heaven's door,  
The shriven soul of a mortal  
Passed in to go out no more.



HON. ALBERT ANNETT

# The Builders

## Address at Dedication of the Remodeled State House

October 25, 1910

*By Hon. Albert Annett*

Joseph Dudley, governor and captain-general of Her Majesty's Provinces of New Hampshire and Massachusetts Bay, in the days of good Queen Anne, was a man of foresight befitting a founder of states. In the little capital at Portsmouth, between the unexplored wilderness and the sea, he foresaw the needs of the future, and in his message to the assembly of New Hampshire, in the year 1711, he urged the erection of a "Howse" for the assembly, an almshouse and a jail. But the members of the assembly, hard pressed to provide the revenues of the province, gave little heed to the governor's recommendation and continued to hold their meetings at the taverns of Portsmouth for many years.

In 1725 another statesman arose, who, feeling keenly the impropriety of sitting in a public tavern to transact the business of the province, introduced in the assembly a measure for the erection of a building which he called a "state house." But he too was in advance of his generation, and between his hopes and their realization there remained, for the struggling settlements in New Hampshire a long period of difficulty and gloom. The assembly found at last improved quarters in the court houses at Exeter and Portsmouth, but the long wars with the French and Indians repressed the hopes of the people and exhausted their resources.

In 1775, John Wentworth, the last royal governor, fled from Portsmouth; and the people, left to their own devices moved the seat of

government to Exeter, where most of the sessions of the assembly were held for six troublous years. In 1778 a tentative effort to determine the most convenient place of meeting resulted in the selection of Concord, when the call for a state convention was issued to be held in June of that year. But the question of a center of administration remained long unsettled, and, in obedience to the demands of the different sections of the state, the lawmakers met for one or more sessions at Dover, Amherst, Portsmouth, Charlestown, Hanover and Hopkinton.

The first state Constitutional Convention was held in the old North Meeting-House in Concord, in 1778. It was composed of delegates from towns, districts and parishes, its purpose being to devise a plan of government for the new state. Among the delegates were John Langdon, the three signers of the Declaration of Independence, and many others distinguished in the early history of the state. But they served a jealous master, and it was only after seven sessions had been held that they succeeded, in 1783, in offering a constitution acceptable to the independent and liberty-loving people of New Hampshire.

The meeting-house was unfurnished and inconvenient for the purposes of a popular assembly, consequently several succeeding conventions found more congenial quarters in a hall over John Stevens' store on the site of the present Masonic Temple in

Concord, with the famous tavern of Mother Osgood near by.

In 1781, Judge Timothy Walker of Concord was chosen to represent his town in the assembly at Exeter; and, hearing much complaint, after the manner of men, concerning the accommodations to be had at that place, he besought them to come to Concord where better board was to be had at half the price. This was a potent inducement, which, joined with Concord's accessibility from all parts of the state, prevailed over other claims and the next March saw the General Court convened in Concord.

The members met in the meeting-house, but as this was forty years before a stove had warmed its sacred walls, it was a chilly reception. The old record which tells of the "inclemency of the season," pictures to us the great unwarmed interior, the windows rattling in the equinoctial gales and the incense of frosty breath rising to the great beams overhead, a sacrifice acceptable to old Boreas, but threatening inglorious martyrdom to the devoted band assembled beneath.

In this distressing situation, Judge Walker, for the good name of Concord, came to their relief. At that time the judge dwelt in the once garrisoned house of his father, the Rev. Timothy Walker, which is still standing, one of the treasures of Concord. A few rods south from his home was a building occupied as a store, in which was a small hall. To this place, marked now with an appropriate inscription, Judge Walker invited the legislature. The honorable council found fitting quarters in the minister's front room, while in the parlor chamber overhead securely reposed the treasury of the state.

In June, 1784, the members of the General Court, established by the recent convention, met in Concord, and the public officials, attended by ministers of the Gospel and citizens from far and near, marched to the

sound of music to the meeting-house. Here solemn oaths were administered, and the new government duly inaugurated. Following the ceremonies of inauguration, the Rev. Samuel McClintock of Greenland preached the first election sermon, and a public dinner, symbolic of plenty, was served at the expense of the state. This occasion was also the forerunner of "Election Day," the greatest day of the year; and it was the first "going to 'lection," a patriotic pilgrimage dear to the heart of every boy, that was held in joyful anticipation in many a household from year to year.

The proudest event in the history of the old meeting-house was the convention of 1788, called to consider the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Eight states of the original thirteen had already voted in its favor and upon New Hampshire as the ninth state its adoption immediately depended. The convention met first at Exeter, but adjourned to Concord, where, during those June days, the whole country listened at the door of the meeting-house. Among the strong men of the convention was Col. Ebenezer Webster of Salisbury, who made a memorable speech in favor of the Constitution, of which his son Daniel was long afterward known as the "Great Expounder." Abla the delegates discussed article after article, and when the final vote was taken and the Constitution for the whole country was thereby accepted, the action of New Hampshire was celebrated far and near with processions, bonfires and illuminations; and received its crowning meed of praise in a letter of congratulation, written by Washington to John Langdon, president of the state and a member of the convention.

It is related of this period of our legislative history, that William Plumer, once riding all night from Portsmouth to Concord to attend the opening of the General Court, was beset in the Deerfield woods by

wolves which followed yelping at his horse's heels nearly to Pembroke Street. It was a favorite story of Lafayette, in the polished circles of France, that upon a visit to New Hampshire, when the legislature was in session at Exeter, he essayed a call of ceremony on Meshech Weare, president of the state, and after persistent search found him in a corner of the kitchen at the inn, making his simple repast upon a bowl of hasty pudding and milk.

Concord, proud of its increasing political preferment, soon recognized the want of suitable accommodations for the General Court. A subscription paper was circulated and five hundred and fifty dollars were contributed by Concord citizens toward the erection of a town house that should also furnish rooms and offices for the General Court. Following this action of its citizens, the town voted to raise "one hundred pounds for the building with the provision that it should be set on land of Mr. William Stickney, near Dea. David Hall's."\*

For more than thirty years after the adoption of the state constitution, the government of New Hampshire was without a fixed habitation. In the recess of the General Court, the governor and the secretary of state discharged the duties of their offices from the place of their domicile, and, wherever the legislature convened, there the treasurer was summoned with his iron trunk to pay the bills.

In the June session of 1814 a committee was appointed to sit in the recess of the legislature to consider the subject of a state house. This committee consisted of Honorable John Harris of Hopkinton, Benjamin Kimball, Jr., of Concord and Andrew Bowers, Esq., of Salisbury. The duty assigned them was to "fix upon the most eligible site for a state house, to prepare a plan for the same, to

receive proposals from any town, individual or individuals, for building the same, to ascertain the probable cost, and to report at the next session of the legislature." This committee fell far short of the duty assigned it, but the investigation was continued, the question of location committed to the governor and council; and, in 1816, after more than one hundred years of organized government in New Hampshire, plans were accepted and the erection of a building was begun which should be the property of the state.

Concord in those days was a straggling village of one principal street, without sidewalks; and along the way was a medley of dwellings, stores and shops of various handicrafts, the same building often furnishing to its proprietor a residence and place of trade. For the state house but two sites were considered; one the Stickney lot (corner of Main and Court Streets) and the other, farther south, the so-called Green lot, where the state house now stands. The Stickney lot was more elevated; better cleared and undeniably more adapted to display to advantage the architectural features of a public edifice. This lot had many advocates, whose reasons were well founded and not easily to be controverted.

It was pointed out in favor of the Green lot that it was more nearly central than the other, which may have meant that it was nearer the taverns and places of trade, but much credit appears to have been due to the commanding influence of its advocates, among them Col. William A. Kent, merchant and banker, and Isaac Hill, afterward governor and United States senator. In this controversy the people of Concord were divided into two parties, according as they lived in north or south latitude from a point on Main Street

\* On a site near Main and Court Streets now owned by Merrimack County. Those in charge of the work were men of foresight and they made their edifice of generous dimensions. The town house was eighty feet long and its depth was half its length. It was one story in height and stood lengthwise to Main Street. It had a central front door and resembled a two-room village school.

which was their equatorial line. Some wit made the remark that the members of the General Court had become the representatives of boarding houses and not of towns. The aspersion was doubtless unjust; but evidence remains that these men joined generally in the views of their temporary neighborhood, and they entered the fray as experienced protagonists, trained in local controversies respecting the location of a meeting-house or schoolhouse in the towns from which they came.

On July 4, 1816, Governor Plumer and his council fixed the site of the state house; but their decision was not unanimously made and the clamor did not cease. The Green lot, which was the site selected, was in part covered with bushes and was called a quagmire and a frog pond. It was further encumbered by a bake shop in the northeast corner, and near the south line by a Quaker meeting-house, an unavailing refuge of peace on this field of strife.

The corner-stone of the state house was laid on September 24, 1816; but, as many members of the legislature were not satisfied with the beginning that had been made, at the November session of that year an investigation was demanded.

Colonel Prescott of Jaffrey, a legislator of many years' experience, feared that the plagues of Egypt were upon them; and his fears seemed justified by events. He had been down to the chosen lot upon an investigation of his own; and had seen with his own eyes the bull frogs peeping up in the cellar and making, as he expressed it, "more noise than I am making now." If, he added, they persisted with their ill-considered plan the chorus of frogs would often disturb the deliberations of the Great and General Court.

But the croakers croaked in vain; the investigation came to naught and the building of the state house continued under the supervision of a committee consisting of Albe Cady,

William Low and Jeremiah Pecker, all citizens of Concord. Albe Cady, at that time secretary of state, was esteemed for his integrity and his public spirit as a citizen; William Low, a political leader, of sound and liberal views, was noted as a ready and witty debater in town meeting and in all things an honest man; while Jeremiah Pecker, quick-witted and facetious in conversation, was a thrifty farmer and a citizen prominent in every good work.

The architect of the state house was Stuart James Park, a native of Scotland, whose ancestors were stone workers far back. His father, John Park, was employed by the Duke of Argyle in building his castle; and on coming to America, he was the first in this country to use flat wedges in splitting stone. King's Chapel in Boston, erected in 1752, was built from granite boulders, which were split by the slow and laborious method of heating followed by sudden cooling with water. Stuart Park built the old stone prison in Concord as well as the present state prison in Charlestown, Mass., and many more buildings that have endured the ravages of time. The Parks by their improved methods brought stone buildings within the limits of reasonable cost and their work marked an epoch in the architecture of New England. The state house is the enduring memorial of Stuart James Park in Concord, and his name is preserved in the city as the designation of the street north of the capitol, known as Park Street.

The state house was completed in 1819, and in June of that year the legislature convened within its walls. The eagle had been raised to his perch on the dome with feasting and felicitations on the part of the people, and the acrimony of the preceding years seemed to be forgotten in the common joy at the completion of the building. In 1821, the final touch was given when the superintendent, under the direction



of Mr. Samuel Sparhawk, secretary of state, planted trees in the walled enclosure of the state house yard.

With the completion of the state house, New Hampshire rejoiced in the possession of a public building shapely in design and adequate for her needs. It was of fair proportions, after the style of the modified structure that served the state until the reconstruction of the present time. It had the same Doric Hall, and the Hall of Representatives, of imposing height and size, occupied the same position as today. The Senate Chamber in the north wing, with its stucco ornamentation, was thought at that time to be the most beautiful state assembly room in the United States. So great was the fame of the new capitol that within a year "six thousand eight hundred and seventy-two persons had visited it and were shown its apartments." It even found a place in a little book of didactic intent, expressed in simple style, "to suit the infant understanding." The description is interesting and truthful and may be fairly applied to the beautiful edifice before us.

The State House is the grandest building in New Hampshire. It is built of hewn stone almost as beautiful as marble. The body of the house is much higher and larger than any meeting-house you ever saw. The windows are of the largest glass with mahogany sashes. The front of the building has a noble projection and pediment with a large elegant door; and the whole is set off with a most beautiful cupola, with a great gold eagle on the top of it. There is a very large and beautiful yard in front of the State House, with a wide and smooth gravel walk leading up to it. I have seen many elegant buildings in the course of my life but I have never seen one so elegant as the State House.

Such a display of pride in their new possession is pleasing evidence that the state house of 1816 was built according to the best standards of the time. If we have found means to improve

upon the work of those days, it is only because we have profited by the progress of one hundred years in the builder's art.

It is a short vision that sees among the builders of this house only the workers in brick and stone. It was enfolded in the dream of the first man who had visions of the future state of New Hampshire. The patriots of the Revolution cleared the ground; the old constitution-makers in the meeting-house laid the foundations, and the lawgivers in the town house reared the walls of a fabric that Stuart Park and his workmen transmuted into stone. It is built of our fathers' thought and of the fruit of their toil. Every stone of the old building is alive to testify to their character and rugged worth. The original state house is obscured in the additions of later times yet there is satisfaction in the thought that the old walls remain with their treasured memories.

John Langdon and Woodbury Langdon, prosperous merchants and popular leaders, who were willing to sacrifice all for the state, John Stark the frontier soldier, and John Sullivan, impetuous in act yet a patriot and statesman, Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple and Matthew Thornton, signers of the Declaration of Independence—Ebenezer Webster, who gave to the Republic, Daniel Webster, the grandest son of all,—these men wrought in an earlier time and perhaps never saw a stone of the state house, yet like workers in the quarries they were as truly builders as those who raised its walls, and still inspiring by their lofty example the Councils of State.

"We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro."

The roll is long and honorable,—  
Maj. Timothy Dix, is remembered  
as a lawmaker and soldier who gave

his life in his country's cause. His valiant name still lives in Dixville, renowned for mountain grandeur and inspiring beauty, while his stout and resolute personality was transmitted to his patriotic son, Maj.-Gen. John A. Dix, whose martial form is pictured in our Doric Hall, recalling his words of lightning uttered in a time of storm. "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

Another builder whose powers found broader scope in a later generation was Ithamar Chase, farmer and legislator, the father of that distinguished jurist and statesman, Salmon Portland Chase. There comes before us the pictured form of Gov. Benjamin Pierce, perhaps as truly great as his distinguished son, Franklin Pierce, who reached the highest office in our Republic. Governor Pierce was one of the council who contended for a different site than the one finally chosen when the location of the capitol was of such widespread interest in the state.

Gov. William Plumer, of all others, is entitled to our homage today. He fixed the site of the state house by his deciding vote, and in the obloquy that was heaped upon him, he bore himself like the man he was, in conscious rectitude not deigning to explain or extenuate his act. He served the state in the highest stations, never for wealth or fame, but always for the common good. In the senate of the United States, he was the friend and peer of the greatest in the land. It was given to him to understand the human heart, and the biographical sketches of his contemporaries, written in his later years, read like Plutarch's lives of illustrious men. He looks out today in portraiture from his thoughtful eyes and sees his vision realized. Yes, here was the quagmire and the frog pond, but the bitterness is all forgotten and the end crowns the work.

There is yet another, too little honored in the state he served,—

Meshech Weare, the grandest figure of them all. He was colonel of the militia, clerk and speaker of the house, president of the council, and for thirty-five years a justice of the court. From the beginning to the close of the Revolution, Meshech Weare was chairman of the committee of safety, a place of the utmost trust and responsibility; yet through those long years of despair and discouragement, amid conditions rude and unprecedented he exercised all the functions of government, legislative, executive and judicial, without fear and without reproach. And when the Constitution had been adopted and the storms were past he was elected, as befitted his unwavering faith, the first president of the state. In this crowning service of his long career, the first of an illustrious line of chief magistrates, under a benign Providence, it was his privilege to lead the people after their long wandering in the wilderness of war and disruption, into the promised land of independence and stable government. Then, worn out with long and arduous service, his labors done and his mind at peace, he died calmly in his plain farmhouse at Hampton Falls, in the seventy-third year of his age. Titles could add nothing to the simple dignity of his name. He left no portrait to adorn our walls and he craved no statue in the public square. He will be best honored if his example of inflexible integrity shall set the high standard of public service in the state he loved.

For many years the old capitol of 1816 served well the purposes of the state; but even this masterpiece of our fathers was at last outgrown. With the accumulation of records came an imperative demand for fireproof vaults; and the growth of the state called for enlarged quarters for the state officials and the General Court. In this exigency the supremacy of Concord was threatened by designing men, who like the wicked magician in the tale of Aladdin's

palace, went before the people crying, "A new state house for an old!" It was their intent to transport the capital of the state to another city for purposes of their own. But Concord summoned her genii to redeem the building that had been largely the creation of her treasure and toil. They worked night and day, nor did they observe the Sabbath as a day of rest until the state house, enlarged and substantially rebuilt, stood before a satisfied people, adorned with a loftier dome and enriched with a two-storied columnar porch, whose beautiful proportions defy the hand of improvement today.

Under the generous provision of the legislature of 1909 the capitol has been again enlarged and improved and for the first time the work has been done entirely at the expense of the state.

Time does not permit me to speak

in detail of the remodeled state house. To those gathered within its walls today description would be superfluous. If you would know the work that has been done look around you. From the days of Stuart James Park down to the architects and master workmen in the chief magistracy of Governor Quinby, New Hampshire has been fortunate in her builders. It was not the ravages of time but the progress of the state, that in 1864 and in 1909, bade us build larger and statelier the house that our fathers founded in Concord so many years ago.

Doubtless the time will come when this state house too will be outgrown. Our earnest desire is that it may serve well its purpose in its time; and that the judgment of the future may be that our work is worthy to be compared with that of our fathers before us.

## The Old Year

*By Georgiana A. Prescott*

'Twas long ago that the violet bloomed;

It was long ago when the year was young.

It was long ago that the rose perfumed

Pasture and garden, and birds sweetly sung.

You have grown aged, now rest after toil;

Your varied work, O year, is almost done.

You've brought laughter and tears, joy and turmoil,

But your twelve-month race is now almost run.

Vain are our questionings for your reasons.

Is it all a plan of the One Divine?

How we have loved your glorious seasons!

Your sunset splendors, moonshine and starshine.

Your summer showers, awful but yet grand;

Birds and brooks and trees and painted flowers,

Rainbow arches that spanned river and land—

What sweet fireside mem'ries of winter hours!

Soon we must bid you a loving good-by,

As through the white portal of December

You speed toward the realm of infinity,

But Nineteen-Ten the world will remember.

# Beside the Rapidan

*By Fred Myron Colby*

I see the cool waves dashing  
    'Twixt banks of molten gray;  
The sheeny sunshine flashing  
    O'er Southern woodlands gay;  
And by the misty river  
    The Union camp I scan,  
Where willows bend and quiver  
    Beside the Rapidan.

Back o'er the years of glory  
    The memory comes to me  
Of all that brave old story,  
    Which thrilled from sea to sea.  
The battle, siege and foray,  
    The struggle, man to man,  
The blood that dyed the highway  
    Beside the Rapidan.

I see the watchfires gleaming  
    Midst groves of oak and pine;  
I hear the night birds screaming  
    From screen of climbing vine.  
Again there rings the picket's cry  
    As through the dusk I scan  
The Stars and Stripes against the sky  
    Beside the Rapidan.

Oh, river, old in story,  
    I see thy waters gleam  
Against the spectres hoary,  
    As vivid as a dream.  
And, wrapped in dreamless sleep,  
    Full many a veteran  
Their silent bivouac keep  
    Beside the Rapidan.

No war drum can awake them,  
    Those heroes tried and true;  
No rebel warcry stir them,  
    Our sleeping Boys in Blue.  
They wait there the last roll call—  
    Those who once led the van—  
Where the shadows nightly fall  
    Beside the Rapidan.

# English Origin of the Eastman Family

*By Charles R. Eastman*

Cambridge, Mass.

*Mr. President and Fellow-Members  
of the Eastman Association:—*

It affords me great pleasure to be present at this gathering, and to share the opportunity of meeting face to face so many worthy descendants of the founder of our race in this country. I am also deeply sensible of the honor done me in having been asked by our distinguished president to relate some new facts which have recently come to light regarding the birthplace of our common ancestor, Roger Eastman, the home he knew as a young man, and a little something of his family and connections.

We must turn back in imagination a full three hundred years before we find ourselves amid the scenes of our forefathers' childhood. Born in the early springtime of 1610, in a little country village of Wiltshire, within sight, almost, of the loftiest spire in the kingdom—that of Salisbury cathedral—ten years were yet to pass before the pilgrims should set sail from Plymouth, and more than a quarter century before the "new plantation at Merrimack," afterward Salisbury, in Massachusetts Bay Colony, should be begun.

What amazing progress, what marvelous transformations have taken place during the three hundred years that have since elapsed! When we pause to consider it all, the history of the last three centuries, and strive to realize its significance, its prodigious importance in the march of civilization, how does it impress the beholder? Are we not conscious of

a deeper, stronger, more intense and whole-souled devotion to the best interests of this wonderful country of ours, together with a natural and just pride in its material development and prosperity? And what shall be said of the splendid record of American achievement, of those victories won by the heroes of peace, as well as the more famous, but not more momentous or far-reaching victories won by the heroes of war? For the heroes of peace are legion. Youngest of nations, if her past has been great and glorious, does not the hand of destiny point the way for America to lead and stand foremost among earthly powers in promoting the arts of peace, in enlightening the masses, in uplifting humanity everywhere? Until there comes a time

"When each man sees his own in all men's good,

And all men work in noble brotherhood."

Meditating on these things, who among us can help being brought to a realizing sense of his obligations and responsibilities as a citizen of this great free country of ours, the world's foremost republic; and as a fellow-worker among the prosperous and progressive inhabitants of this enlightened commonwealth, or of some other like unto it; and as a resident of some one local community which, equally with all the rest, has its own problems to work out, its own particular mission to accomplish?

With most right-minded people, to see one's duty clearly is to set about straightway to perform it. For, as has been truly said,

"If before his duty man with reckless spirit  
stands,  
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the  
work from out his hands."

And so I take it, my friends, that one of the great benefits wrought by patriotic and historical societies—even family organizations like ours, based upon ties of heredity and representing the topmost twigs, branches and budding foliage of a widely-spreading "family tree"—one of the great benefits consists in extending our knowledge, and intensifying our interest in the history of our country. Its history, too, not only national, but local. And this is an invaluable aid in teaching us to deal intelligently with present day problems.

Granting that "the proper study of mankind is man," it follows that any humanistic pursuit is pervaded with intellectual and moral qualities which make it noble and elevating to whomsoever becomes imbued with its spirit. Even so restricted and arid a field as the province of genealogy is commonly held to be, will be found to yield large returns of intellectual value when we have gained a clear prospective of its worth and importance. And happily, people are coming to realize more and more that the collection and preservation of family records, both ancient and modern, is an imperative moral obligation. It is a duty we owe to posterity no less than to ourselves. It is wrong to neglect it.

All members of our association who hold these sentiments must needs have regretted that so little is known concerning the origin of the Eastman family in the mother country. According to different traditions the ancestral home has been variously located in England, Wales and Scotland; and it would seem that only the nonoccidental connotation of the surname has prevented an assignment of the cradle of the race to the Emerald Isle.

The claim that "Paddy was a Welshman," gravely put forward in a genealogical sketch of the family printed a good many years ago, is probably to be explained as a corruption of Wilts (short for Wiltshire) into Welsh or Wales. As a matter of fact, Salisbury, Mass., was founded very largely by Wiltshire colonists, prominent among whom was Christopher Batt, of old Sarum, now a part of Salisbury, in England; hence the appropriateness of the name bestowed upon "the plantation by the Merrimack."

More recently it has been suggested that Roger Eastman, first of the name in this country, came from Downton, or perhaps Longford, in Wilts; or if not from either of these places, possibly from Romsey, in Hampshire County, between Salisbury and Southampton. But no positive evidence has been brought forward in support of these various conjectures; and the only valid clue that has been found in the endeavor to trace his origin, and to identify the home of his youth, is that furnished by the official passenger list of the ship *Confidence* in which a number of Salisbury settlers crossed to New England in April, 1638.

In this historic passenger list of persons bound for New England, which has twice been printed in the Genealogical Register, certain names are bracketed together to form separate groups, or parties, the relations between the members of whom are often discoverable as those of kinsfolk. In other cases the relations are indicated by the term "servant" to be those of employer and employee, or the leader of a party and those who came under his protection or patronage. Authorities are agreed, I believe, that no other meaning is to be attached to the word "servant" in such cases, than this.

Forming part of the ship's company was one little band of colonists, mostly relatives, and hence a patriarchal party, who came from Melchitt Park,

near Downton, Wiltshire, under the leadership of one John Rolfe. And another from the same parish or hundred of Downton, consisted of John Sanders, his sister Sarah (erroneously listed as his wife), two or three kinsmen who appear in the dual capacity of "servants" and relatives, and finally Roger Eastman, whose position is also reported as "servant."

But the Sanders and Eastman families are known by published English records and other sources to have been allied by intermarriage. For instance, an Alice Sanders, presum-

other hand, a sister of the same John Sanders marrying an Eastman some four years earlier, as proved by the parish register. What more natural, therefore, than to expect these same old church records to enlighten us somewhat as to the identity and abode of our Roger Eastman, and to establish the facts of his parentage? If the Sanders family lived at Week, near Downton, probably the home of Roger Eastman was not far off. And we should have to look to Downton parish records for confirmation or disproof of this theory.

An opportunity was presented dur-



Church at Downton, Wiltshire, near Birthplace of Roger Eastman, and in which He was Christened

ably sister of John and Sarah who sailed in the *Confidence*, became in 1634 the wife of Thomas Eastman. The marriage record of these parties is to be found in the first book of the Downton parish register, and appears to have been first published, along with other Sanders records extracted from the same source, in Mrs. Mary Sanders Smith's volume entitled "The Founders of Massachusetts Bay Colony."

Here we have, on the one hand, John Sanders of Week, and several kinsfolk crossing to New England with Roger Eastman and settling at Salisbury in 1638; and on the

ing the late summer of putting this theory to the test. Having to spend part of August in England on a matter of business, I took occasion to pass through Wiltshire, and, breaking my journey at Salisbury, made a pilgrimage to Downton for the special purpose of examining the ancient church records. Since the death of the former vicar of Downton the living has been vacant, but through the kindness of the mission rector at present in charge, Rev. L. R. West of Salisbury, I was permitted to look through the first volume of the register, which covers the first half of the seventeenth century, and

to copy such records as I pleased relating to the Eastman family.

Carefully I searched every page, and had not proceeded far when, greatly to my delight, there appeared the following entry under date of 1610: "Roger Eastman, the sonne of Nicholas Eastman of Charleton was baptized the 4th of Aprill." Here at last, without the least shadow of doubt, as proved by the correspondence of name, date and general locality, was the original record of the christening of our emigrant ancestor, founder of the hardy and prolific race that has taken tenacious hold and spread widely over our land.

Further examination of the records showed that the family of Nicholas Eastman of Charlton, two miles north of Week and Downton, consisted of seven sons, of whom Roger was the third, and three daughters. Thomas, the eldest, born in 1603, became, as we have seen, the husband of Alice Sanders of Week, in 1634. Very likely he inherited the largest portion of his father's estate, which may have been one of the causes of Roger's emigration to this country. The ten children, named in order of their ages, were as follows: Thomas, John, Margaret, Roger, Nicholas, Morris, William, Alexander, Christiana, Mary; and it is interesting to

note that some of these names reappear among the children of Roger. The marriage record of the parents was not found, this event having occurred, no doubt, prior to the earliest legible date in the parish register, which is 1602.\*

Unfortunately, time did not permit me to prosecute the search further, it being of a Saturday evening and necessary for me to take a late train up to London that night. For the same reason I was obliged to forego a visit to Charlton, a pretty little village along the banks of the Avon, two miles up the river from Week.

There are Eastmans still living in Downton, possibly also in Charlton, though I failed to hear of any at the latter place. If one had the leisure it would probably be an easy matter to identify the original cottage, home-stand or manor-house—who knows?—where our Roger was born. The ancestry of his father, Nicholas, might also be traced, but such matters had to be put off until some other time, or, better still, should be entrusted to the hands of an expert to investigate. However, I felt that it had been worth while to have succeeded in throwing a little fresh light upon the origin of our race in England, leaving it to others to say

\*NOTE.—What Rowley and Newbury, England, are to their daughter towns across the Atlantic, that Salisbury, England, is to our Salisbury in Massachusetts. From Newbury in Berkshire came a vigorous colony to New England under the leadership of the Rev. Messrs. Parker and Noyes. From the English Rowley came "about sixty families" with their curate and leader, Mr. Rogers. Scarcely less intimate was the association between ancient Sarum in Wiltshire and the plantation that was appropriately named Salisbury in Massachusetts Bay Colony. There is abundant evidence to show that the English Salisbury was the focal point at which the founders of Salisbury in New England foregathered, and where the movement originated.

It is instructive to note the localities in the south of England which the Salisbury fathers who crossed in the *Confidence* and *Bevis*, April and May, 1638 (see *Gen. Reg.* 1860), claimed as their homes. Many of these are indicated in Drakes' Founders of New England, and Pope's Pioneers of Massachusetts. Caution is necessary, however, in accepting some of Drake's identifications of doubtful localities, which require to be checked by comparison with contemporary and modern large-scale maps, or with seventeenth and eighteenth century topographical works. In this way numerous variants in orthography can be easily reconciled. For instance, the present Melchet Park, midway between Downton and Romsey, was formerly written Milshall or Melchitt Park. Downton itself was Dainton or Dunton. Kingston Magna, near Shaftesbury, appears in old works as Canford Magna, in distinction from Little Canford; and the two Donheads were anciently known as Nether and Over Donet. In the passenger-list of the *Confidence* appears the place-name "Gonsham," also printed "Consham." This is thought by Drake to mean *Godeslow* in Oxfordshire, but probably is to be identified with *Caversham* in the same county, a few miles up the Thames from Shiplake and Henley, whence came several emigrants.

To illustrate the compact alliance existing among many of the founders of Salisbury and their families, we may take the case of John Sanders as a fair example. Near neighbor and friend of John Rolfe, whose home was at Melchet Park in Wiltshire, the two embarked on the same ship, and a year later John Sanders married Hester, daughter of John Rolfe. The coming of the Rolfe family was no doubt largely influenced by Henry Rolfe, who had preceded his brother John to New England and had already become a resident of Newbury.

There came over with John Rolfe, nominally as "servants," but in reality his kinsmen, one Thomas Whittier (see *Gen. Reg.* 1882, p. 144.) who was at the same time cousin of John Sanders. Accompanying him also in the capacity of "servants" were Roger Eastman, Richard Blake, William Cottle and Robert Ring, all of whom, with the possible exception of Richard Blake, were more or less closely related. Thus, Robert Ring, who died in 1690, left property to "Will Cottle, son to Sarah, now wife of John Hale of Newbury." By the will of John Rolfe, proved 1664, property is left to "Sarah, wife of Wm. Cottle," who was probably a daughter of Robert Ring and granddaughter of the testator.—C. R. EASTMAN.



whether or not the search shall be continued.

It might be supposed that, if the home of the Eastman family was near Downton, the gravestones of many of them would be found within the churchyard in that town; but such is not the case. There are no old monuments remaining, owing to the fact that the churchyard was not long ago completely restored or "renovated," as they say there, which means that the old was swept away and a new one built in its place.

A word as to the church at Downton itself may not be inappropriate. This fine building, dedicated to St. Lawrence, stands on a slight eminence near the eastern bank of the Avon. The following description, by Doctor Matcham, is from Hoare's *History of Modern Wiltshire*, Vol. III: "Its exterior is cruciform and the tower springing from the transept forms a pleasing object from different points of view in the neighborhood. Its external appearance has suffered much from the lapse of time, and the barbarous alterations of its rustic guardians. The interior consists of a principal body, separated from its two parallel aisles by five arches on each side, a transept and a chancel of ample dimensions. I have observed no indication of the round or Saxon arch; but the obtuse arches which divide the body from the aisles, rising from massive pillars which bear a plain, slightly raised capital, indicate that the building was erected antecedent to the reign of Henry II. .

"The chancel, from the form of its lancet windows, may, I think, be assigned to a later period, and was probably enlarged by the pious care of William of Wyckham, whose attention, the reader will find, was particularly directed to this parish. Some finely sculptured brackets remain, from whence sprang the roof. The font is ancient, and considered by Sir Richard Hoare as coeval with the oldest part of the church; from its

ample dimensions it was perhaps formerly used for the immersion of the bodies of infants."

In silence, and not without a deep feeling of reverence and filial piety, did I, a pilgrim from that far-off land overseas, stand with bowed head within the very walls where his ancestors had worshiped, and gaze with wondering eyes upon the font which in that distant long-ago had received the body of an infant named Roger Eastman. How many other babes had been baptized before the same sacred shrine, whose lives we know nothing of? But with this one it is different. In the birth of this child, his growth to man's estate, his adventurous resolve to leave home, family, friends and country behind while turning his face to the westward, there to help build up a new country, rear offspring and found a new race which should "multiply exceedingly and possess the land"; in all these we see the unfolding of a wonderful piece of tapestry, woven upon the loom of time, rich in coloring, intricate in design, honest in material throughout, and the whole representing the history of the Eastman family in the Western hemisphere.

Dusk had fallen as I left the sacred precincts of church and churchyard. I then took leave of the courteous pastor and sexton who had joined us, and in the gathering twilight retraced my steps to the inn, a quaint old tavern which bore the sign of the King's Arms, and looked old enough to have dispensed cheer for fully 300 years. Supper over, a short drive brought me to the station; soon was heard a distant rumble of wheels, then a shrill locomotive whistle broke the stillness of a midsummer's evening, the train stopped for a moment, started again and sped on swiftly into the darkness, bearing along with it a lone wayfarer; and he, on looking back at the twinkling lights of the little village, fell to musing, and in his heart was

glad that he had been privileged to visit the home of his ancestors, probably the first Eastman from this country to renew acquaintance with it in three hundred years.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the date when the foregoing address was delivered, at the annual meeting of the Eastman Association in Concord, further search has been conducted among old English archives and probate records by a well-known expert, Mr. C. A. Hoppin, with the special object of throwing light on the early history of the family to which Roger Eastman, the emigrant ancestor, belonged.

During the course of this investigation,

which is still in progress, Mr. Hoppin was fortunate enough to discover the original will of "Roger Eastman of Charleton," grandfather of the emigrant, which was executed January 11, 1604, and probated February 21 of the same year. It is an interesting document, as is also the accompanying inventory of the estate; and from the fact that Nicholas Eastman is the first-mentioned heir, one may safely infer that he was the eldest son. The remaining heirs are named in the following order: Roger Eastman, (uncle of the emigrant); Elizabeth, wife of William Skeete; Mary, wife of John Skeete; Walter Eastman, called "the elder"; Yedyth Eastman (probably to be read Edith); and Thomas Eastman. The will, inventory and bond are on file with the Consistory Court of Sarum, Salisbury.

## New Hampshire Pines

*By Fred Raphael Allen*

The pines are God's first children! He called forth  
 The oak, the maple, countless families  
 Of high degree, exceeding in their worth  
 The wealth of Indies lying o'er the seas!  
 But they are first! He turned His weary eyes,  
 When one and other bared 'neath winter's frown—  
 Where they stood true, unchanged as Paradise;  
 They read God's heart, nor bent their branches down!  
 And so the Father kissed His first and best—  
 His loyal pines, no frost-king dare assail!  
 He seeks their comfort—though He loves the rest—  
 When mortals snarl, and even angels fail!  
 They stand, forerunners of eternal years,  
 The joy, that is the harvest of all tears!

## To Pathos

*By Hiram Tuttle Folsom*

Beneath the evolution of never-ending thought,  
 Around the stress of toiling brains,  
 Amidst the minds that ought  
 To tell the world their visions,  
 Is a man's soul, Heaven wrought;  
 And to this sacred shrine of love,  
 Where dwells the soul's desire;  
 Into this man within the man,  
 Where burns the living fire,  
 I pray you, Pathos, seek your way,  
 To soften with a gentle love  
 The ardent burning points of flame,  
 Where passion flares above;  
 Thus mellow into harmony my love.

# Beyond

*By Cyrus A. Stone*

How will it be with us who now are wending  
Our onward way in paths before untried?  
What strange new scenes shall greet us at the ending?  
How will it be beyond the "great divide" ?

Here is our world of transient joys and sorrows  
That come and go like ocean's ebbs and swells;  
The days of sunshine and the dark tomorrows,  
The hasty greetings and the sad farewells.

Here are the lingering doubts, the gathering shadows,  
The driving torrents and the drizzling rains,  
The tear-like dewdrops in the lowland meadows,  
The night winds wandering o'er the lonely plains.

What lies beyond? Look up, the clouds are drifting  
From yonder heights once hidden from our view;  
Those grand old mountains their proud forms uplifting  
Far in the fields of God's unfading blue.

What lies beyond? Thought fails in contemplation,  
(The "throne" the "temple" and the "jasper sea")  
Beyond these fleeting moments of probation  
Who can forecast the life that is to be?

In what fair country by no billows bounded,  
Bathed in the glory of an endless day,  
Where never line hath crossed or voyage hath rounded,  
Shall the unwearied soul pursue its way?

O radiant city of the many mansions,  
Around thy walls no fearful tempest roars,  
No human greed controls thy vast expansions,  
No earthly craft has touched thy golden shores.

Within the fruitful fields and pastures vernal,  
All saintly souls securely shall abide,  
For in that realm of peace and joy supernal  
No death can sever, and no grave can hide.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

This number of the GRANITE MONTHLY completes Volume V of the New Series, five years having elapsed since the present publisher and founder of the magazine resuscitated the publication, after a period of irregular issue and practical suspension. During these past five years other occupation and engagements have largely taken the time and commanded the attention of the publisher, so that he has been unable to devote to the magazine the thought and care necessary to make it what a New Hampshire state magazine should be, his only hope and object, for the time, being to maintain its existence and a fair hold upon the confidence of the people, looking forward to the time, when, freed from other engagements, he might give it greater attention, and make it more nearly what a New Hampshire magazine ought to be.

That time is now at hand. Circumstances are now such that the publisher will hereafter be able to devote his efforts in the main to the interests of the GRANITE MONTHLY, which it is his purpose and ambition to bring up to the standard originally set, and make it not only a valuable record of New Hampshire history and biography, but an effective agency for advancing the welfare and progress of the state. To this end he invokes the hearty coöperation of those whose encouragement and support have been so generously given in the past, and of all who believe that a publication of this character can be made conducive to the general welfare.

The coming in of the new state government, with the opening of the new year, is awaited with no little interest by men of all parties, not only with reference to the matter of official incumbency, but also with reference to the character of prospective legislation. Whether or not material changes are to be made in the personnel of the office-holding force of the state, or substantial changes are to be made in the character of the statute law along important lines, are questions in regard to which speculation is naturally rife. Whether "progressives," so called, are to be put in the place of "regulars" now holding office, so far as the legis-

lature and the governor have opportunity to make changes, is a question which probably concerns aspirants and incumbents more than it does the general public, or the rank and file of either party; but whether or not there are to be material changes in the laws bearing upon taxation and the regulation and control of public service corporations, and, if so, what is to be the character of these changes and how they will effect these corporations and the welfare of the public which they have been created to conserve, are questions of vital importance in which every patriotic citizen must be interested to a greater or less extent, but which can only be answered by the development of the coming weeks or months. Whatever happens, it is sincerely to be hoped that nothing will be done or attempted that will conduce to farther obstruction, uncertainty or delay in the development and improvement of the railway service of the state, so long promised and so long anxiously awaited, and upon which, in large measure, the material progress of the state depends.

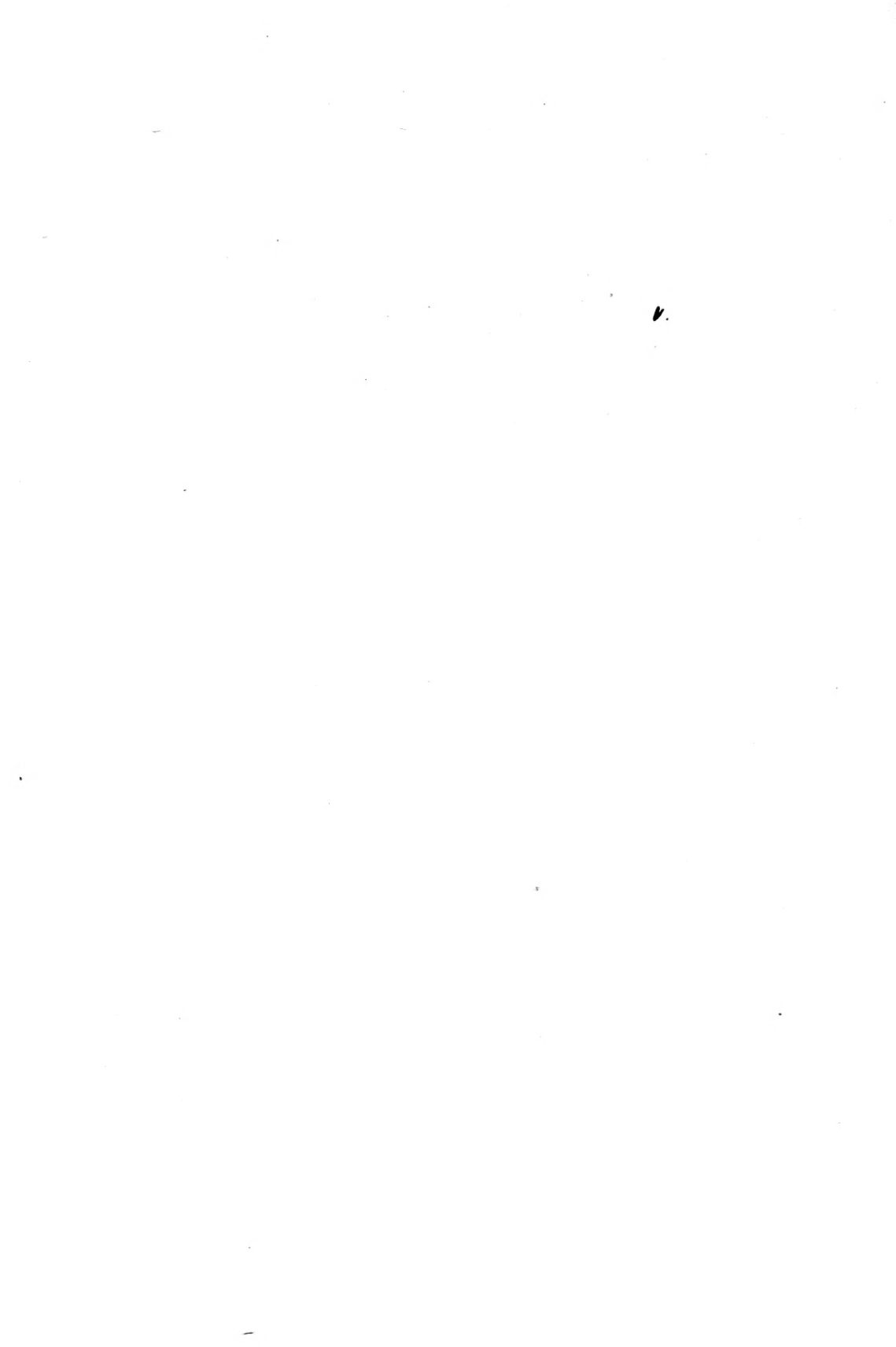
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The publisher has on hand bound volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY for the last five years, which will be furnished to subscribers, old or new, for 50 cents per volume for the set, in exchange for unbound numbers or otherwise. Subscribers in arrears who will pay up to the present time, and another year in advance can do so for the entire time at the advance rate of \$1.00 per year. Any subscriber paying his own subscription and two others at the same time, for a year in advance, will be mailed, free, a copy of "Stray Notes of Song," the charming little volume of poems by Harry B. Metcalf, recently issued and so highly commended by the reviewers in Boston as well as New Hampshire papers.

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A second edition of "Rambles About Concord," the interesting volume descriptive of scenes and objects in and around the Capital City, by Howard M. Cook, which was received with such favor by the public a year ago, has been issued, and copies may be ordered of the author or Eastman's bookstore in this city. Price \$1.50.





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